



SATURDAY NIGHT.

VOL. 23, No. 26.

Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors
Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO CANADA, APRIL 9, 1910.

TERMS—Single Copies, 10c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$3.

Whole No. 1166

THE FRONT PAGE.

NOW that the United States Government has taken the bucket shops of that Republic in hand, raiding them from one end of the country to the other, it would appear to be a propitious time for the Canadian authorities to do likewise. There is nothing about a bucket shop to recommend it above any other gambling outfit. In the first place, the bucket shop, of which every city in Canada has its quota, is a bad influence. They pander to the "piker," or small trader, who under no circumstances has sufficient capital to get a fair opportunity to profit by the fluctuations in Wall Street or on the Chicago Board of Trade. In other words, they cater to the man who cannot afford to lose his precious \$10 and \$20 bills.

Then, again, the average bucket shop does not deal fairly with its clients. One of the favorite methods of beating the public is to "hold out" quotations. In other words, the quotations are in at times many minutes before they are posted, and when the poor deluded fool buys or sells his stock or grain he has, as a matter of fact, already lost his money. It was lost before he paid it over the counter into the maw of the hungry thief who stands behind.

The Canadian authorities from one end of Canada to the other are hard after the faro player, the crap shooter, the artist who operates a book at the races or who runs a roulette wheel and so on through the list, when as a matter of fact the bucket shop is year in and year out doing more harm than all the rest of the gambling fraternity rolled into one.

The gambler gives ordinarily what is familiarly known as a run for your money, and this you seldom get from the man who operates a bucket shop.

THERE is something very ludicrous about the campaign launched by a Canadian daily, aided and abetted by a few other Conservative journals, to overthrow Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P. for Jacques Cartier. It is such an obvious attempt to simulate enthusiasm for Mr. Borden's leadership when there isn't any. I hope nobody will be deceived, not even Mr. Borden, who may well pray to be delivered from his friends.

Mr. Monk is accused of trying to dislodge Mr. Borden from the leadership of a badly disorganized party. Just why the crusade against him was engineered at this particular time is more or less a matter of speculation, but two reasons which are probably near the mark are Mr. Monk's insurgent attitude on the naval question, and the rumored early retirement of Hon. G. E. Foster from political life. Both gentlemen are away from the House of Commons on account of ill-health, and the Canadian daily no doubt thought this a good opportunity of giving expression to the dissatisfaction of a large section of the Conservative party with their present chieftains. There has been a steadily increasing demand during the last few years for new leaders to guide them out of the land of bondage to the fleshpots of Egypt. This feeling of revolt dates back beyond the last general elections when the Laurier government was returned with as big a majority as ever, but since then it has become much more acute.

Messrs. Borden, Foster, Monk, et al made a mighty poor showing in 1908 and it seems pretty certain that when in the fullness of time the next general elections are held the Opposition campaign will be under new managers. Fortunately for the malcontents, several prominent members, who added no strength to the party were left at home—at the last elections, among them being Messrs. Pope, Fowler, Bennett and Lefurgey. Mr. Foster has long since been a dead weight for the Conservatives to carry, clinging to his prominent place in their councils by sheer audacity and defiance of public opinion. His prestige was forever lost after the Union Trust land deal exposures before the Insurance Commission, but if anything further were needed to drive a nail in his political coffin, it was provided by the recent adverse judgment in his suit for libel against The Globe. He has been very ill since that judgment and it is said that he will retire at the end of the session.

Monk, it would appear, is the next leader marked for decapitation. With him and Foster out of the way there will be a chance for re-organization. New lieutenants for Mr. Borden would then be appointed, men with good records and prestige unmarred by defeat, such as Ex-Judge Doherty of Montreal, Colonel Worthington of Sherbrooke, M. S. McCarthy of Calgary, and Martin Burrill of Yale-Cariboo. And when all this is done discreetly and in order some other prominent party organ will bring on another crisis similar to the present one aimed against poor Monk, but the victim next time will be Mr. R. L. Borden. By that time the party insurgents will know whether the new Moses is to be Premier Whitney, Premier McBride of British Columbia, or Hon. Robert Rogers of Manitoba. Just at present all three have good fat public office jobs and none of them has yet evinced an enthusiastic desire to step into the empty honors enjoyed by Mr. Borden. But when one does, and the Inner Council of the Overthrow Brigade has agreed upon him, then Mr. Borden had better look around for a soft spot to fall upon. This is a cold, cruel world, and a political party when in hard straits is not troubled by either conscience or gratitude.

IT is hardly accurate, however, to accuse Mr. Monk of disloyalty to Mr. Borden. As leader of the Quebec wing of the Conservative party he is responsible for the result in that province, and if he cannot deliver the goods by advocating the Borden programme in toto he is partly justified in striking out on lines of his own. The truth is that Mr. Monk has, since 1896, been pitting his strength not against Mr. Borden for the Conservative leadership, but against Sir Wilfrid Laurier for supremacy in the Province of Quebec. Once he could succeed in seriously impairing the prestige of the Liberal leader there, he would become a power that would have to be reckoned with by the Conservatives, willy nilly. In fact the Premiership would be a reasonable goal, to aspire to. Successive defeats have not improved Mr. Monk's temper and he is naturally sore on Mr. Borden, the Halifax Platform, the St. James Street Junta, the "Nucleus," the party papers and every other

party agency past and present which were going to do so much but which failed to deliver him votes on polling day. He is tired of noisy boasters who cannot make good their promises. He therefore decided to branch out for himself to capture Quebec regardless of how his views affected the party elsewhere, and in doing this he was only paying back what he had received.

He took his time, although his mind was fully made up when the result of the last elections was announced, and chose the naval question as a good opportunity to play in his own hand. One day last fall he journeyed out to Lachine, a small town in his own constituency, and launched an independent naval policy in the hope of discrediting Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy on the same question among French-Canadians. The result may be safely forecasted. Mr. Monk, alone and unaided, has succeeded no better than when Mr. Borden and others were doing his thinking for him. If a vote were to be taken in Quebec next week on the rival policies of the Government and Mr. Monk on the naval question, the

anise-seed-trail-not far from the finish. While awaiting the arrival of the fox-hound and sometimes the animal is so indifferent to the hunt as to be yanked around and teased into a sembo-vitality. When the hunt comes in sight he is loose and given a parting larrup over his haunches with the leash to put some ginger in him. His natural fears do the rest. Having no lair to seek, he runs until overtaken by the hounds and everyone is "in at the death." This only happens once in a while and in an ordinary hunt there is no death. The pretence is made necessary by the fact that foxes are scarce and Canadian farmers do not hold them sacred. In English counties like Lincolnshire the man who shot or poisoned a fox would be ostracized as a spoil-sport, but here every day is an open season for the little red robbers of the chicken roost. The chief usefulness of the fox-hound therefore lies in his ability to bay and create an atmosphere which makes the riders feel that they are in good old England. When his jaws are free his voice production

business it was to mine the public and not the mines. However, it is not in wildcats only that the people have lost their money. Not knowing any better, they were prepared to believe just what they were told regarding the dozen or so Cobalt properties that have made good, the consequence being disaster all along the line. It was newspaper "dope" that got people into La Rose around \$8 per share and into Niissing around \$25 and \$30, and so on through the list. The wise insiders got out and the sucker public got in. If telling the truth regarding these mines and the operations by which the public has been unmercifully skinned is hurting the real mining industry of Ontario, then the sooner the blister is applied the better.

NOW that the fantastic proposal of a Canadian navy is about to become a fact it is worth while noting how the scheme is regarded elsewhere. There is one city in the United States which is necessarily interested in the matter, and it is San Francisco. It is the chief city of the Pacific coast and Canada's Pacific coast line is much longer and much more vulnerable than her Atlantic exposure. Consequently a Canadian navy if constructed with a view to the actual needs of defence would have a formidable North Pacific squadron. San Francisco has therefore watched the progress of the issue with interest and the Argonaut, the strongest organ of enlightened opinion in that city has, in a recent issue, summarized the situation from its standpoint. It is very far from viewing the proposal with jealous eyes. It says: "The determination of Canada to build a navy of her own is due to one of those national sentiments that are beyond the reach of reason and can no more be banished than can the equator." After outlining various shades of opinion it adds: "And there are others who think that shipbuilding is a fine and profitable game and who look forward with calculating pleasure to the big positions and long payrolls that would result therefrom." Later on it says: "It is evident that if the idea of a Canadian navy were based entirely upon imperial patriotism the legislative vote would have taken another form. The ships can be built much more cheaply in England than they can in Canada, but then there would have been no fat berths for Canadians, no long pay lists, no political influence, no nothing. Pure, undefiled patriotism would either have ordered the ships from the English yards or else would have voted a sum of money to be placed at the disposal of the English navy authorities. But that would have left Canada nothing but glory, and glory as an exclusive diet leaves much to be desired."

This is a long distance view but it undoubtedly crystallizes the opinion not only of intelligent outsiders but of a large body of Canadians and Englishmen. It is not comforting to the man who loves Canada, to feel that the wave of genuine loyalty which swept over Canada at the time of the German naval scare—a wave which, though it may have been hysterical, was certainly honest—has been diverted by shrewd and cynical politicians into a new and luscious opportunity for "graft." It is less comforting to discover that our neighbors are fully aware of the farcical situation.

PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK occupies the chair of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal. Under the circumstances, he ought to be in an excellent position to advise young men as to the advantages of a course in his department. Well, this is what he said at a recent lecture delivered before the St. James Literary Society, Montreal, according to newspaper report:—

"The dicta of abstract science do not influence me in the slightest. I base my opinion upon the practical experience of the times in which we live. I see that those countries which possess protection are prosperous and those which possess free trade are decaying."

If the dicta of abstract science are so little to be trusted that they do not influence the professor in the slightest, why on earth are the students permitted to waste their time in considering them? Further, if there are any other courses of studies at McGill or any other college of which the same may be said, it would be interesting to learn what they are in order that students might be warned against them in advance. Meantime, however, before deciding to accept the professor's views upon protection or free trade, viewed either as theory or from the practical standpoint, let us look them over a bit.

"I see," says he, "that those countries which possess protection are prosperous and those which possess free trade are decaying."

He "sees" these things? Where does he see them? Where are these protected countries which have gained by protection; where are those free trade countries which offend his nostrils with the evidence of their decay; and by what standard does he assess them?

To begin with, he attempts to compare unlikes. He speaks of England and Germany, and if his argument leads anywhere it must be that he assumes that between them there is but one point of difference—namely the tariff—which could in any way account for the presumed prosperity of Germany and the presumed decay of England. I know an ordinarily sensible man who declares that the relative prosperity of nations depends upon the quality of the beer they drink. In Germany, for instance, it is not at all an unusual idea that the people in Munich ought to be superior because of the famous Munich beer, and Germans themselves declare that it was rye bread that won the Franco-Prussian war. As a college man, he doubtless would have heard that Waterloo was won at Eton. Many people who make no claim to understanding much about Political Economy are of the opinion that the quality of the men in any country has much to do with the success of that country, and the suffragettes would doubtless claim that the women played no inconsiderable part. The Professor cannot be unacquainted with the theory that Germany owes her success to her educational system, technical training, frugality and hard work. Yet Prof. Leacock puts it all down to the tariff.

However, even when we come to examine the statistics the Professor adduces, and compare them with other statistics readily obtainable, his case falls to the ground of its own weight. If trade statistics be the stan-



Copyright, 1910, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

FARTHEST NORTH AND FARTHEST SOUTH.

Commander Robert E. Peary (left) and Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, photographed March 29th at Hotel Astor, New York, immediately after the Explorers' Club dinner.

former would receive an overwhelming endorsement not because its scheme has greater intrinsic merit or because it is more popular, but because Sir Wilfrid Laurier is still the great idol of the French-Canadians. His name is still one to conjure with in Quebec. His hold on the popular imagination in his own province remains undisturbed. Few political leaders in modern times and in unfettered Democracies have had such a firm grip on the affections of their followers as Sir Wilfrid has on his compatriots. The only two names that suggest themselves are those of Ex-President Roosevelt and the late Sir John A. Macdonald.

Mr. Monk has repeated the mistake of two other French-Canadians in thinking he could overthrow Sir Wilfrid in Quebec. One was Hon. J. Israel Tarte who long before his death had become a political nonentity. The other is Mr. Henri Bourassa, and he has learned better. He retired from the House of Commons to the Quebec Legislature, but even there he is singing in a minor key. His Nationalist movement is losing ground, and he himself is a much subdued Mr. Bourassa. Mr. Monk had the temerity to think he could succeed where the others failed, but he has done so badly that the movement to decapitate him is likely to soon succeed. In fact the swing of the axe is already audible.

WHEN the deputation from the Toronto Hunt Club visited the Provincial Secretary with the request that their fox-hounds be allowed to pursue their vocation in life without muzzles they came unprepared with arguments. They omitted the most important objection against the muzzle yet advanced, namely, that it interferes with the voice production of the fox hound. Hon. Mr. Hanna showed some knowledge of the local situation when he suggested that he was willing that the hounds should go unmuzzled whenever engaged in the pursuit of a real fox. This would be a niggardly concession, for a real fox is a luxury that hunt clubs on this side of the water, indulge in only at very long intervals. When an animal is to be sacrificed on the altar of sport, a kennel boy leads the doomed beast out in the country by a strap and collar and stations himself at a point on the

is a model to singers; he expands his chest with air, throws up his chin, courageously opens his mouth and emits a long-sustained musical note. To the enthusiastic fox-hunter this is more exquisite than the golden notes of a Caruso. The muzzle is a hideous device rendering a really pure-toned bay impossible. No wonder the Hunt Club are sorrowful. Compelled for years to hunt without foxes they are now compelled to sacrifice the only element which gives atmosphere to the hunt. Somebody will introduce a law against wearing "pinks" next.

A LITTLE paper up in Cobalt, The Nugget by name, complains editorially that SATURDAY NIGHT is killing the mining industry in Ontario. Quite naturally SATURDAY NIGHT does not view the question from The Nugget's point of view. If the capitalization of wildcats is a legitimate business, and loading them on to the public is part of the game as The Nugget sees it, then SATURDAY NIGHT must plead guilty. That SATURDAY NIGHT has caused the public to become rather particular as to what they purchase in the way of mining properties is no doubt a reality, and it may be stated right here that if some journal had started out on the same tack when the Cobalt boom first started some years ago, the dear public would now possess less mining stocks, but on the other hand they would have more money.

The Nugget says that SATURDAY NIGHT has not only attacked wildcats, but has attacked good mines as well. SATURDAY NIGHT owns to have attacked wildcats, and also owns to have told the truth about mines that may be rated under three general headings, good, bad and indifferent. The Nugget's opinion of a mine and SATURDAY NIGHT's opinion of the same property might not agree. As a matter of fact, they probably would not agree. Under the tuition of newspapers like The Nugget the people of Canada have been led to purchase mining stock by the ton. For every million dollars made by these "investors," there has been easily ten millions lost. In other words, hundreds of properties have been put on the market as mines that never should have seen the light of day, and never would had these claims been operated on the level in place of being in the hands of gangs of crooks whose

dard of success, the Professor had better not have rested his case upon them.

Germany's trade in 1880, as the Professor pointed out, amounted to \$1,460,000,000, while in 1908, it was \$3,900,000,000. With a population of 50,000,000 in 1880, her per capita trade would be \$30, while with 63,000,000 in 1908, it would be \$62.

British trade, in 1894, (I have no previous figures by me) was \$3,400,000,000 and in 1908, \$5,245,000,000. Assuming 45,000,000 population in both instances, her per capita trade would be \$75 in 1894 and \$115 in 1908.

Germany took 30 years to increase from \$30 to \$62 per head; England took 14 years to increase from \$75 to \$115 per head. England's total trade in 1908 was 35 per cent. more than Germany's and her per capita trade was almost 100 per cent. more. Yet Professor Leacock "sees" that those countries, such as Germany, which possess protection are prosperous and that those, such as Great Britain, which possess free trade, are decaying! Well, if Professor Leacock sees that, we give it up. Don't you think, Professor, it's a case for the oculist?

If Professor Leacock insists that Germany's trade has increased more rapidly than England's of late years, it will still be hard for him to gather much comfort therefrom. In the first place, where Government assistance is rendered, trade statistics do not tell much, as the trade may have been done at an actual loss to the country as a whole; while, if each industry has to make its own way—as in a free-trade country—an increased trade is very apt to mean increased profits. But let us take the Professor's own weapons, and assume that Germany's progress has been more rapid than England's. It is only another argument from "the practical experiences of the times in which we live" with declares against his conclusions. For it should not be forgotten that, previous to 1870, Germany was a veritable network of protection. The country was then of no consequence as a factor in trade. She then kicked out the centre of the net work and left only the outer strands of protection to impede her, and, as Professor Leacock has very ably pointed out, her progress has since been marked.

So, Professor, if the dicta do not influence you and the practical experience decides against you, what are you going to do about it?

AN examination of the Ontario Primers, which were discussed at the recent convention of the Ontario Educational Association and which are attacked in certain Liberal newspapers, convince the impartial mind that the criticism on the Department of Education is the thinnest kind of an attempt to create a grievance. It is based, if not on partisanship, on some concealed personal dislike toward the officials of the department. The Ontario Primer is a well-printed book of ninety-six pages, firmly bound in cloth and sells for the extremely modest sum of four cents. It is illustrated by clever sketches from the pens and brushes of well-known Canadian artists and contains such fables as that of the Lion and the Mouse, the Dog in the Manger, Old Mother Hubbard and Little Boy Blue. For a grown person to look over it is to be pleasantly waited back to the days of childhood. The teacher who says that such selections are unfit for teaching purposes is a prig who should not be licensed to spoil the dispositions of little tots as he would unflinchingly do if brought in contact with them. The cardinal sin in the eyes of the critics seems to be that the Primer, and presumably the other readers, contain a colored picture of the Union Jack with Tennyson's line "One Flag, one Fleet, one Throne." This is described by one writer as "editorial sycophancy," whatever that may mean. Perhaps the critic is in favor of educating the little ones in the belief that they have no flag and no nation to which they owe allegiance. It is a singular point of view. It might be an object lesson for captious persons who are interested to look over the first reader authorized for use in the schools of the city of New York. In those schools the children of whatever nationality are compelled to "salute the flag" before lessons begin. The first selection is a poem, "Hurrah for the Flag," with instructions "to be memorized" printed above it. A handsome plate of the stars and stripes with the same motto is printed opposite and the very first lesson in this book, which, in addition to reading, combines instruction in spelling, writing and kindergarten work, deals with the flag and has diagrams of how to make the stars and stripes with splints. In one class of readers authorized by the United States authorities the flag does not figure. It is in the splendid series of school books published for use in the schools of the Philippines. The Americans insist on English in those schools but they do not force the stars and stripes on the attention of the pupils. The reason is plain. The Filipinos are a recently conquered people in whom the spirit of rebellion is not yet quenched and from motives of policy nothing is done which would impel the parents of the little ones to keep their children away from American schools where they will gradually absorb the English tongue and American ideas. To place the children of the province of Ontario in the same position as those of the conquered Filipinos, who are temporarily a flagless people so far as organized sentiment goes, would be absurd. The Canadian child has a flag and there is no reason why he should not be reminded of it. Flags exist chiefly for the delight of children anyway.

The Colonial

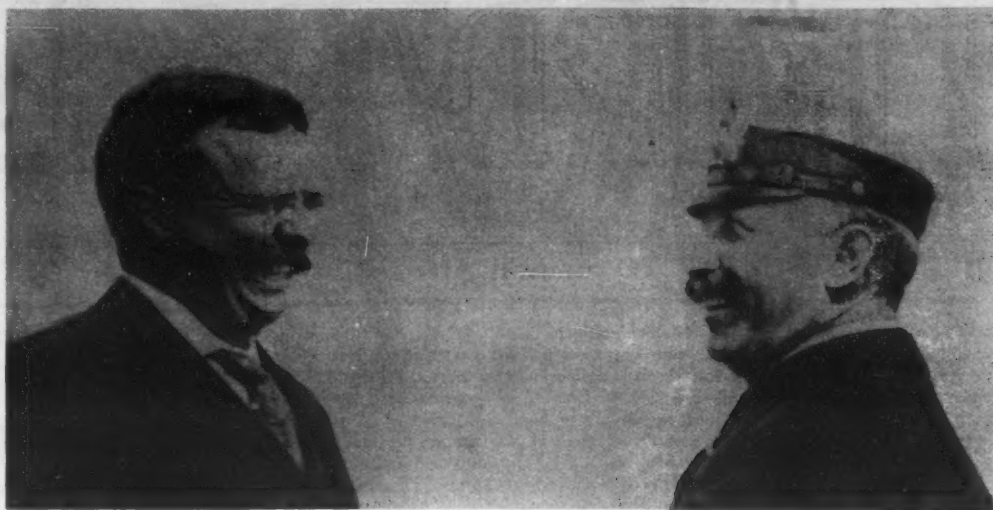
Catholic Church in Western Canada.

The Editor, Saturday Night, Toronto:

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me a remark or two concerning some strictures of your book reviewer on my "History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada," just issued, which I believe to be misleading? The pride of my life had hitherto been the tributes paid by the secular press to the fairness and freedom from bias, which it claimed I manifested in a previous historical work. In fact, The Globe, of your city, called this lack of partisanship the chief feature of that work. When I prepared my new volumes, I realized, and said in my preface, that, because it was my aim to give each one his due and I had met on my way "a certain class of people, whose doings and sayings could not possibly be passed over without a word of blame," some non-Catholics would "probably be tempted to see traces of sectarian animus in my strictures on the same, in spite of the very character given those who were responsible therefor by their own co-religionists" (p. xiii.). But I added that "I prefer truth, even when accompanied by the apprehension of such criticism, to condoning words and deeds which do not conform to received professional ethics."

That I was not mistaken in my expectations is proved by the complaint of the reviewer in your columns that I occasionally refer "to Protestant missionaries, citizens, and politicians in a manner that is unnecessarily offensive." I have referred to some Protestant missionaries as publicly and formally abetting, if not approving, polygamy among the Indians, and as grossly misrepresenting their opponents in the eyes of the same. Could I approve of such conduct? As to politicians, I give affidavits sworn to by my fellow Protestants to show duplicity, crookedness, and sner mendacity. Does my critic mean that I should not have exposed those worthies? To my mind, history is the relation, not the concealment, of facts, and the true historian must not shrink from the danger of offending religious or political sympathizers.

How different is the appreciation of an important New York review! That self-same book has for an author, according to the American writer, not a man who "has at times allowed his sympathies to get the better of his judgment," as your reviewer



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THEODORE. WHEN THE STRENUOUS PAIR MEET. WILHELM.

would have it, but "a trained historian, with a passion for accuracy, a knack of unearthing valuable documents, long experience in mission fields, a vast store of collateral knowledge, a rare faculty of impartial judgment, and an absolute fearlessness."

By the way, it is hard for me to see "auspicious, sorrow and strong dislike" of the Protestant missionaries in the only passage your man quotes in support of his contention, to wit: "We are prepared to give to Mr. Bompas and colleagues credit for the best of intentions, and we will not deny that they gave evidence of great activity; we only wish that activity had been of a less destructive nature."

On the other hand, I cannot but give expression to my satisfaction at the evident candor and fairness with which your reviewer has received my account of the Red River insurrection (not rebellion), which demolishes so many time-honored fables concerning Louis Riel and his friends.

Thanking you in advance for the use of your valuable space, I am, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours,

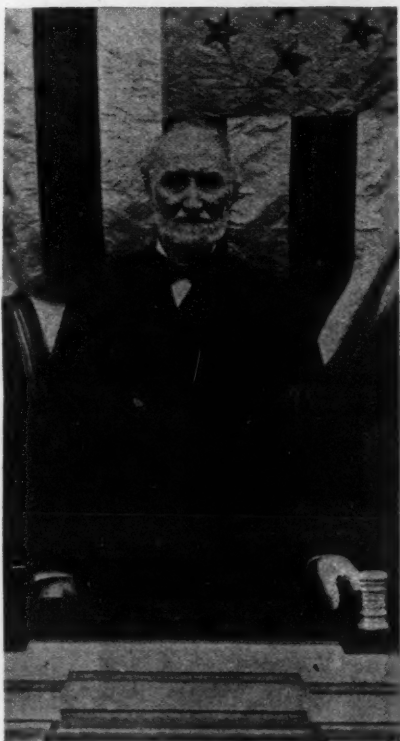
A. G. MORICE.

Winnipeg, Man., April 1, 1910.

High Prices for Entertainments.

To the Editor, Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—The musical and dramatic competition takes place this year in Toronto. This affair is instituted, I believe, by Earl Grey for the encouragement and development of native talent.



HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON.
The defeated autocrat of the United States House of Representatives.

This is a very worthy object, and our Governor-General deserves great credit for the time and energy he has devoted to this project. Now the question comes in, whom is this competition going to benefit. For the competitors are not paid for their services. The Royal Alexandra management at once raised their prices, and the scale for next week is 50c. to \$2.50, a rather steep price for amateurs who could be heard in the ordinary way for a modest 50c. I have carefully scrutinized the posters and notices in the papers, but find no mention of any charity being benefited, and the whole business has much the appearance of a graft and a money-making speculation. That a certain fee must be paid to clear expenses must be evident to all, but it must be equally clear that no aspiring student of ordinary means will be able to attend more than once or twice and therefore the competition might just as well be conducted behind closed doors and the whole affair becomes simply a society function. This city simply goes crazy when anything out of the ordinary takes place and a prohibitive tariff is at once put in force. Ten years ago in the Old Country at the St. James Hall, London, England, I heard Madame Albani, Ada Crossley, Edward Lloyd, M. Santley, Johannes Wolff, and some others, all for the small price of 50c. (front seat in the first balcony), and this I was told was the ordinary charge. In Toronto the Massey Hall was built to give concerts at popular prices, and now although the taxes have been remitted they do not even take the first step to put in an up-to-date organ which an organizer like our late visitor, Sir Frederick Bridge, would not be ashamed to play on. They did these things far better ages ago. My knowledge of classical history may not be very extensive, but if my memory serves me right, admission to the Coliseum in Rome and the Marathon games in Greece did not take much out of the pockets of the spectators, as Macaulay states:

"Then none was for a party.
Then all were for the State,
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great."

I am afraid as far as Toronto is concerned history will not repeat itself. I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

16 Belmont St., Toronto, April 2nd, 1910.

In connection with the installation of an organ at Massey Hall, Mr. Ashmead does the trustees an unintentional injustice. The placing of a grand organ in the hall would necessitate more space in the rear as the platform and dressing rooms are already too cramped. In their endeavors to secure more land the trustees have been subjected to a cold-blooded hold up. The most generous offers within reason have failed to awaken the civic spirit of the man chiefly responsible for the hold up despite the fact that his wealth is great.

THE EDITOR.

Used Informal Persuasion.

THE Speaker of the House of Commons in these days when political rancours are rife has no easy task, and it takes all his personal popularity and power to impress other men to maintain a semblance of order at certain times. In the Canadian Legislatures members are not so scrupulous about addressing their fellows through

the medium of the chair as are the legislators of the motherland, and when a Tory and a Grit commence cross-firing they get so excited that they frequently cannot hear the Speaker's appeals for decorum. No kindlier man ever sat in the Speaker's chair than Hon. Thomas Bain, who was long member for Wentworth. He was a simple old gentleman, the very ideal of inborn courtesy, but he was rather weak on the technical rules of procedure. It is on record that one night, when a rancorous dispute started, the House got beyond his control. He tried to restore order in a formal way without obtaining attention, and at last abandoned the pose of Speaker in formula and tradition. He used the method in vogue in County Councils. Getting the ear of the House for a second, he deprecatingly waved his arms. "Now boys, now boys," he said in kindly tones, "I want you all to keep quiet and let me hear what each one has got to say. There's nothing to get mad about. If you only cool down it'll be all right, boys, it'll be all right." His appeal was so quaint and primitive that it put everyone in good humor and the House proceeded in an orderly manner for the rest of the sitting.

Ye Editor—His Busy Day.

TO settle a bet please tell me, sir:
Can hair turn grey in a night?
Will they charge two hundred dollars a seat
To see Johnson and Jeffries fight?

Was the ark as big as a modern ship?
Does to muzzle him make a dog cross?
Did Columbus discover America
Or a brand of tomato sauce?

Are there people on Mars? Do cats see in the dark?
How far can a pigeon fly?
Did Bacon write any of Shakespeare's plays?
Is there ever excuse for a lie?

Will old Halley's comet bump into the earth?
Which type of the bore is the worst?
Is travel a better instructor than books?
Did the hen or the egg come first?

How far away is the nearest star?
Should a young man stay after ten?
Is Brazil as big as Saskatchewan?
Are women more honest than men?

Is essence of peppermint good for a cold?
Are there fishes that really can't see?
Would you rather they named a cigar after you
Or made you an L.L.D.?

Are the mountains or sea-shore the best for the health?
Are the clouds, as 'tis said, silver lined?
Is spring better than fall for planting sweet peas?
Do two pair beat three of a kind?

Is the country life better than city life?
Should everyone follow his bent?
What makes the lamb love Mary so?
Is it cheaper to move than pay rent?

Is twelve a week plenty to marry upon?
And is marriage a profit or loss?
Is the world getting better? Are fish a brain food?
Is hockey as rough as lacrosse?

Are blue eyes a sign of sweet constancy?
Was George Eliot a woman or man?
Is tipping a nuisance? Are poets all mad?
How old is Ann?

—W. A. Clarke.

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of "asteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

Estimates submitted at short notice.
We are Experts in Home Decoration.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO



Tables reserved on request.

A QUIET place to talk and smoke, meet friends, or have an after-theatre lunch. Interior is appropriately and richly furnished in Flemish antique, which is alike pleasing to the eye and grateful to one's sense of the artistic. A nutritious, wholesome meal prepared by our Chef adds zest to your complete enjoyment.

St. Charles Grill

-70 YONGE ST.

Toronto Saturday Night
Dear Editor

Enclosed please find \$3.00 for one year's subscription to *The Paper with which*
My address is

Yours truly

Mackenzie Voted with Sir John.

COL. HUGH CLARK, M.P.P., in his paper, the *Kin-cardine Review*, indulges in the following reminiscence:—

Pictures still appear in magazines showing the elder Chamberlain going into the House of Commons with his son Austin to sign the roll and take the oath. Chamberlain is a hopeless and helpless invalid and has to be assisted in making his signature.

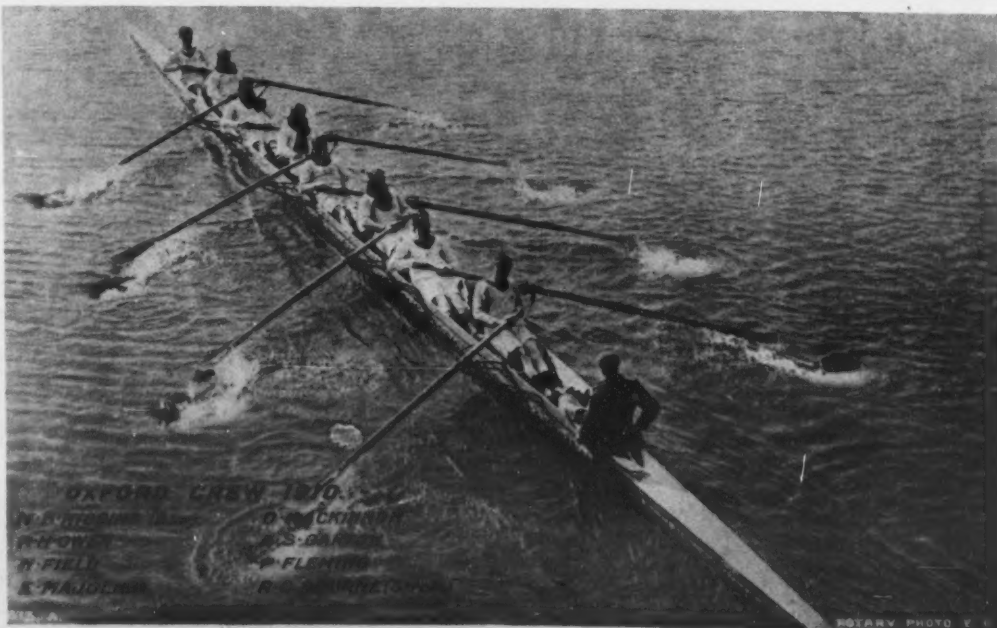
Equally as pathetic was the picture of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie assisted from his bed at two of the clock one morning to cast his vote in support of the *Jesuits' Estates Act*.

Returning to Toronto after that session, his old friend and financial agent in all his East York campaigns, Mr. T. C. Irving, of "Bradstreets," met him at the depot, and while driving up to his house, Mr. Irving thought to take a "rise" out of the old statesman.

"We didn't send you to Ottawa to vote for John A.," said Irving.

"Well, Masther Irving," replied Mackenzie, "This was one of the few occasions when John A. was right."

In connection with above reminiscence it may be said that the 21st anniversary of the celebrated division alluded to occurred on March 29th. Only thirteen men voted "Nay." They were known as the "Noble Thirteen," and the Orange order had a commemorative medal struck in their honor. They included eight Conservatives: Col. O'Brien, N. Clarke Wallace, Dalton McCarthy, Alex. McNeill, Col. Tyrwhitt, Col. Fred Denison, G. R. R. Cockburn, and O. C. Bell (Picton, N.S.). Not one is in the House to-day and several are dead. There were five Liberals, including the late Hon. John Charlton, the late Hon. James Sutherland, John A. Barron (now county judge of Perth), Dr. Macdonald, of Huron, and Scriven (Huntingdon, Que.).



STOCK ORDERS

We execute orders to buy or sell on commission.

We shall be pleased, upon request, to furnish holders or prospective purchasers with full reports on the position of the various companies.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED
Investment Bankers
7 and 9 King St. East
TORONTO

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of \$1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of \$1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90

Premium, \$28.85 \$39.50 \$40.85 \$41.60 \$42.45

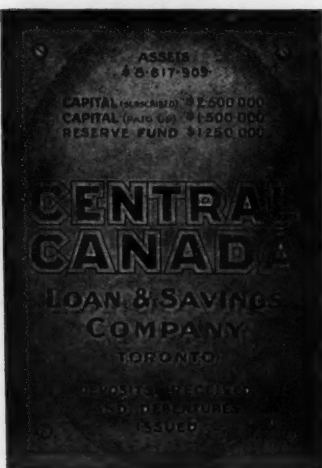
LIFE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East, Toronto.
Phone M. 6000.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Chief Toronto Agents.



CITY BONDS

A safe and superior form of investment.

We have a splendid list of Canadian City bonds, all of which are direct obligations of established communities—issued for public improvement purposes—secured by taxation.

INCOME

4% to 5%

May we submit quotations?

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
BRANCHES MONTREAL, LONDON, SINGAPORE



MONTREAL, April 7, 1910.

"BADLY battered, but still in the ring," aptly describes the condition in which Rudolphe Forget, M.P., and his supporters limped back to Montreal at the end of last week—in their private car—after their encounter with the Bluese faction for control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. It is not often that the financial stalwart, Rudolphe, finds himself on the losing side, particularly in a fight of this nature, so that his encounter at New Glasgow on the 30th of March will long be remembered by him. For months we have been reading that the Forget interests had obtained control of Scotia; and what they were not going to do to President Harris and the old Board would only be considered appropriate conduct at a ladies' afternoon tea. To what extent Forget himself was responsible for the somewhat premature announcement as to the fate of the old Board, is hard to say, but one thing is certain, the "Dream book" was not opened at the right page.

That the fight has only just begun is the belief in well-informed financial circles in Montreal. Forget, Greenshields, Osler, et al, are not the sort of men to remain long on the siding in a matter of such importance as Scotia control. Up to the present, they are smarting under the treatment they received at New Glasgow, and if President Harris manages to hold his job

Wont stay on The Siding. The Forget interests are now among the largest shareholders of the company, if, in fact, they are not the very largest. They have little or no use for the stock, excepting as it gives them power. Their interests are not in industrial successes so much as in promotions, and it may be taken for granted that their efforts to obtain control of the Scotia stock had behind them something more than the mere turning out of the old crowd in order to benefit the industry.

Scotia & Canada Car.

There have been many guesses as to what Forget wanted with the stock. Some said that it was for the purpose of bringing about an amalgamation of Scotia with Dominion Iron and Steel. Others made another grouping in which the Montreal Rolling Mills and Hamilton Steel Works were concerned. As it is all a matter of guess, I don't see why I am not entitled to my turn. I would pass by the Dominion Iron and Steel and the Rolling Mills mergers, and group the Scotia Co. with the Canada Car & Foundry Co. It may be that there is no specially intimate association between the business carried on by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal and the Canada Car & Foundry Co., but the sympathy is at least as great as between many of the other mergers to which rumors have destined the Scotia Co. within the past few months. In fact, it would not be hard to find many advantages. It may be remembered that the Canada Car & Foundry Co. was an amalgamation of Rhodes Curry & Co. of Amherst, the Canada Car Co. and Dominion Car & Foundry Co. of Montreal, brought about last fall largely through the efforts of W. M. Aitken. It is also significant that, had Rudolphe Forget succeeded in dominating the meeting a week ago, W. M. Aitken would have been one of the directors, and Nathaniel Curry, president of the companies just mentioned, would have been added ere long. So much is known, and it would not be hard to find many good reasons for bringing the two companies together.

It may be interesting to see what the combined capitalization of the companies would amount to:

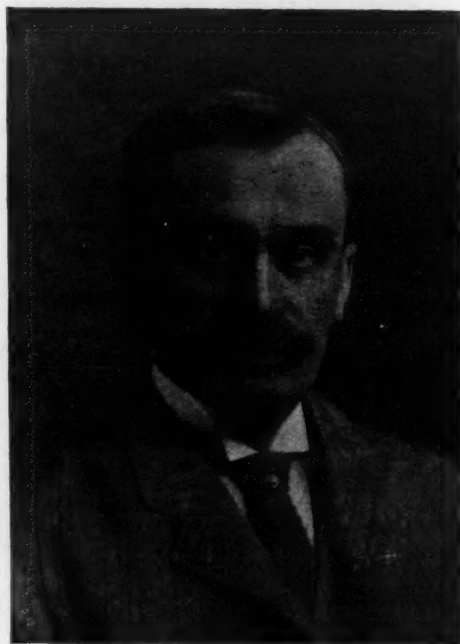
	Authorized Common	Preferred Common	Issued Common	Preferred
Scotia	\$6,000,000	\$1,030,000	\$6,000,000	\$1,030,000
Can. Car	5,000,000	7,500,000	3,500,000	5,000,000
	\$11,000,000	\$8,530,000	\$9,500,000	\$6,030,000

The preferred stock in each case is cumulative, Scotia's being at the rate of 8 per cent., and the Canada Car & Foundry Co. at the rate of 7 per cent.

Almost the only other instance which can be recalled at the moment, in which Rudolphe Forget was overwhelmed, was, strange enough to say, in the other great Iron and Steel fracas. In fact, that occasion was a sort of culminating point in his career, inasmuch as Senator Forget and he, although in partnership at the time, were on different sides of the fight. The occasion was probably the most spectacular in the history of the great Coal-Steel affair. Sir Henry M. Pellatt and other interests had lined up in Montreal on the side of the Coal Co., and among them was Rudolphe Forget. By this re-casting of interests, the Ross crowd placed itself in control of the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., and the announcement was made that Plummer's head was about to decorate the centre of the "trencher." (Trencher is old Hebrew for platter.) However, Mr. Plummer declined to be served up hot to satisfy the appetites of the Coal people, and by an adroit move postponed the Annual Meeting at which these sacrificial rights were to be indulged in. Meantime, the Senator, whose whole influence from start to finish was entirely against the Coal Co. and in favor of the Steel Co., was far away engaged in the absorbing pastime of tempting salmon from the pool. Rudolphe and the Senator shortly thereafter dissolved partnership and no one has noticed them falling

upon each others' necks of late, and bursting into tears. In fact, in the present conflict, it is stated that the Senator not only sent his own but his firm's proxies for Scotia to President Harris. In any case it would be hard to convince the "street" that the Senator put them in an envelope and addressed them to his loving nephew, Rudolphe.

The opposition party certainly was in hard luck. When Forget and party left Montreal they probably had control so far as figures showed. But a certain number of proxies which they held had previously been given to President Harris and had not been officially cancelled, so that Mr. Harris was entitled to count them at the meeting. But the worst thrust of all was that it was Forget himself who sold control to the man he was trying to defeat. The day before the meeting, transactions were large and the course of the market was rather sharply downwards. It was known here that Harris was getting the stock, but it was only later stated that Forget was the seller, he being unaware, evidently, that the stock could be transferred by telegraph or else unaware of the situation respecting the proxies which he thought were his. He is now falling back on a by-law of the company by which a special meeting may be called to remove a director before his term of office has expired. President Harris is answering this move by requesting the legislature to cancel this by-law. The situation certainly is full of interest, even though the public is no longer very deeply concerned, financially, having fortunately for them, been relieved of their stock, at good prices, by the forces competing for control.



Rudolphe Forget, the eminent financier, of Montreal.

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1910. THERE appears to be something very significant in the evident satisfaction with which the Mackay Company views its recent release of control of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's shares. Toronto investors are especially interested in Mackay, for R. A. Smith, who sits on the advisory board of this company, is a proxy for Toronto holders of shares. By selling out these shares, which were secured after a deliberate and successful buying campaign, Mackay leaves its old rival, Western Union, free once more to compete with Mackay's darling, the postal system. There is some strong incentive when a man gets his enemy tied up and then lets him loose. Mackay had a strangle hold on Western Union, through its American Telephone purchases, that could scarcely be shaken. Then, when it was on the eve of a great big merger or consolidation, Mackay sold all its holdings.

It is a hard nut to crack. But it does not appear impossible that the satisfaction the Mackay Company feels is akin to the elation of the fly that breaks loose after getting his creepers tangled in a spider web that he took for a silk carpet. The role of spider, in this theory, is to be thrust upon that much-maligned New York banker and vertu collector, J. Pierpont Morgan.

In times of ease or in periods of stress, Mackay has the dollars. It deals in surpluses. This company bought American Telephone and Telegraph shares till it held first four times and finally six times as much as any other shareholder of record. The impression the Mackay people do not resent becoming broadcast now is that although they did not gobble Western Union, through American Telephone, for the purpose of raising rates, that because an over-suspicious public thought that was their idea, that they decided to drop Western Union. But this explanation does not at all satisfy financial people, nor even the man that just occasionally reads the financial column. Originally American Telephone and Telegraph was financed exclusively in New England, but when its growth forced it to seek a New York banking connection, it introduced itself to J. P. Morgan. This capitalist undertook to finance the Bell system, as the company is known, and his merger forthwith started him busily buying up independent phone companies throughout the Middle and Western States. So that when Clarence Mackay and his associates took a square look at the thing, they beheld themselves allies of Morgan and headed almost certainly as the promoters of a telegraph, telephone and cable combination rivaling the Steel Trust in prospective capitalization; such a vast wire trust that it could not possibly hope to escape federal guns loaded to destroy it. One can imagine how Clarence Mackay would wriggle at the idea of conservative old Mackay figuring in a government investigation. And, additionally, it may be that the New York board scarcely relished the idea that J. P. Morgan, after getting things tied up tight, might plan a re-organization which, while it would protect the banker's own clients, might shift Mackay's somewhat from the solid level of the financial basis on which its record anchors it.

Which is tantamount to saying that Clarence Mackay suddenly became scared of Morgan, and hastened at the crucial moment to regain firm ground. Whatever the true explanation, Morgan still controls American Telephone and practically Western Union. Mackay is still Mackay, and a competitor again of Western Union, which it sold out after acquiring.

The Canadian investing public learns from official sources that nothing will be done at the present session of the Dominion House towards providing in a revised Bank Act an out-

Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up) - - - - - \$14,400,000.00
RESERVE FUND - - - - - 12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - - - - \$66,311.08

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:

RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., Hon. Pres.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., President.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., Vice-President.
SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD, K.C.M.G., R. B. ANGUS.
S. B. GREENSHIELDS, SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
JAMES ROSS, HON. ROST. MACKAY, C. R. HOSMER.
DAVID MORRICE.

SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., General Manager.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

When remitting money use
BANK MONEY ORDERS

Payable at par at any Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted).

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape.

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

CAPITAL (Authorized) - - - - - \$6,000,000
CAPITAL (Paid Up) - - - - - \$2,200,000

Money transferred by telegraph or mail and Drafts issued on all parts of the world in any Currency.
Collections made in all parts of Canada and in Foreign Countries at a minimum cost.

\$1.00 Opens a Savings Account.

A General Banking Business Transacted

R. CAMPBELL, - - - - - General Manager.
V. F. CRONYN, - - - - - Superintendent of Eastern Branches and Manager Toronto Branch.

Are You Going Abroad?

IF SO, --- CARRY YOUR FUNDS IN

TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

These Cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$200, are self-identifying, and are conceded by all who have ever used them, to be superior in every way to Letters of Credit.

MONEY ORDERS and FOREIGN DRAFTS
ISSUED

Money Transferred by Telegraph and Cable to all principal cities

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO
DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY
48 YONGE STREET, 1330 QUEEN STREET WEST
or to any of our
HUNDREDS OF AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

No delay in withdrawal

Capital Paid-up - - - - - \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - \$1,307,809.25

Original Charter 1854

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office:
8 King St. West



Branches in Toronto open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night:

78 Church Street
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst.
Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst.
Cor. Queen East and Ontario.
1888 Dundas Street, West Toronto.
James Mason, General Manager.

SPECIAL OFFER!

We have a Splendid English Billiard Table, built specially to order and not taken owing to extenuating circumstances. Something choice for a private house.
Also two American Pool Tables.
Price is a bargain.

The Brunswick-Balke Collender Co.
67-71 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Canadian Corporation Bonds

Yielding from 4 1/2% to 6%

Montreal Light, Heat and Power - 4 1/2%
Toronto and York Radial Railway - 5%
Nova Scotia Steel and Coal - 5%
Winnipeg Electric Railway - 5%
Dominion Coal Company - 5%
Canadian Car and Foundry - 5%

SEND FOR FULL LIST AND PRICES

The Investment Trust Company, Limited
84 Notre Dame St. West - MONTREAL

Imperial Bank of Canada
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Capital Authorized...\$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued
Available in any part of the World.
Special Attention Given to Collections.
Savings Department
Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

Royal Securities Corporation, Limited

Offer the higher grades of Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds.

Their extensive business connection enables them to deal with clients on the most favorable terms.

Will be pleased to give any information regarding the securities in which they deal, even if no investment is contemplated.

Full information supplied by mail or representative, upon request.

Orders may be wired at the Company's expense.

164 St. James St. - - Montreal
Toronto - - - - - Quebec - - - - - Halifax

Etna Life Ins. Co.

(Founded 1820)
The Premium on \$10,000 of Insurance at age 30 on the 5 year Convertible Term Policy is only \$29.00 quarterly. Ask for particulars. Other plans equally favorable.

Central Canada Branch Office:
59 Victoria St., Toronto

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.

Dealers in Bonds
222 St. James St., MONTREAL

H. H. Nightingale

STOCK BROKER
Member Standard Stock Mining Exchange.
33 Melinda St., Toronto

G. Tower Fergusson

Member Toronto Stock Exchange
Investment Securities
Commission orders executed in all the principal markets.
Conservative accounts solicited.
23 Toronto St. Tel. M. 1352

HOME IMPROVEMENTS

Tasty decoration makes the home more agreeable and considerably increases its intrinsic value. Ask for an estimate.
Office Phone, M. 2677.
Residence Phone, Col. 485
JAMES J. O'NEARN & SON
Decorators
845 QUEEN STREET WEST

FEARMAN'S

HAMILTON
Star Brand BACON
Is the Best Bacon

side inspection of our chartered banking institutions. So far the broadsides expected from H. C. McLeod on this and kindred subjects have not exactly materialized, and one is tempted to wonder whether the fatal *vis inertia* that appears to beset the mass of people on subjects vitally affecting their interests and their pockets, is to allow proposed Government inspection to die of inanition.

Within the last several years Canadians have been startled by the sudden collapse one after the other of three monetary institutions, each wrecked not by any general and unavoidable disturbance, but by causes originating from within. In the case of the Ontario Bank and the York Loan and Savings Company, the actual money loss approximates \$2,000,000, while the outcome of the Sovereign Bank liquidation may, as President Jarvis maintains, pay shareholders in full, or it may not. Probably not. Moneys handed over more or less eagerly by a trusting public that read annual statements printed on hand-made paper—statements that seemed as good to them as the chink of the mint rolling out five-dollar gold pieces—were dumped into speculations, used as gambling stakes, and manipulated in a way that would have raised the hair of shareholders if they could have stood in a gallery and seen it done.

They did not see it till after. Everyone, including officialdom, was minding his own business all the time, and a million of money dropped with the thud of the York Loan. Shortly after that someone tripped over a stock exchange ticker in the portal of the Ontario Bank, and an astonished public saw another million in money crumple up. The Sovereign Bank loaded itself up with Chicago and Milwaukee bonds and Alaska Central bonds, both of an ultra-speculative investment nature, and shut its doors. Later, to avoid great loss, this bank was practically forced to send people to Valdez and buy in Alaska Central, which is now being trusted in the hope that shareholders will get something out of it. Also, financial men say that Chicago and Milwaukee is being nursed up to an asset standard.

There are hundreds of shareholders of these institutions that are eager only for their money. But it is safe to say that the great majority of thinking men and women shareholders—if any shareholders do think—would gladly contribute what they have lost and what they may lose if by so doing they could insure an inspection that did not send a picture postcard to announce it was coming along to inspect. If these people could get an inspection that would pry a board off a fence occasionally and not be quite so kid-gloved about it, they would pay salaries without a murmur. And if in addition some puissant judge would send a real live official to jail just because he was an official and allowed gambling to be maintained on the premises, the applause would be deafening. We haven't reached that stage yet. One doesn't see much sign of a Governor Hughes evolving in this country or in 'His Dominion. And we have it officially that just at present there will be no revision of the Bank Act.

There is, however, a sort of general feeling that these gigantic crashes aforesaid have stirred up monetary officials and company directors to such a degree of scrutinizing activity that they actually know what is said and done at the board meeting and 'tween times. It may be so. Last week the writer called on a lawyer in this city who is a director of a recently floated industrial concern that seems to have a future ahead of it. He was asked whether at a recent meeting the directors had authorized a certain sum to be devoted to plant purchase. He honestly admitted that although he had popped in to the meeting in question, that he didn't know anything about any sum voted or proposed to be voted for this purpose, or any other. He'd look fine in a witness-box.

COMMENT ON COBALTS

SOAPY SMITH was a picturesque criminal, but the game he worked most against the uninitiated was not materially different from the stock mining game. I mean the shell game. Three shells and a rubber pea. It was all very simple. But it was the means that Soapy used to draw his victims that resembled the stock mining game. Soapy used "boosters"—men in league with him who would play at his tables and make winnings and the yokels chancing by would see these men making money and they saw no reason why they should not have some of it. So they would make their bet and lose. Now the boosters in the stock mining game are those who wash sales; that is, who buy from one another across the floor of the exchanges so that the quotations go down on the board and are published. The public see these quotations and think there is a real demand for the stock and first they nibble and then they come in.

The Crown Reserve has forwarded copies of its annual report to its shareholders and as an example of the engraver's art, it ranks high. It is beautifully printed but it is interesting to note that the two pictures there containing ore were taken two years ago, and are now ancient history. By comparing the different plans, etc., the stock-holders will appreciate that the property is prospected pretty well to the full.

Manipulation is appearing again very strongly in Temiskaming. The stock is undoubtedly selling for all it is worth and it is to be hoped the public will not be drawn by any stories of "it is going higher." This is quite on a par with acting on a race track tip.

The writer has speculated quite a bit in the Cobalt Market, on the short side generally, and his method is to size up a mine for what it would sell at as a mine and then divide that by the number of shares outstanding, and comparing the result with the market price of the stock. If the market price is about ten times above the intrinsic worth as is usually the case, sell the stock for future delivery. This is like getting money from home. When you hear that a man is short of the market don't set him down as a fool or think that fact a reason that you should buy the stock, because no person sells a mining stock short unless it is selling away above its value. Yet some people run in and buy a stock simply because some other fellow is short. About this time last year there was a big squeeze on in Temiskaming and I was in it. I asked a friend of mine, a bank manager, if he knew where I could borrow 3000 shares of Temiskaming. He said he did not, but as I left his office he grabbed his telephone and put in an order for 500 shares. He got them at \$1.50. In a day's time the stock had dropped to \$1.40, when he told me what he had done. I induced him to sell out and sell 500 more, going short. He did so, but could only stand the strain for about two days when he covered. His nervous system was not designed for the game. He made about \$7.50, about the only money he ever made in Cobalt. Hay he stayed with the game a week or two, he would have cleaned up hundreds.

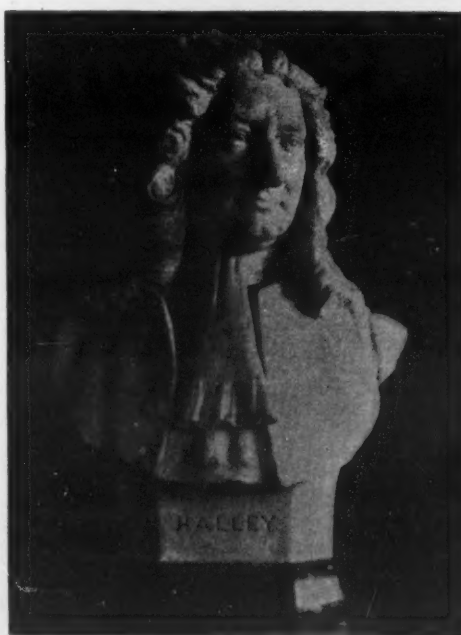
Now this little experience will tell the reader not to rush in and buy stocks on the story that some person is going to get squeezed. For myself, I bought what stock I needed and sold it out again 60 days' delivery and finally covered up some thousands to the good. I am told that the present boom in Cobalt Lake is engineered against the shorts amongst whom I am supposed to figure.

This gives me great satisfaction, for it tells me I am some use in the world, for the situation is giving the hundreds of poor foolish people down in Ottawa, who got into this slough of despond, a chance of getting out. As I saw these people putting mortgages on their houses to buy shares in what I have described as the most unbalanced proposition born of Cobalt, I felt sorry for them and never dreamed that I could ever aid them in their folly. I trust that three years will have shown them their folly and that they will jump at this opportunity. There are many men of ability in Ottawa and I think these men will one and all, endorse my advice, which is to get out of Cobalt Lake as fast as His Satanic Majesty will let them. Cobalt Lake suffered a great loss in the death of its late manager and no legislation and hot air shooting will take the place of him. Had the proposition not had the very best of management since the first, it would have gone bust long ago. So don't take the present boom in Cobalt Lake as serious and if any one appears to want your stock real bad let him have it. The long green will buy good securities cheap these days and as soon as the 30 cent. mark is passed the market for Cobalt Lake will be hit by about 3,000,000 shares and if you make allowance for the washed sales that have occurred in the present movement you will find that only a very small portion of the amount has been traded in. The man who does not recognize fictitious sales in the Cobalt market, or in all stock markets for that matter, has not got a grasp of the situation. In the same way I think it would be well for any one who does much speculating in the market to go short once or twice just to see how quickly his view-point will change, and how completely his optimism is the birth of desire. Not that I recommend the short side for those out of touch with affairs, it requires a peculiar sort of nerve based on a complete knowledge of conditions based upon a knowledge of mining. Always remember that trader never gets short of the market through accident, but that his position is taken after a thorough analysis of conditions and that the fundamental difference between a long and a short is that the one bets that the market will go up and the other bets that the market does down. A man sells C. P. R. stock short, and he knows that he is ultimately wrong, consequently he does so for a quick turn, but in the case of the majority of mining stocks he is ultimately right. All the chances of mining are with him. This doctrine was preached to me several years ago by a man who had gone through the Kaffir boom in London, and my own experience in mining, which is not small, told me he was right, and the experience of Cobalt these last few years has borne it out. As for morals, the short who stays the rise in wild cat stocks is a philanthropist, while the bulls will promulgate all sorts of falsity to unload their worthless paper on the ignorant and confiding. A bear is not of necessity either a liar or a fool and in very few cases does he put out false news. In London or New York sometimes a big financier is killed or a king, or war scares are manufactured, but I do not know any false news that was ever sent out of Cobalt by a bear. Of the Cobalt speculators I do not know any who have made money, yet the amount of false news that has been published on the camp would fill a bible. When you hear that a man has made money in Cobalt, you can bank on it that he was either in on the first discoveries or some disreputable scheme of selling worthless paper to the widows and orphans, a more dishonest undertaking than which it is hard to conceive.

The wild cat promoter is an enemy to his country, the money he takes he says is for mining, but instead of putting it in the ground it puts it in his own pocket. The consequence is that henceforth those people who have lost money through him will refuse to aid the development of our Northern country, saying that they have already done so, and lost. This is one of the strongest reasons why the Government should show up the whole wretched business. The jolly occupation of mining the public must stop and this, only this, is what THE SATURDAY NIGHT is aiming at.

The flurry in Nova Scotia which has put up ten cents has subsided. The litigation in which this company is involved is very serious and great caution should be used in handling the shares. The rise was possible in that it is a stock the traders won't sell short.

Shepherd



EDMUND HALLEY.

The astronomer who predicted the return of the comet now known by his name. Halley was the son of a soap-boller. Educated at St. Paul's School and Queen's College, Oxford, he began in early youth to study astronomy. His fame rests chiefly on his knowledge of comets, and especially on the fact that he inferred that the so-called comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682 were the same body, and that it would reappear in 1759, a prediction that came true. From that day the comet in question has been known as Halley's. The bust shown is by Henry Pagan, and is in the Haggerston Branch Library of the Borough of Shoreditch, England.

How. Wm. Gibson, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.
BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.
Capital Paid-Up - - - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 24 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington Arthur and Bathurst, and West Toronto.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded bi-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

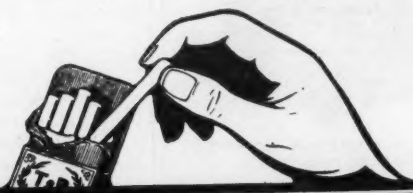
We receive accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

RODOLPHE FORGET

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame West
MONTREAL

60 rue de Provence
PARIS, FRANCE



A Simple Act— Fraught with Great Consequence

Your first opening of a box of Tuckett's cigarettes, and the extraction of one of the ten fragrant smokes it contains, will lead you straight to smoke satisfaction.



Why "put off" the time of your enlightenment? Why not get to know Tuckett's cigarettes to-day? 10 or 15 cents invested in a package, cannot be considered much of a gamble—when you stop to think that, for fifty years, the products of the Tuckett factories have held first place in the estimation of the knowing ones.

TUCKETT'S "CLUB" CIGARETTES—made from an exquisite blend of Virginia leaf. 15c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "T & B" CIGARETTES—for the man who likes a full-flavored Virginia. 10c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "SPECIALS"—made from a mild Turkish leaf, rich in flavor and aroma. 15c. a package of 10.



WHEN YOU GO OUT
TO LUNCH TO-DAY

be good to yourself and
order a bottle of

O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER" LAGER

It's the best appetizer and aid to digestion. Brewed as they brew lager in Pilsen, Germany—of pure Barley Malt, Hops and filtered water—the beer is filtered again after it is brewed and pasteurized after being bottled.

Ask for

The Beer With a Reputation
THE LIGHT BEER IN
THE LIGHT BOTTLE

WHY NOT MAKE THOSE CLOTHES DO ANOTHER TURN?

Instead of discarding that dress skirt or jacket or those expensive plumes which only show slight wear, send them to us, and by putting them through our French Dry Cleaning Process we'll return them good as new. You're then money in pocket and we have earned your good opinion.

NORTHERN WARDROBE

DYERS AND CLEANERS

Phone North 3535

8 BLOOR STREET EAST



Dear Sir:

Can you give me the standing of "The United Wireless Telegraph Company of New York" from the point of investment for individuals of small means? Agents have been peddling the stock of this concern all over the province, and a great many of our people have invested. I may say I have found disfavor in the eyes of some for ridiculing investments in this company in the face of opportunities for better investments locally.

F. W.
Go ahead ridiculing. No Wireless stock is an investment to people of small means. There is not one to-day that's earning good money.

Paris, March 21, 1910.

Dear Sir:

Will you let me know in your next issue your opinion of the following stocks:

1. Diamond Coal, Alberta, at 75c. per share?
2. The Sterling Coal proposition?
3. The Canadian Birkbeck Savings Co. as a safe stock?

G. T.
1. This is a speculation.
2. A down-South venture. Fair.
3. Very little market for it.

London, Ont., March 28, 1910.

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly inform me of your opinion of the International Coal and Coke Co.? I bought some of the stock at 85, and have been offered some lately at 70. Do you think it a good buy?

A. R.
No. 69 to 71 now.

St. Catharines, March 26, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Dear Sir,—I have followed with much interest the savory methods by which our modern buccaneers have been fleecing the unsuspecting stock-purchasing public of Ontario. You are doing an excellent work, and I wish you every success in your endeavors. As yet no person has asked you about the mining prospects of Michipicoten River, so I shall open the ball by inviting your opinion of the Mariposa Mining Co., Ltd., of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. This mine was started about 1903, and is near the Michipicoten River. It was capitalized at three million in 600,000 shares, par value \$5 each, fully paid up and non-accessible. 300,000 shares placed in Treasury.

CONSTANT READER.
It has no prospects.

Gentlemen:

In your interesting page, re Cobalt, and other mines, could you give us any information on Munroe Mining Company, promoted by Mr. E. T. Carter, Dr. Groves, of Fergus, president; Dr. Lucy, of Guelph, secretary.

Yours truly,
J. E. W.

We cannot. Can anyone?

Lindsay, March 31, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I have before me a certificate nicely printed on silver embossed paper which proclaims me the happy possessor of 10 shares of \$1 par value in the Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Co., Ltd. It is signed by B. M. Rice, secretary, and J. H. Jewell, president.

Will you kindly inform me what my chances for getting rich are on this venture?

I would just like to say that in the business of chasing wildcats you are "It."

Yours truly,
A. M.

A dead one.

Winnipeg, March 28, 1910.

Dear Sir:

Your Gold and Dross column is both interesting and profitable. The only improvement I could suggest is in the name. The experiences of your correspondents assay so little gold that this word might be omitted and the column called "Dross," or better still, the "Lamb's Club."

Yours, etc.,
MANITOBAN.

Detroit, March 28, 1910.

Gentlemen,—Through your valued "Gold and Dross" page kindly inform me as to the present condition of the Harris-Maxwell Larder Lake Gold Mining Company and also of the character of the Tourneville Mining Company, who are seeking to amalgamate with the Harris-Maxwell.

Can you tell when a coin rings true?

Are you able to detect the specious and spurious advertising and prospectus stuff of the fake concern from the solid-worth information of a company out to make good?

If you can't, educate yourself.

In one hand take some of the frenzied literature that floods to your home by mail. Test it. Of what does it consist save possibilities—every one of which is construed to be in favor of the company? The gold ink splashed on the cover is merely a bait suggestive of the gold you are going to pull out of this thing. And, to get right down to it, this power of suggestion is used by wily schemers to get your money away from you. They figure—and correctly, too often—that if gold ink will "pull" a sucker, that they can dispense with real hard-headed statements, the patent unreliability of which would, when published, get the authorities after them.

In the other hand take the report of a Mexico rubber company, printed hereunder on this page. If you ever got a prospectus or a form-letter reading like this, you could afford to discount all the business chances that every new venture is up against, and draw your cheque for shares.

If no such thing has ever come your way yet, WAIT TILL IT DOES.

I understand that they have simply sold stock, doing no development whatever.

Sincerely,
"STUNG."

Just a prospect

Unsigned, Winnipeg, sends in another Canadian Sunset Oil Co., Ltd., full-page ad. in vaudeville type. Here's all you want: Manager King says stock should pay 40 per cent. on par first year. Manager King is careful; he cuts his figures in half.

You'd better cut a cent in half and "invest" it in Sunset.

Montreal, March 30.

Gold and Dross:

The writer sent a clipping from your paper to "Illinois Travelling Men's Association," and received the reply which I enclose.

You will see it is very much "Illinois." Thank you very much for this good work. I, of course, shall not pay another assessment. Better far have \$500 of real insurance than \$50,000 subject to the whim of any board of directors.

Please warn the travelling men.

Yours always,

M. W. M.

In the letter quoted by M.W.M., R. A. Cavanaugh, of the Illinois Commercial Men's Association, says: "Please accept thanks for yours of the 1-11 inst., enclosing newspaper clipping

THE LAMB

MARY had a little lamb,
To Cobalt he did stray,
And in the mart of mining stocks
He purchased Right of Way.

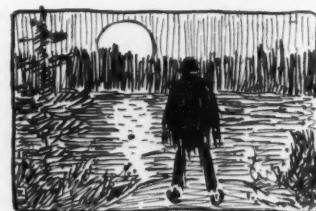


This stock went down just as the rest,
And so he lost his all;
The season changed from summer fair
Into the cold, cold fall.

Again the stock began to fall;
Again his wool he clipped;
To sell that he might further buy
A stock whose mine had slipped.



Bereft of all his worldly goods,
Upon the world so cold;
With fleece twice clipped and substance gone,
Away from parent fold.



Then Lambkins looked on Cobalt Lake,
Beheld its silv'ry sheen;
He pondered well and then he said:
'Tis watered stock I ween.

He drank, alas, here ends my tale,
The microbes did the rest;
That this a moral would convey,
'Tis as you like it best.

COBALT POET.

In regard to our association having a license or charter to do business in Canada. In reply would say that our association does business in the State of Illinois only. However, would say that the member in Canada is in exactly the same position as the member in New York, Michigan or any other State.

Galt, March 29.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I purchased \$1,000 4 per cent. bonds of the International Traction at 72. Do you consider this investment safe? Can you tell me what they are quoted at now? I also purchased Hargraves at 60c. Kindly give me some information as to this stock.

A. C.

Traction slumped to 57 in 1909, and when the ticker gets it at all now it is at 66 and 67. Hargraves is worth what it is selling at. See answer in detail elsewhere.

F. C. F. queries as to the investment possibilities of the bonds of the Central Railway Company of Canada.

This company has some very good names on the board, and its English banking connection appears first-rate. But as to investment, neither you nor I nor anybody else can tell how it will turn out ultimately. Would advise your keeping in touch for a while with development.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Do you know anything about the Chesterville Larder Lake Gold Mining Co., Ltd.? What are their prospects, also what is the present value of shares? Many thanks for your timely advice on matters of this kind.

GREENHORN.

Seems to be an unfettered feline.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I think one hundred shares of Harris-Maxwell Gold Mining Co., Ltd., but have not heard tell of the company for some time now. Are they working the mines now? Is there any demand for the shares? What are they worth? What broker handles them?

Yes, they are working. There is no demand. Shares looking for buyers at three cents. Possibly worth it. Try any mine broker.

Parkhill, Ont., April 4, 1910.

Dear Sir:

I think I have been stung in buying 20 shares of Maple Mountain Silver stock (Cobalt). Will you kindly give your opinion of same?

N. S.

You are right. Shares are not worth what it cost to print the scrip.

Dear Sir:

Would you let me know through your Gold and Dross

columns your opinion of Big Six? What are the chances for an increase in the price of this stock?

H. B.

This is a Larder Lake proposition. The chances do not appear to be any too rosy for better quotations.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Kindly let me know the present value of Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of America?

J. O. Z.

We have a report from New York city that American Marconi is \$10 bid with \$15 asked, this being merely a nominal market for shares. \$100 at par.

P. R. B., Winnipeg, sends along a full-page advertisement from a Western paper and ask what we think of Canadian Sunset Oil, Ltd.

Now, P.R.B., what were you given your faculties for; why not take this display of newspaper advertising, and test it yourself. There's a half-page picture of a train of oil cars steaming away over a reproduction of this sublimity planet. What's that got to do with dividends? The circus type used tells you—what? Why, that WE ARE AFTER A BIG WELL—A GUSHER. If you want to gamble, why GAMBLE.

Dear Sir:

I have some shares in the Beaver Mines, Cobalt, and would be glad to have your opinion. I see they have shipped no ore this year, and am doubtful as to whether

Kingston, April 4.

those running the proposition would be likely to hand out. Months ago the company was reported to have run into the Kerr Lake vein, but as yet they have made no shipments, although I have been informed that there is as much as five carloads of ore of sorts ready for shipment.

You are doing a good work in throwing light on the mining companies. Small shareholders have not much chance of getting first-hand information. Do you think this mine has a fair chance of getting on the dividend list, according to present outlook?

I paid 55c. for 200 shares at the market some time ago. Do you advise selling at 40c.?

H. P.

The only way to judge a mine is to strip it of its stock and size it up for what it is worth. It now figures on the market at \$1,000,000, which is much money, about as much as would build the Traders Bank building. I think that one-tenth of that amount would be a big price for it. The information handed out about the Kerr Lake vein was a play upon popular ignorance. The vein the mines have in common is No. 3 vein of the Kerr Lake, from first to last not an important ore body. I think in selling the stock you would get away above its value and on value the right action can only be based. It does not matter what you paid for the stock; the thing is what it is worth. The chance of its ever making important dividend disbursements are, I think, very, very slim. The Hargraves has not got five cars ready to ship, and if they had there is only the inference that the stuff would yield any return. Ore is most any old rock dug out of the ground.

Smith's Falls, April 2, 1910.

Gold and Dross:

Could you give me any information re the King George Gold Mine of Larder Lake. I hold receipt for 900 shares bought three years ago from an Ottawa broker.

H. J.

I have no information that would separate the proposition from the host of wild cats bred in Larder Lake.

Dear Sir:

Through the columns of your esteemed paper, could you give me any information about the Ross-Bollard Mining Co., Ltd., of Elk Lake, Ont., with offices at Renfrew? Mr. M. J. O'Brien is on the directors' board. So far, I've not been able to find out if the proposition as it now is would be a good investment. Recently the company was reorganized.

AN AMATEUR.

No Gow Ganda stock is an investment and the Ross Bollard is no better than the rest, if as good. Forget it.

Picton, March 26, 1910.

Dear Sir:

As one of your readers, would you kindly tell me what you think of the "Traders Fire Insurance Company" of Toronto, and what your opinion is of it? Would you think it safe to invest money in it?

ENQUIRER.

Hardly.

Oshawa, April 4.

Dear Sir:

What do you know of the Hanson Mine of Port Arthur? Is T. H. Hamilton president of same? What is stock worth, and has it ever paid a dividend?

P. T.

Mine been dead years.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Dear Sir,—Being a constant reader of your paper, would you be so kind as to give me your opinion on the Radio Wireless Telephone Co. of New York? I have been advised to hold my stock in above company, for which I paid \$6 for some and thirty for a second lot.

W. A. H.

Lose it.

Montreal, March 27, 1910.

Dear Sir:

I am interested to the extent of several thousand shares in British American, a Cobalt mining stock. What do you think of this stock? Yours,

A. L. T.

I think it is no good.

Dear Sir:

I have read with great interest your Gold and Dross page. Would you give me your opinion on the King of the North Gold Mine? I am enclosing part of the circulars that were sent out in 1907; also the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company, O. J. B. Yevestez, financial agent, Toronto, 1906.

Also the Crown Gas and Oil Co., Ltd., Ottawa, incorporated 1907. Is this property shipping any oil?

Yours truly,

W. M. L.

1. The King of the North gold mine is a wild cat.
2. I do not know the B.C. Amalgamated Coal.
3. I do not think I would buy the oil stock if I were you.

Many inquiries have come to SATURDAY NIGHT regarding Gordon Cobalt. The possibilities of this proposition is to be summed up in a nutshell. The "mine" is a dead one. It's a lemon of the worst description. I append a report upon the property written by our special correspondent, resident in Cobalt:

From a mining point of view the Gordon Cobalt Mining Co. is dead beyond hopes of resuscitation. The ground is located west of the town of Cobalt, just south of Clear Lake, in a district where mining operations have ceased for a year or more. This region was staked in the first winter rush to Cobalt and may be called the first crop of "snow-stakings." They were staked on little or no discovery and sold in the boom times to inexperienced or unscrupulous investors and foisted upon the public at high prices.

We are unable to find when and where the last shareholders' meeting was held.

As to the money and stock received from the Southern Belle for the forty acres south of the Gordon we can find no record of an accounting. As the Southern Belle is no better off than the Gordon the stock is valueless. It is quite probable that what little cash was actually received was legitimately used in prospecting the claim. We understand that only a small portion of the purchase price agreed on was really paid over to the Gordon Cobalt.

We know nothing of the "rich" Gordon samples that

The Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Co. stock should be left alone. You do not mean "Yukon Gold," which is paying dividends.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I would be much obliged if you could give me any information on Hargraves. Real information; not the kind



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.
Andrew Carnegie's fainting spells at Pittsburgh alarm his friends. His increasing years may prove too short for him to give away his millions as desired.

you refer to. No ore that by any stretch of the imagination could possibly be called rich ever came out of the region where the Gordon is located. In fact, we have never heard of any silver-bearing ore that came from there. It is possible that you refer to the samples from the Boyd-Gordon mine in the Gowganda district which were on exhibition in Toronto some time ago.

"Stirling, in sunny Southern Alberta," is again figuring in the advertising columns of some of the Winnipeg papers. This is the proposition that was being marketed by Henshaw Maddock, late of the California-Alberta Oil Company. (Maddock put up a bluff threatening SATURDAY NIGHT with a libel suit on behalf of the oil company, but he was afterwards fired out of his job by the said "oily" company. The Toronto offices were closed up, and the California-Alberta, with its fake proposition and the funds nabbed from the unsuspecting easy ones, disappeared from this section of the country.) However, it is Stirling and not the California-Alberta Oil Company with whom we are now dealing.

According to the latest "come-on" literature gas has been discovered at Stirling. Whether the gas has been discovered in the real town of Stirling or in the new town site we are unable to say. The advertisements give us no information on this point. It would probably be well to warn intending purchasers, however, that there is a vast difference between the town of Stirling and the land deal which calls itself Stirling. W. T. Odgen, president of the Stirling Board of Trade, writes us concerning the proposition as follows:—

"With reference to the value of lots in the new townsite here, or rather adjoining the village of Stirling, I will say that lots are for sale in this village at \$100 each, said lots containing 1 1/4 acres, while lots in the new townsite run from \$100 to \$300 and contain only 25 feet frontage by 125 feet deep. While I consider \$100 for one of our lots of 1 1/4 acres a fair price, the other I consider very unfair. Especially so when you take into consideration the fact that the greater part of the townsite company's lands are apt to be covered with water when an overflow or a flood comes as it does sometimes. I have seen water running over the railway track on each side of the depot, which will give you an idea of how the land adjoining will likely fare."

Concerning the hotel which has taken such a prominent place in the literature of this townsite company, the President of the Board of Trade says: "It seems that the main object in erecting the hotel was to put in a bar, but they have a hard fight on their hands, as very few would favor a bar and this is a Local Option district. In conversation with our provincial member the other day, that gentleman stated that these promoters could not get a license, so I think they have a white elephant on their hands."

So much for the "townsite" of Stirling with 25 foot lots at \$300 per.

As there appears to be a very general inclination among Canadians to purchase Marconi stocks, though just why they should be purchased is hard to say, I take occasion to pass on a few figures respecting the last annual report of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, known ordinarily as American Marconi.

The company's report for the year ending January

31, 1910, shows a net profit of \$3,701, after deducting \$12,936 from the gross working profits for depreciation. Traffic receipts for the year increased \$25,532. One hundred and twenty steamers plying the Atlantic have been added to the list equipped with the Marconi system during the year.

The directors of the company have decided to reduce the par value of the capital stock from \$100 to \$25 per share, thus reducing the capitalization from \$6,650,000 to just one-fourth this amount. This capitalization was in the first place, excessive, but more to the point is the fact that this reduction of capitalization will save the corporation \$4,500 annually in taxation.

From the figures above it will be seen that American Marconi is by no means an investment security, but at the same time its position is said to be much more satisfactory than that of the Canadian Marconi Company.

Zurich, Ont.

Would you kindly give me your opinion regarding the purchase of International Tool Steel Co. stock? Would you consider it a good investment? What are its prospects? Thanking you for the good advice you have given me in the past,

B. A. C.

Yes, its prospects may be good, and it is not a good investment. It isn't an investment at all, it's an industrial speculation. There are some good men behind it. It claims to have a new process to do things cheaper than the other fellow. Wait till it does it, as per next annual report.

Owen Sound, March 28, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross.

The Collins Wireless Telephone Co. are offering a bonus of Pacific Coast stock with purchase of shares in the parent company. Would you please say if this investment is any good?

ENQUIRER.

I can say this much: that there is a bunch of people in and around New York and vicinity that duck every time they hear the company spoken of.

Penetanguishene, March 28, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly give me your opinion on the enclosed prospectus re "Combination Orchard Co." I appreciate your exposure of the swindlers.

Sincerely,

J. C. M.

Too good, my friend; too good. Don't you know that even the optimistic insurance companies have quit publishing tables of estimated profits?

Toronto, March 28, 1910.

Sir,—Would you be kind enough to state through the columns of your valuable paper your opinion of an investment in the Chief Matash Mines Co., Ltd., which obtained its charter on the 3rd instant? Thanking you in anticipation.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Know nothing about it.

1. What do you think of Waldman Silver Mines at Cobalt which was boosted by The Toronto World some time ago?

2. Would you consider same a fair speculation?

H. V.

Waldman is a new one with which I am not overly familiar. From the manner in which it has been advanced I think it would be a good thing to leave alone.

Chesley, Ont.

Sir,—Kindly give me all information you can re Cobalt Paymaster. Bought 500 shares in November at 25c. per share, and assured by vendor that Paymaster shares couldn't be purchased at that time for less money. Was that statement true, and what can be done to recover money?

The stock was selling around 25 cents last Fall, which, however, was about 25 cents more than it is worth. There appears now to be no market for it. There is no process by which you can recover. Excuse delay.

Hamilton, March 24, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Give me what information you can about British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Co. Mines on island near Prince Rupert?

R. C.

I do not know Amalgamated Coal. Coal companies are springing up in the West like mushrooms, and few of them have gone sufficiently far to tell with any accuracy how the majority will work out. Coal shares in the great majority of these corporations are necessarily highly speculative. In other words they are a gamble. Not as bad as silver and gold mines, but still a gamble, unless perchance you are on the ground and can study local conditions as well as the property itself.

A gentleman at St. Marys enquires again regarding Aramco Mines Development Company, stating at the same time that their manner of doing business is extraordinary.

That it is a slick stock selling corporation, already pointed out in this department, there can be no doubt. If its mine is as good as its organization, which we have grave reason to doubt, its shareholders would all be rich. We would say, again, it is better to leave this stock strictly alone.

Nicola, B.C., March 18, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly give me your opinion of the shares of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada as an investment? The last dividend was paid, I believe, in November, 1907. Is there any prospect of another dividend being paid in the near future?

"QUILCHENA."

I should think that the Consolidated should offer a fairly good avenue for speculation and possibly of investment. They corner pretty nearly the whole thing in the middle and east Kootenays now, while the developments at Roseland appear to be satisfactory. The stock does not appear to have artificial support which to me is a great thing. Of course price trend will more or less follow New York. Why not buy a few acres in the Okanagan and watch your dollars grow on trees? Or your own district? Then you won't cultivate bad habits.

"Alpha," Toronto, inquires as to the value of building lots in Melrose Park:

1. Is \$25 per foot an excessive price for this land?

2. Who are the owners of Melrose Park?

3. Do you think the real estate boom has reached its height in Toronto generally?

1. It depends on the land.

2. We understand Sir William Mulock, Harry Hunter of Minneapolis and Robins Limited are the owners.

3. It is boom time all right, but no one can prophesy when real estate in a city like Toronto has reached its height. Toronto property is always a sound investment if bought right, but we cannot endorse any specific deal. The investor must depend on his own judgment.

Mount Forest, March 21, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Will you please state your opinion of (1) Stewart River Gold Dredging Co., Ltd. (2) Silver bar? What is the outlook for shareholders?

K. V. H. M.

The Stewart River has never proved a profitable field for dredging operations. That this should be must be set down to one of the vagaries of Nature. The first valuable diggings in the Yukon basin were on the Stewart River and the hardy pioneers extracted as high as fifty dollars a day from the bars, but the gold lay in a film as thin as paper on the surface. Believing this to be the history of mining on the Stewart, I cannot recommend this stock, though Mr. Dan Matheson is a man of ability and it is possible he may make the proposition pay, but as it stands it is highly speculative. The deposits are of a nature different to the deposits being worked by the Yukon Gold Co. on the Klondike creeks.

Charles Head and Co. have been good enough to fur-

nish a report on the Mutual Rubber Production Co., information of which was asked recently by a subscriber.

The Mutual Rubber Production Co. own about 12,000 acres in Mexico, of which about one-half is adapted to rubber. They have 5,500 acres under cultivation. Three million trees from one to seven years old. Part of the non-rubber land is given over to coconuts as a side issue. Capital, \$1,500,000, 600,000 shares, par \$2.40. They have passed the development stage and are now in a position to market rubber steadily. The market is decidedly in their favor. While their product is not equal to Peru rubber, they are now experimenting to remove the resin and if successful the product should command nearly as good a price as Peru. This company has about \$100,000 surplus and there is no stock for sale.

St. Thomas, Ont., March 26, 1910.

Gold and Dross:

I have been patiently scanning your columns in quest of information of The Haileybury Silver Mining Co. Kindly answer following questions:

1. Market price is about 40c. Would you advise selling now?

2. Have Haileybury Frontier Co. (adjoining property) struck any promising veins that would likely increase value of H. S. M. Co.?

3. Have any mines in this district made good?

T. G. H.

1. I think it is time to put all Cobalt stocks into real money, with but very few exceptions.

2. I do not know.

3. There seems to be some ore there. You know the Haileybury Silver paid its dividends out of sales of property.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly advise me through your estimable columns as to the present condition of "The Grace Mining Company," Ridgeway, Ont.? They also had a branch office in Buffalo, N.Y. Last summer the company announced a meeting of shareholders to be held at Buffalo to consider what action to take regarding the maturing of a mortgage held by the president of the company. I didn't attend, nor have I received any report of proceedings.

J. G.

I have had special inquiry made for you. The Grace gold mine has a claim in the Michipicoten area. It is operated by the Le Page Gold Mining Company and according to latest available reports it is treating about twenty tons of ore per day. As to whether Grace stock is of any great value, perhaps you yourself know whether the company you ask about is the Grace Gold Mine. If not, we have no information respecting Grace Mining Co.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Will you kindly let me know how the following Cobalt matters stand at present time:

1. Re Gordon Cobalt. Is this concern alive, dormant or dead?

2. When was the last shareholders' meeting called?

3. What was done with cash and stock received from "Southern Belle" for south 40 acres sold some years ago?

4. What mine did the rich Gordon ore samples come from that were exhibited in the offices of a prominent politician promoter?

STUNG SHAREHOLDER.

1. Dead, I fancy.

2. I do not know.

3. I do not know.

4. I do not know. Gordon Cobalt is dealt with at length elsewhere.

Gold and Dross Column:

About a year ago Lorsch & Co., brokers, were booming the Shamrock Mines, Limited, very enthusiastically, and it was supposed to be a sure winner, no matter what happened to the rest of Cobalt. We bought at 40c., and there the story ends. Do you know anything about this proposition? We heard nothing further after buying the stock.

Yours very truly,

INNOCENT.

The proposition holds some mining property, 20 acres, and some leases. Capital, \$3,000,000. I do not know anything to recommend the stock.

A query comes to the editor respecting Cobalt Commercial Mines.

The Cobalt Commercial Mines is the name of a wild cat promotion. Head office, Hamilton.

Montreal, March 26.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I appreciate the frankness which characterize your statements, and I am convinced that your only motive is that the truth might be known of the various mines at Cobalt.

I am one of those unfortunate persons who has been "stung," by investing money in Cobalt. The bulk of my accumulated saving went into "La Rose Consolidated" at \$7. I am, of course, anxious to know whether I shall ever be able to get back all the money which I invested in La Rose. I was induced to buy La Rose by a Montreal stockbroker.

1. Do you believe that the price of La Rose stock will ever increase as high as \$7 per share?

2. Has the famous "Silver Sidewalk" of the Lawson Mine entirely pinched out at the 88-foot level. Has the Lawson Mine, by which La Rose stock was boomed, come up to expectations?

3. In view of the fact that La Rose is shipping more ore than other mine and yet only pays 8 per cent., was the cut in dividend justified?

4. Has there been, during the past six months of development, any ore bodies located on La Rose properties which would greatly augment the standing of La Rose as a silver mine, and which would help to justify the large capital outstanding of \$7,500,000?

5. Are there any other ore bodies on the Lawson Mine besides this so-called "Famous Silver Sidewalk"?

I believe that your paper is doing a service to the investors of Canada, and I feel sure that had your paper been consulted by many people who have money tied up in Cobalt enterprises, the results would be much better for the mining of legitimate propositions, as well as the curtailment of the wildcat. Thanking you for the space you allow this letter, I remain,

Yours truly,

"COBALT INVESTOR."

If the bulk of your accumulated savings are in La Rose, I think I would sell, certainly on the first bulge. In advising this I do so in the full knowledge of the possibility that the stock will sell higher; in fact I may say that I almost think it will sell higher, but a man in your position cannot afford to run chances.

La Rose has a capable manager who recognizes that silver in the ground won't pay dividends, and he runs the ore out as long as it holds a margin of profit. You should not listen to brokers, even when honest—they are more often wrong than right. They know nothing about mining. Here are the answers to your questions:

1. No.

2. The famous silver sidewalk came out in one shot.

3. Yes.

4. Not that I know of.

5. The Lawson has other good ore bodies, but I lack any information on the recent developments of the property. With a good shipment or two from the Lawson and a little manipulation the La Rose stock might be materially boosted. On the other hand, I think the stock is selling for all it is intrinsically worth, and after all this is the only basis on which to act.

Hamilton, Ont., March 27, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Read your letter answering my questions as to the



THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

This is the famous statue at Genoa, which Roosevelt is now visiting on his way through Italy.

clothing required in the Porcupine country, and thank you very much.

A couple of weeks ago I asked if you knew anything of the mine called The Pride of Cobalt, and you answered in the negative. I have since received further information from a lady in the United States who was stung for two or three hundred dollars. She purchased the stock through a broker over there, and had some trouble getting her certificates. She has lately been informed by a man who saw the mine, likely one of the company, and he says it is situated next to the Green-Meehan, which you have been telling us is a gold brick. This man says that the Pride is on a hill, and that therefore it takes much longer to get down to the silver than if it were on level ground. From this one would think that a hill was a lot of earth dumped down onto horizontal stratified rock. But the funniest part is that the lady believes the company, and thinks that you are being bribed to run down the Cobalt mines. However, she will realize in time.

Hoping that this will be of some use in your campaign against fakes, I remain, your truly,

C. T. A.

St. Catharines, March 30, 1910.

Gentlemen:

Can you give me any information as to the Union Iron Works of Parry Sound as an investment. The fiscal agent of the said company is the Industrial Financial Co., Canada Permanent Chambers, 18 Toronto street, Toronto, Ont.

May be an investment some day. Look up "Investment" in dictionary.

Bunyan's Wicket-Gate.

In the village of Elstow there is an abundant material that is visibly associated with John Bunyan. The isolated church-tower contains the very bells in the ringing of which Bunyan rejoiced and afterward trembled. Above all, there must be mentioned the wicket gate which figures early in the story of Pilgrim's Progress.

The wicket gate of the Pilgrim's Progress is commonly represented as a garden gate or a turnpike gate; but really the term denotes a small doorway cut out of a large door. Concealed behind a tree at the west end of Elstow Church is just such a small doorway in the broad wooden surface of the great door.

Through this lowly opening Bunyan must often have passed when a boy.

Contrary to what one would imagine at first sight, "Ozanna Roosevelt" is not the Sudanese formula of adoration with which Fuzzy-Wuzzys' kinsmen are acclaiming the head of the returning Smithsonian African expedition. Yet with that expedition the picturesque bit of nomenclature is intimately bound up. For Ozanna Roosevelt, as described by Edmund Heller in Vol. 54, Part 6, of the "Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections," is nothing less than "a Sable Antelope collected by Kermit Roosevelt in the Shimba Hills, British East Africa, representing a form easily distinguishable from Ozanna Niger." Here, then, is a foretaste of the treasures that are now floating northward on the bosom of the Nile. The talent for zoological classification so strongly manifested in the discoverer of the Malefactor, the Mollycoddle, and the Muckraker, has proved hereditary, and Kermit has a new animal species to his credit at the very beginning of his career.—New York Evening Post.



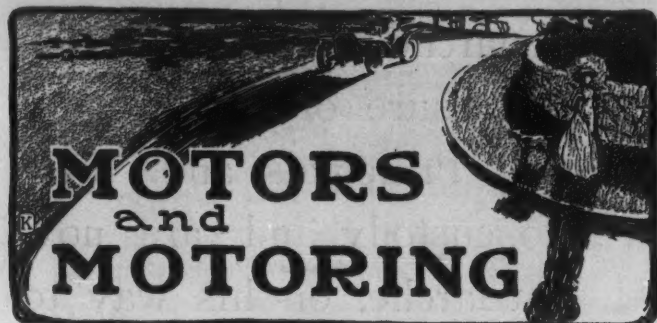
SCHOOL IN THE BLACK FOREST.

The children of the Black Forest have to go to school like all other German children, from the ages of six to fourteen. The picture gives an idea of the dress and appearance of the little peasants.



THE SOVEREIGN WHOSE THRONE IS TOTTERING.

His Majesty, George, King of the Hellenes, is living through a political crisis which has for some weeks fixed the attention of the European Chancelleries upon Athens. King George is by birth a Dane, he is the brother of Queen Alexandra of England, and in the event of the loss of his throne will feel the pinch of poverty.



THE proposal to hold an endurance contest in Canada, which was discussed recently in these columns, is meeting with the favorable consideration of Canadian motorists. The Ontario Motor League, which has always been a ready and powerful influence for the promotion of the sport in this country, is even now investigating the matter and is getting information on the subject. Other bodies of motorists have been notified of the contemplated contest, and it is likely that a decision will soon be reached. It is to be hoped the plan will prove feasible, because it would undoubtedly mean much to motoring in Canada. It would attract a great deal of public attention, it would afford a pleasant outing to the motorists themselves, and it

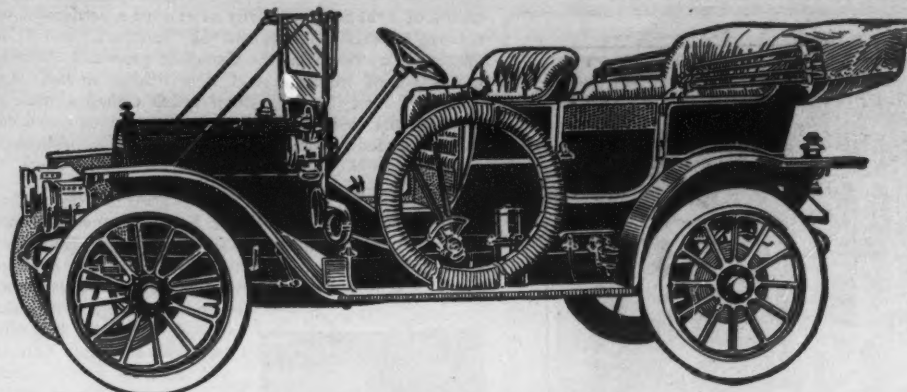
stresses upon the mechanism and tires that tend to break and wear.

He had never owned or driven a car before. He knew little more about automobiles than the average layman when he made his purchase, and he had to take lessons in driving to learn to run it. Yet during the first eight months of possession he drove 7,258 miles on an average fuel consumption of one gallon to sixteen miles, and at an average cost per mile of only five and seventeen one-hundredths cents, including all operation and maintenance expenses. Strict account was kept of every item, not omitting insurance against fire and theft, fines for exceeding the speed limits (entailed by friends at the wheel, but paid for by the owner, who was riding as a passenger)

Some of the principal items in the season's account are: Gasoline, \$70.72; washing and polishing, \$61.50; garage storage, \$38.85; two new tires and tire repairs, \$48.80; miscellaneous repairs, \$32.35; spark plugs and coils, \$24.80; oiling and greasing, \$21.86; license and wheel tax, \$22.00; fire and theft insurance for one year, \$30.00; fines, \$13.00.

By special arrangement with a garage close to the owner's residence in an apartment on the South Side of Chicago "live" storage costs \$5 a month, and the owner pays \$1.25 for having the car washed and polished whenever ordered and also pays for all other labor. "Gas," as gasoline is called for short by motorists, costs fifteen cents a gallon at first, but later was increased to sixteen cents. The car was used quite regularly for driving down to business in the centre of the city, where it had to be "garaged" until evening. The cost of this extra storage is, however, omitted from the account, as is also the amount of rather liberal fees paid to the employees.

As for tires, which generally are considered a chief source of trouble and expense, two new casings were put on after the car had been run between 3,000 and 3,500 miles, and at the end of November were believed to be good for 1,500 or 2,000 miles more. One front and one rear



The driver's seat and control are on the left-hand side of the Reo—convenient for dismantling to the sidewalk.

Four-Cylinder Reo \$1500

Thirty horse-power—50 miles an hour

An Engineering Victory

It is comparatively easy for a maker to build a car that will "do things" if he puts enough money and weight into it. But money is money, and weight is money, too—money for big and quickly-worn-out-tires, money for more fuel and expensive maintenance.

The Reo is a triumph of engineering. Mr. R. E. Olds is a genius for doing that very difficult but useful thing—making a car of very high quality at low cost. The Reo is full of cost where cost earns its money, and full of economy where economy counts. It has the remarkable get-there-and-back ability of every Reo ever built; it is powerful, light, buoyant, graceful, efficient, comfortable.

No car at \$2,000 is equal to the Reo at \$1,500. You must pay \$3,000 for its equal, and then you have expensive and unnecessary weight.

How this victory was accomplished is explained by text and picture in the Reo catalogue. Send also for "Number 31," the story of New York to Atlanta.

Reo four-cylinder roadster, with same motor and general specifications, at the same price, \$1,500. Top and Metzger Automatic Windshield extra on all styles of Reos—but no charge for fitting.

REO MOTOR CAR CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.

St. Catharines, Ontario

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Toronto: International Motor Car Co.

St. Catharines: The Reo Garage

Hamilton: The Hamilton Garage Co.

Ottawa: Ketchum & Co.



THE AERO SHOW AT OLYMPIA, LONDON, ENG.

This picture gives a splendid view of the largest exhibit on of the kind ever held. In the foreground to the right is a Bleriot monoplane, and just beyond is an Antoinette. Across the aisle is a Wright biplane.

should be productive of valuable results to the automobile industry in Canada. Such a contest might well be made an annual feature, and in time it would probably grow to proportions undreamed of at this early stage of its history.

PROBABLY more men have been deterred from enjoying the pleasures of motoring because of the uncertainty and fear of the cost of running a car and maintaining it than on account of the first cost of the machine itself, writes H. W. Perry in Harper's Weekly. The cost of the car is a definite, fixed quantity ascertainable beforehand; the running, repair, and storage expenses are an obscure or unknown quantity, which might be represented by X. They may range anywhere from the minimum shown by testimonial, letters published by automobile manufacturers to an annual amount equal to the cost of the car itself. The manager of one of the largest and best equipped garages in New York asserts that, from his observation, it costs just about as much to keep and run a car a year in New York as the machine costs, whether it be a modest little runabout at \$750 or a magnificent limousine at \$7,500. But he views the situation in the light of the man accustomed to the garage prices charged in the Broadway section and the hire of high-priced chauffeurs.

There are ways and ways of doing things—even automobiling. One of the writer's friends, who is a keen, methodical business man, has applied his business methods to his motoring. He has taken great interest, first, in getting the best car he could for the least money, and then in running and keeping the machine as cheaply as possible consistent with the position he occupies in the community. It is a matter of pride to him, as an evidence of skill in driving, to get the greatest mileage per gallon of gasoline and the utmost wear out of the tires. His mechanical instincts cause him to consider it unpardonable to abuse a car by driving at high speed over very bad roads, overloading it with passengers and luggage on a long trip through hilly country, and doing "stunts" with it that good sense tells him impose unnecessary

and State license and city wheel tax for one year.

The machine is a five-passenger touring-car that cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000, but has proved equal to thirty miles an hour and a satisfactory hill climber. A large part of the mileage was made on the boulevards of Chicago, but a considerable percentage was also made over country roads of all sorts in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana. The owner has been unusually generous to friends and acquaintances with his car, taking them for drives in the evenings and for long runs on holidays and Sundays. He has even been known to drive his wife's wash-woman home on a stormy night. Probably not less than half of the total mileage in the eight months was made with four or five passengers, so the actual average cost per passenger mile has been just about one and one-half cents.

The total cost for the 7,258 miles of automobiling (averaging the unusual record of 900 miles a month) during the first season of ownership was \$375.60. The eight months' operation extended over the period from April 7th, when the car was delivered, to November 30th last. If the car had been put in "dead" storage for the winter, as is so often done, the expense for the eight months would represent practically the whole cost for a year, as all expenses cease during "dead" storage save only the charge for keeping the car under protection in idleness.

casing were discarded after having been run more than 7,000 miles, one blowing out. As the tire manufacturers' guarantee is on the basis of 4,000 miles, which figures out at almost three cents per car mile for a set of 30 x 3 and 30 x 3½ inch tires, my friend is justified in feeling elated over his 7,000-mile record and his average car-mile expense for tires of only one and fifty-six one-hundredths cents.

IF your car is equipped with four wheels of like size, it is a good plan to change the tires around occasionally—that is, if one side of the tire is much worn, turn it around. If your tires are apparently in good shape don't be afraid to pump them up hard, as they will not burst. Don't throw your brake on hard with your machine going at even moderate speed, as an unnecessary strain is put on the tires. Beware of car tracks and avoid running over obstructions when not necessary. Keep your valve stem and stay bolt nuts tight, and tires pumped up in order that water cannot get into the tires. Never run on a flat tire, as casing and tube will be easily damaged to such an extent that further use is out of the question. A great many people drive mostly at top speed burning their tires up. Then they complain that they have not had sufficient mileage; this is just one instance of where the tire is always getting the worst of it. Rim cutting

is caused by tires not fitting perfectly, by sharp or rusty edges on the rim, or by running tires partly deflated. Do not take corners fast, as by so doing tires are subjected to much strain. Do not use chains on your tires, except as absolutely necessary, as they loosen your treads, and do a great amount of harm to your tires. Furthermore, tire manufacturers do not guarantee tires on which chains have been used.

Use demountable rims, and by so doing carry your extra tires ready-flated on spare rims—when trouble occurs the damaged tire has only to be removed and replaced with the extra, which is ready-flated. The change can be made in almost no time, and it is so mechanically perfected that it can be operated by any one, the only arduous labor being in jacking up the car. Any style clincher tire can be used on these rims. Leading car makers acknowledge that a year or so will see the general adoption of demountable rims as standard equipment.

IN an article on the electric lighting of automobiles, the Motor World calls attention to the few cars so equipped and finds it surprising that this should be so. It says that not a few private owners have installed such a system of their own and goes on to explain wherein the electric light seems to have many advantages over the oil lamp, both as to safety and adaptability.

"Despite the precautions of lamp designers and the most conservative planning of the car builders themselves in regard to methods of safeguarding against fires," says the ar-

tic, "the fact remains that an unpleasant amount of risk always is present in a car. With careless or ignorant users, this risk is multiplied exceedingly. The temptation to pick up a dash lamp in order to investigate some mysterious stoppage of the motor, or for the purpose of showing the way to the tank when it has to be filled by the roadside at night, even nowadays is too great for the under-developed caution of many drivers, while dripping oil from leaky fonts or the flicker of a match carelessly handled has caused more than one good car to flash up in a destroying blaze of flame.

"The true reason for advancing the cause of the electric as against the oil lamp, however, is its adaptability. That it may be installed in any kind or style of lamp fixture, may be adapted in size and brilliancy to suit the demands of the buyer, may be switched on or off from the dash regardless of wind or weather conditions, and above all, that it requires absolutely no attention save for the recharging of the batteries, are reasons in its favor too strong to be overlooked. With the modern forms of bulb, its durability is greatly enhanced, so that the rapid deterioration and short life of filaments, which

used to be an objection to its use, no longer may be held up against it.

"With the modern charging facilities for battery users, ranging from the small charging board installed in the garage, to the simple and compact generator system driven by the motor, there should be no further objection to it on the score of current supply. In cost, it can by no means be termed expensive, especially when its advantages are considered."

CHAUFFEUR.

OF INTEREST TO TRAVELLERS.

Trains leave Toronto daily via Grand Trunk Railway System for principal points in Canada and United States as follows:—9 a.m., 4.32 and 6.10 p.m. for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York.

7.15 and 9 a.m., 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. daily for Montreal, Quebec, Boston, etc. 8.00 a.m., 4.40 and 11 p.m. for London, Detroit, Chicago and points in Western Canada and the United States. Smooth roadbed, double-track line, palatial Pullman sleepers, excellent dining car service and courteous attendants are features of the Grand Trunk Railway System.

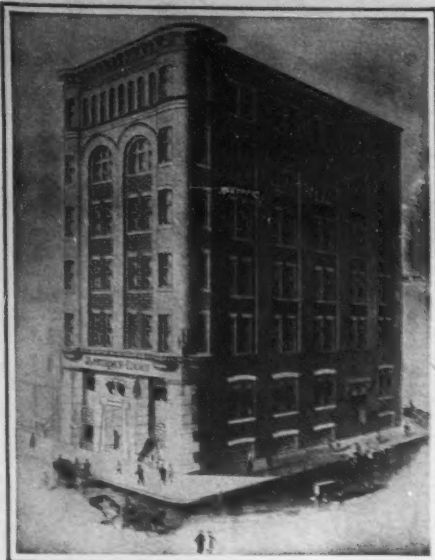


A SWAN CAR FOR A MODERN LOHENGRIIN.

This remarkable car, made for an Indian prince, cost \$10,000. The "exhaust" can be sent through the back, causing the swan to hiss. It has electric lights for eyes.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.) Main (6640)

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors. Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3.00
Six Months.....	1.50
Three Months.....	.75

Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies \$1.50 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 28th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 9, 1910. No. 26.

! ? DOUBTS ABOUT DEEDS ! ?

"Fingy" Connors' Canadian Scheme.

WILLIAM J. CONNORS, of Buffalo, better known as "Fingy" Connors, has of recent years broken into the American magazines against his will. Since he became boss of the New York State Democracy, the muck-rakers have been after him in full cry. His parents were Canadian Irish, but he was born in Western New York State fifty-three years ago. He has risen from the position of dock laborer and keeper of a tough liquor dive, to the control of the grain-shovelling business of the American ports on the great lakes, and is a power in the Democratic party. Even the great William Randolph Hearst had to form an alliance with "Fingy" when he sought the Democratic nomination for Governor of the State. He controls two journals in Buffalo of a more or less yellow character, The Courier and The Enquirer. Some ten years ago Connors developed a temporary affection for Canada, the country of his parents. It was at a time when he was at war with the longshoremen of Buffalo and seeing himself beaten, he threatened to ruin Buffalo as a centre of grain transshipment by establishing vast elevators at Montreal and Port Colborne, the southern entrance of the Welland Canal. Hon. Richard Harcourt acted as his Canadian representative and the proposal went so far that when a part of Fenians tried to blow up the Welland Canal, it was generally believed for a few days that the conspiracy was the work of Buffalo grain-scoopers, grown desperate at the thought that Connors was going to permanently destroy their



"Fingy" Connors.

means of livelihood. Shortly afterward a settlement was reached between Connors and the "Scoopers," and he immediately lay down on the Canadian proposal. Whether it was a bluff from the start, it is difficult to say. As a matter of fact, the proposition which Connors made respecting this elevator building was most unbalanced, and had he carried it out, "Fingy" would have gone broke.

A Great Canadian Chemist.

THE researches of Professor Ernest Rutherford continue to attract attention abroad. Professor Rutherford was formerly connected with McGill University at Montreal, and as in the case of several of that institution's best men, he was "stolen"; that



Prof. Ernest Rutherford.

is to say he received an offer from abroad that Canada, with all its wealth, could not meet, and therefore his services were lost to the country. He was one of the greatest living authorities on chemistry. His writings attract universal attention among scientists. Recently he has been writing in *Nature*, the great British scientific publication, on polonium, the radio-active substance, which in some quarters has been exploited as a new and wonderful discovery. He says that it is not a new discovery, but has really been known longer than radium itself, of which it is merely a transformation product. The reason why polonium is so difficult to obtain, says Professor Rutherford, is that it breaks up

five thousand times faster than even radium. For this reason its activity, weight for weight, should be five thousand times greater than that of radium. A point which he and other great chemists, including Madame Curie and Boltwood, have been trying to settle is, whether polonium really changes into lead as appears probable. These very delicate problems are likely to be solved in the near future by experiments at present in progress.

Dr. Sheard and Smallpox.

IT was not the insolence of wealth that has made Dr. Sheard's figure stand out in his position as medical health officer of Toronto in sharp silhouette against the dark background of lobbyists and log rollers inside and outside of the City Council. It has been rather, a certain strength that made itself known oftener in indifference to convention, but which could be traced in many finer little acts of heroism and courtesy if followed by the careful eye. Dr. Sheard has never "worked" a salary increase for himself. But he fought tooth and nail for adequate remuneration for the underlings in his department—and every man who worked for him at the City Hall got a plump turkey as often as Christmas came round.

One bitter day in winter the health officer called on his rounds at the Smallpox Hospital. There had been a particularly virulent case of the disease, and the victim had died. The hospital staff at the time was shorthanded, and there was nobody to lay the victim out—she was a woman—except a nurse and the ambulance driver. The body was in such a repulsive condition that these two had been driven from the room after raising the window in the vain hope of sterilizing the atmosphere by frigidify.

The two explained the situation to Dr. Sheard. "All right," said he. "It's a horrible job and you only get \$15 a week. Leave it to me."

And he entered the death-chamber, removed the frozen bedclothes from the body, closed the eyes of the corpse, straightened out her limbs and arrayed the body decently for burial.

"It was part of the day's work," he said afterwards, quietly.

Smallpox has no personal terrors for Charles Sheard, M.D., but as a physician he dreads it above all other plagues. He has put up the most strenuous fight against it ever waged by any health officer, and Toronto's particularly low smallpox record is a lasting monument to his painstaking ability. Personally he is as indifferent to it as though a proven "immune"—but his reliance is based solely upon precautions. Charles Sheard's left arm from wrist to shoulder is a mass of tiny cicatrices—the marks of repeated self-vaccinations, for he practises what he preaches. At one time he counted forty-seven of these little scars, and while he must undoubtedly have become thoroughly inoculated against smallpox it is quite probable that having acquired the habit he will continue to vaccinate himself yearly, at least till the end of his days.

An Experiment in Justice.

"The law's delay," which Hamlet thought was one of the things which made life not worth living, has been a subject of railery on the part of satirists and of serious concern on the part of statesmen in all ages. The poor man, who, at the present time, has gone into court, and who fears that justice will never be done him there, may assure himself, at any rate, that his troubles are nothing new.

Chronicles of the time of the Emperor Charlemagne, who was the master, and to a great extent, the lawgiver of Europe in the latter part of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth century, record an interesting attempt on this monarch's part to prevent the delays of justice.

He could not deny that the excuses made by the judges were plausible, but he was convinced that they could decide cases more promptly if they would.

He decreed, therefore, that when a judge had failed to render a decision within a certain reasonable time the complainant in the case should have the right to take up his residence in the judge's house, to eat at his table, and to lodge at his expense until the decision should be made.

The decree was promptly taken advantage of by various litigants, who praised the wisdom and righteousness of their sovereign as they tasted the fare and slept on the beds of their dilatory judges.

They found, however, that there was another side to the picture. They succeeded in hastening the decision of the judge, but when it was reached, it was generally found to be unfavorable to the complainant. It was the judge's way, as we should express the matter, of "getting even."

This interesting method of enforcing decisions became, therefore, unpopular. And what the wise and powerful Charlemagne failed to accomplish has never since been effectually secured.

"The House of Patriarche" Raided by the Police, following the Exposure of Methods by Toronto Saturday Night. Principals and "Frequenters" all taken into custody and are now out on bail. P. H. Patriarche, on his way to England, communicated with by cable. The technical charge is that of maintaining and operating a gaming house.

IN last week's issue of this paper some little attention was paid to "The House of Patriarche," known far and wide as owners of a bucket shop and manipulators of stock syndicates or discretionary pools.

On Friday morning, April first, just as the newsboys began yelling "SATURDAY NIGHT, all about the big swindle," the detective department gathered its men quietly together and at precisely ten-thirty o'clock they descended upon the offices of Patriarche & Co.

Chief Inspector Duncan had received the necessary evidence through TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, and he acted upon it with great promptness. Never was a police raid better planned and carried out. It is almost unnecessary to state that those in charge of the bucket shop as well as some eight men who are classed in the police records as "frequenters," were completely taken by surprise.

Staff Inspector Kennedy was in charge of a squad of officers, consisting of Sergeant Mackie, and Detectives Guthrie, Murray, Moffat, Cronin, Sockett, Armstrong, Newton, Archibald and Tipton, and they proceeded to the corner of Scott and Wellington streets at the appointed hour. Inspector Kennedy had a blanket warrant, which authorized him to seize all the books and arrest any person found on the premises.

When the officers entered the building there were a number of men doing business there. The arrests were effected so quietly that they caused practically no excitement. Outside the newsboys were shouting "Read SATURDAY NIGHT, all about the big swindle," but the passers-by saw no indication that the swindlers were being arrested. In order to avoid the gathering of a crowd, the detectives took the prisoners out one by one and walked them up to the City Hall. It was not until they had all departed that the patrol wagons arrived and carried off two loads of books to the Detective Department to be used as evidence.

The man in charge of the office was Wm. J. Smart who describes himself as the "manager of a stock brokers' company," and he informed the police that Philip Harold Patriarche was on his way to the Old Country, having boarded an ocean liner the previous Thursday. Mr. J. A. Harrington, who gave his address as the King Edward Hotel, comes from Buffalo, and is manager of the branch there. Harrington came to Toronto to help look after affairs in the absence of P. H. Patriarche, and his name will be included in the information as a principal.

Those taken into custody are as follows:— William J. Smart, 26 Simpson avenue, manager, stock-broker, 28 years of age, charged jointly with Harold Patriarche with keeping a common gaming house.

J. A. Harrington, King Edward Hotel, manager of the Buffalo office, and who was in charge while Patriarche was away.

The following were taken in as frequenters. C. E. Adams, Wolfrey avenue. E. Strachan Cox, Wellesley crescent. S. Herbert, Markham street. George Laird, Hazelton ave. D. McKinley, Yonge street. D. V. Drysdale, Cowan avenue. H. Thorn, College street. Hillary Flood, Ontario street.

The following account of the morning's interesting proceedings is taken from the Toronto Telegram, which was the only newspaper in Toronto giving the facts from start to finish:

A young woman employe was walked up to the detective office. When she got there she called up her mother.

"Mother," she said, "the police raided our office this morning, and arrested everyone. We are all here at the office."

A merry peal of laughter came from the other end of the phone, and was heard by many standing about.

"You can't fool me; I know this is April 1," was the answer from the other end.

"I wish it was an April fool joke," was the girl's response.

Stopped Mr. Cox.

A reporter for The Telegram was on the scene just as the army of sleuths was going in. A minute or so later Mr. Cox came along. The reporter managed to get out, but not so Mr. Cox.

Mr. Cox, wearing his high hat and long morning coat, entered by the Scott street door. He glanced over the big blackboard where already one of the men had chalked up early quotations. Then he turned. Wherever he looked he saw detectives. He started to go out of the Scott street door to the sunlit street again.

Detective Moffat placed out an intercepting arm. "I wish to go out," said Mr. Cox, with a slight hauteur.

"Would you mind taking the Wellington Street door?" said the detective, who did not want to be the one to refuse.

Mr. Cox met with a stern "No" at the other door. He went to the City Hall in a cab.

Bail for All.

At the City Detective Department, Crown Attorney Corley consented to receive bail of \$1,000 for the principals and the sum of \$400 each for the others, some of whom were employes of the place.

The raid is admitted by the authorities to be the outcome of the so-called "exposure" of the Patriarche methods of finance contained in this week's issue of the TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. The editor of that paper placed all the facts obtained before Crown Attorney Corley. The Chief of Police signed a blanket warrant charging Patriarche and the others with keeping a gaming house, and this morning Staff Inspector Kennedy and Sergeant Mackie slipped down to the office and entered. They cast

eagle eyes around and saw three tickers spitting out their messages. Patrons came in and hung over the tape and gave orders to buy and sell.

When the sleuths had got a line on what was doing, nobody suspecting who they were, Detectives Guthrie and Murray, who have a sort of sporty air, followed them. More unwelcome business then filed in the persons of Detectives Moffat, Cronin, Armstrong, Sockett, Newton, Tipton and Archibald.

Detective Mackie gently took the telephone receiver from the hands of the little girl at the switchboard at 10.30 o'clock and said to the phone company: "Cut everyone off from here to-day; this is Main 7308—there is some little trouble here. There will be no answer if people do call."

Took all Names.

Then the police took the names of everyone in the place. They also seized three stock tickers, \$130 in cash, a very heavy cash box, bundles of circular letters, stock reports, cheque books, advertisements and some scrip.

The offense with which Patriarche is charged is in itself said to be one not extraditable. To make it so it is said it must be proved that money has been obtained under false pretences.

The Law.

Following is Section 201 of the Criminal Code, under which the raid was made:—

Every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to five years' imprisonment and to a fine of \$500 who with intent to make, gain or profit by the rise or fall in price of any stock of any incorporated or unincorporated companies or undertaking, either in Canada or elsewhere, any goods, wares or merchandise.

"The offence of keeping is punishable under that section by five years' imprisonment and \$500 fine, and a frequentier may be imprisoned a year and fined also," said Crown Attorney Corley.

"This raid is a direct outcome of information supplied by TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. At the same time we have received here a number of anonymous letters from people who objected to the methods of dealing in stocks," said Mr. Corley.

"Will this raid be followed up by the police?" "Any place that is shown to be a bucketshop will be closed up by the police," said Mr. Corley. "There is no doubt of it if it had not been for SATURDAY NIGHT this raid would not have occurred."

Patriarche Cabled To.

The entire party, principals and frequenters, were eventually bailed out. On Saturday morning, April second, they were all arraigned in Police Court and remanded until April 22nd, at which time it is expected that Philip Harold Patriarche, head of the house of Patriarche & Co., will have returned from his trip across the Atlantic. It appears that Patriarche left for England on one of the slower Atlantic steamers out of New York, and it was not expected that he would reach a British port before the middle of this week. Upon his arrival he will receive a cable informing him that his Toronto operations, including his much advertised discretionary pool, met with sudden and unexpected reverses. It is said that Patriarche's visit to England has to do with disposing of an interest in the Tibury East oil field to English capitalists.

It appears that for some months past drilling operations have been in progress on what is known as the Sam Halliday and Henry Cooper farms, the property containing some 120 acres and leased to Patriarche & Co. When the news of the raid reached Chatham the firm's employes immediately began making inquiries regarding their back pay. They had been told by Patriarche's representative on the spot that they would get their money when P. H. Patriarche returned from Europe. This, however, under the circumstances, failed to satisfy them and they immediately proceeded to take legal measures. They filed liens against the property, which is understood to already carry a \$10,000 mortgage to the former owner, N. H. Bowlby. It appears that for some time the men have been doubtful regarding their back pay, which in the case of seven men alone amounts to over \$900.

U. S. Bucket Shops Raided.

The authorities throughout the United States are giving the bucket shop keepers of that country some bad half hours. From Washington comes the information that under the advice of Attorney-General Wickersham indictments have been prepared against half a hundred or more bucket shop keepers, and in a dozen or more of the large cities the heavy hand of the law has already made itself felt. In this instance, the United States Department of Justice has taken the matter in hand, and raids have been made by United States officers aided by the local detectives of the various cities.

That the business of keeping bucket shops has paid the keepers, if not the customers, is indicated by the fact that among those arrested are five men rated as millionaires. Among the "bucketers" taken into custody in New York are some firms which have been posing for years as legitimate brokerage houses, nor did they desire such for their position from a financial point of view, so long as they kept clear of the police, was a much more profitable one.

It appears that the United States Government's detectives went at the enemy with his own fire, and thus did not hesitate to do a little wire-tapping now and then to get their evidence. Taking for granted that the charge often made that bucket shops secured quotations by tapping wires which carry them to legitimate customers was true, the detectives tapped more than one communication being sent between those now indicted.



HARLAN P. BEACH, M.A., F.R.G.S.

Professor of the Department of Missions at Yale University. Prof. Beach will speak on the future of China, before the Canadian Club, at noon on Tuesday, April 12, and at night will lecture at Carlton Street Methodist Church on "The World for Christ; What This Means for Us."

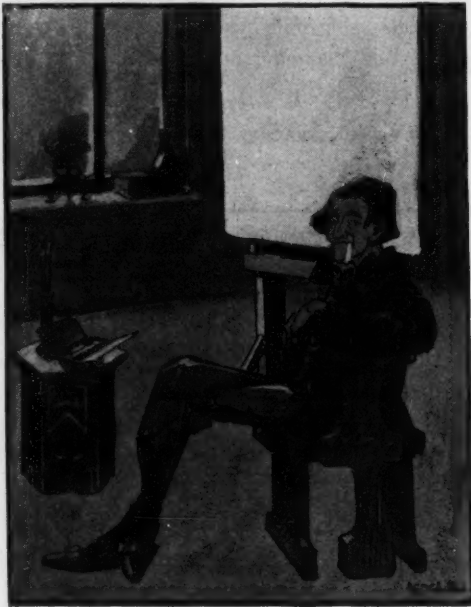


SOMEWHERE—in London, or New York, in Paris or Berlin: in some lavishly-fitted suite of a swagger building, or in some unostentatious back room fronted by a bogus business, there is one person or a coterie of persons operating a Trust of such gigantic proportions and of such malevolent functions that beside it Standard Oil, Sugar Trust and Paper Trust become mere small change.

This is the hypnotic, baleful Fashion Trust. To the non-user of oil, Rockefeller has no terrors. The vegetarian laughs at the Beef Trust, and all who do not wear clothes may jeer at the Fashion Trust.

All those who intend to jeer please step this way. Careful analysis of the situation will show that while styles of clothing have been subject to change ever since we began to wear 'em, that it is only of recent years that the Fashion Trust as such has been evolved. At the present day it is squeezing from hapless victims so many millions of dollars per year that an aggregate computation would be vain. The figures would be staggering. They would fit Britain, Germany and France with enough Dreadnoughts to stop shipbuilding for thirty years and leave enough over to place the required number of missionaries throughout the uncivilized world to bring about evangelization. And there would be a balance over.

Primarily, women are victims of this Trust. Willing victims, you say. A heedless and short-sighted remark.



A thousand artists ready to pen fresh styles of dress for women.

almost contemptuous in tone: a remark that should never have been made. Men are also victims of the Trust that gives no rebates. Married men are greater sufferers than are single men, but all masculines are only victims of a secondary class. The Trust dare not attempt with men what it daily achieves with the more emotional and less logical portion of humanity. If it did, it might find itself up against an examination for discovery, indictment, prosecution, conviction. In that event the octopus would relax its hold, and women of Canada and the United States alone would be for that year some \$200,000,000 wealthier.

Wealth sounds like surplus. But it is not "surplus" earnings that flow into the maw of the Fashion Trust. It is money snatched from the middle and working classes; the results of crime and speculation; the tithe of the church, the fund that should go for food and education.

Of the total amount the Fashion Trust squeezes in one year from its fearful yet unprotected victims, \$80,000,000, is, or has been, for the Princess gown.

Let the Princess gown be the first indictment by way of illustration.

In the United States there are 80,000,000 of people, of which 25,000,000 are women or girls old enough to don a Princess gown. Canada adds to this 2,500,000 more. 27,500,000 women affected by the first count!

UP to about the spring of 1908 the women of these countries were content to follow the then prevailing mode of dress. It had, after a struggle, made good. It was vicious, but after being first hated it finally was embraced.

Then some bulgy official of the Fashion Trust—in full operation in that year—chewed at his brunette cigar, and snorted: "Most of a whole season gone by and nothin' new in. What in blazes is the Originating Department up to? Get the selection committee together; collect the gang."

Servitors did so. Eleven men and one woman—she figureless and in rusty black—foregathered. Ideas and suggestions were demanded. The bulgy official smote the mahogany and thundered that a thousand artists were sitting with arms folded ready to pen fresh styles of dress for women, and there was nothing doing; the power was up in myriads of the Trust printing factories prepared to get out fashion plates, and money was being lost on their wages. So they swapped suggestions, thumbed books of art, scanned cables from queer parts of the world. The garb of Boadicea nearly prevailed. It lost by a hook and eye. Some one spoke of the Swiss get-up as appropriate for a novelty.

"Would they wear it?" was asked. "Wear it?" exploded the president, "they'd wear Brussels carpet with shark-teeth Passimenterie if we said so. Wear it. H-ugh!"

The one woman in the bunch voiced an idea and was promptly sat on. What does a woman know about fashions for women? Enough to wear them, that's all. Finally, some one hit on the Princess effect. The word was

said. The Princess had arrived. The wires were soon hot with the news.

Immediately 27,500,000 women were affected.

One-third of these—to be very liberal—were women of fashion or of such means that they were just aching anyway to get out and sink a lump of money in new clothes. Whether the Fashion Trust had evolved something new or not, they would have gone shopping and buying. Cutting off a fraction of the remainder as a safety margin to include bed-ridden women, those in jail and in industrial homes, let us say we are concerned with only fifty per cent. of the whole.

Of these fifty per cent., ten per cent. were women of small means comparatively, but willing to make sacrifices to stay with the game. The remaining forty per cent., or 5,500,000 women, shapely or waistless, blooming or anemic, stunning or scrawny; matrons, maids, housekeepers, domestics, churchwomen—all classes, recoiled from the edict terror-stricken. For this reason, they were all provided with clothes. The clothes suited them. They were not worn out. They were good for six or eight months' more wear, and they had not finished paying for this last batch.

The Fashion Trust was well aware of this, but that giant monopoly has lettered over its head-office portal the words "All the Traffic Will Bear." It butted in with the Princess design then, because it needed the money.

So 5,500,000 women shed 55,000,000 tears and hiked away to become fitted for the new things. Each spent on an average \$15 per gown. Some paid \$250, and a great many clawed their 8 a.m. way to piles at \$4.75.

These dresses cost \$77,500,000.

With alterations, they cost \$2,500,000 more.

Thus the stupendous sum of \$80,000,000 was forced from this restricted percentage of women who kicked at paying every cent of it. Oceans of weeps flowed from them. Of these oceans a good many small seas came from those who saw themselves for the first time in the pier-glass wearing it after it came home from the tailor.

HAD these women no redress? That is where the Fashion Trust gets its strangle hold by utilizing the emotions and known habits and traits of its victims. The Fashion Trust imposed no penalty. But every woman knew that either she had to have a Princess gown, and have it quick, or her life would not be worth living. So she dug down and got the money. She badgered uncle till he promised. She sliced some off the church contribution—fancy starving a missionary—and added it to her Princess pile. She agreed with hubby that she would look a fright in a Princess, and spent every evening for the next week with her head buried in Butterick's. Hard-worked lawyers added a Princess on to their court costs. Coal drivers hit their horses extra smacks because they had just been stung for a Princess.

An no one raised, or is raising, a finger to stop it. The Sherman anti-Trust laws of the United States and Canada's Criminal Code contribution to the same end prohibit any conspiracy in restraint of trade. That does not apply to the Fashion Trust, for what it does is to create a world-wide traffic for the sole purpose of enriching its own coffers.

And as the result makes women weep, the only ones that benefit are the masseuses and the makers of disappearing face cream.

Possibly there may be some men that will sneer at the idea that there is a Fashion Trust. If any such an one will cut a button off the suit he procured last year from his tailor, and take it to that same tailor, and endeavor to match that button, he will procure immediate and first-hand evidence that he is up against the most colossal and far-reaching trust in the history of the world. He cannot get that button.

If he could, he would sew it on the old suit. Being unable to, he is forced to cut all the old buttons off and buy a new set of a different design—this year's design.

Thereby the button section of the Fashion Trust waxes fat.

There are fifty-nine other departments of the Fashion Trust.

In course of time, when the Trust Schemers and Originators have exhausted adaptations of every costume save Lady Godiva's, they will strike China. Then—and this is a business prophecy—women will wear queues, the laundry smock, and what appears under that upper garment.

Tolstoy and Young India.

The Tolstoyan doctrine has been expounded to the world in a great number of words. Not only are the commentators numerous, but the Master himself is given to much repetition. For the last fifteen or twenty years the message from Yasnaya Polyana has been unchanged in form, as in substance: "Love one another, abstain from violence; cast off the sciences; labor." Seldom, however, has this message been put into more vigorous language than that of a single passage from Count Tolstoy's "Message to Young India," in The Twentieth Century Magazine:

If people only freed themselves from beliefs in all kinds of Ormuzds, Brahmas, Sabbaoths, their incarnation in Krishnas and Christs, from beliefs in a paradise and hell, in angels and demons, from reincarnations, resurrections, from the idea of the interference of God in the life of the universe; freed themselves chiefly from the recognition of the infallibility of the various Vedas, Bibles, Gospels, Triptakas, Korans, etc., if people only freed themselves from blindly believing in all sorts of scientific doctrines about infinitesimally small atoms, molecules, about all kinds of infinitely great and infinitely remote worlds, about their movements and their origin, about forces; from the implicit faith in all manner of theoretical laws to which man is supposed to be subjected, the historic and economic laws, the laws of struggle, and survival, etc.—if people only freed them-

selves from this terrible accumulation of the idle exercises of our lower capacities of mind and memory, which are called the sciences, from all the innumerable divisions of all sorts of histories, anthropologies, homiletics, bacteriologies, jurisprudences, cosmographies, strategies—and their name is legion; if people only relieve themselves of this ruinous intoxicating ballast, that simple, explicit law of love accessible to all, which is so natural to mankind, solving all questions and perplexities will of its own accord become clear and obligatory.

Tolstoy usually disdains the cumulative weight of the periodic sentence. In the present instance, however, he has used it with effect.

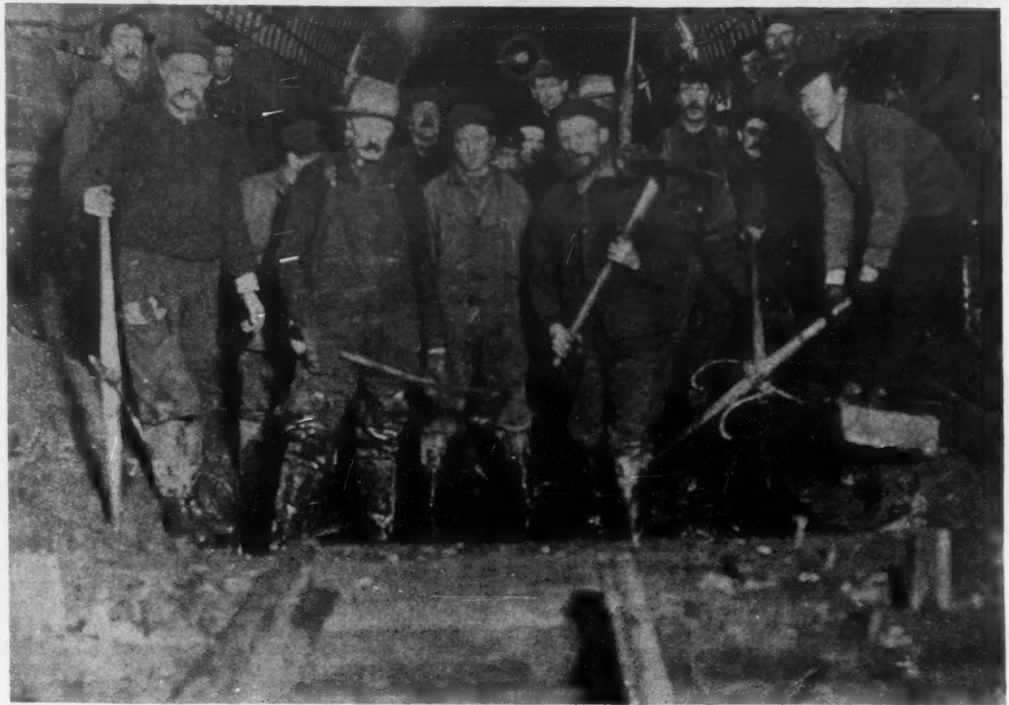
Nelson's Great Lieutenant.

A writer in the Cornhill Magazine reminds the Manchester Guardian that "this is the anniversary of the death of Collingwood, the great Tyneside sailor, one of the greatest and noblest of English admirals. His star has been dimmed by its nearness to Nelson's, yet he had all the gifts of Nelson, and more, except the divine simplicity of his genius. Trafalgar was as much Collingwood's battle as Nelson's for it was Collingwood who first attacked and broke the enemy's line, and on Collingwood, after Nelson's death, the supreme command fell

the end so dubious and melancholy, as the concoction of a Second Chamber. Cromwell and his Parliament set foot on this *pons asinorum* of democracy, without a suspicion of its danger. To call out of empty space an artificial House, without the hold upon men's minds of history and ancient association, without defined powers, without marked distinction of persons or interests, and then try to make it an effective screen against an elected House, to whose assent it owed its own being, was not to promote union, but directly to promote division and to intensify it. Cromwell never thought out the scheme. Like smaller reformers since, Cromwell had never decided, to begin with, whether to make his Lords strong or weak—strong enough to curb the Commons, yet weak enough for the Commons to curb them. That riddle, which perplexed Cromwell, is still unanswered," concluded Lord Morley.

The Beginning of Mrs. Besant.

To begin with, Mrs. Besant (the theosophist) was a very ordinary Christian, the wife of a very ordinary clergyman, the Reverend Frank Besant, the orthodox brother of the anti-clerical Sir Walter. Religious dogma was not, in those days, as vague as it often is at present. Dogmatic theologians had not yet learnt to present their



RECONSTRUCTING THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

A gang of workmen engaged in the reconstruction of the tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron under the St. Clair River.

towards the end of the battle. But the greatest work of Collingwood's life was the maintenance, after the battle of Trafalgar, of the long blockade in the Mediterranean—a hymn to duty, if ever there was one, and to duty in her plainest and most repellent guise. There was always about Nelson's character a sense of theatricality; his patriotism was the devotion of a lover to his mistress, a series of passionate outbursts that seem only appropriate in the artificial light that has always been round them. Not so with Collingwood. His duty was a stern, gray-eyed divinity who denied him all rewards but that of service. He never saw England after Trafalgar, but his mind and letters were full of what he would do when he came home.

"There are many more brilliant passages in English naval history than the story of Collingwood's blockade in the Mediterranean; there is none that reveals more clearly the secret of its greatness. There have been greater commanders than Collingwood, but none more pure-minded and unselfish. Newcastle, which erected that fine monument overlooking the Tyne, near the Priory, has not forgotten the noblest of her sons; but the Collingwood tradition in the navy is a national possession, and the centenary of his death ought not to pass without some national recognition."

Lord Morley on Cromwell.

SPEAKING in the House of Lords recently, Lord Morley said:—

"I once wrote something about Cromwell, and I will read a few sentences:

"There is no branch of political industry that men approach with hearts so light, and yet that leaves them at

propositions in a shadowy shape admitting neither of affirmation nor of denial. The articles of their faith were quite definite, quite rigid; they could challenge their hearers either to believe or disbelieve. Mrs. Besant, as a young woman in her twenties, discovered that she disbelieved. While her husband was declaring the faith without thinking about it, she was investigating it. She could not reconcile the existence of evil with the goodness of an omnipotent God. Such doctrines as those of the eternity of punishment and the vicarious sacrifice seemed to her not only untrue but immoral. The day came when she decided that she could not, without hypocrisy, receive the Holy Communion. The parish was surprised and shocked, and the vicar was virtuously indignant. It seemed to him that the foundations of society were in peril if the vicar's wife did not "communicate." So first there was estrangement, and then there was an ultimatum. It was intimated to Mrs. Besant that she must either "communicate" or leave the vicarage. Possibly the case of conscience was not decided on conscientious grounds alone. Mrs. Besant, in her narrative of the incident, admits having come to dislike her husband; and she speaks, though without entering into particulars, of acts of "cruelty" which would have entitled her to a judicial separation. However that may be, and whatever may have been her reasons, she rejected the ultimatum. A separation was arranged by mutual consent; and Mrs. Besant's independent pursuit of truth began.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Dr. Masson was told by Thomas Carlyle "that when a child he was always crying." "That," says Sir W. R. Nicoll, "is a really significant contribution to Carlyle biography. It is an epitome of Carlyle's whole life. He was always crying."



RECONSTRUCTING THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

Taking out the under-construction and replacing it with steel girders. The tunnel was electrified in 1909.

WHAT TO DRINK

A most refreshing drink and at the same time a really strengthening one is

BOVRIL

Stir a spoonful of BOVRIL into a glass of any plain mineral water and you have the finest pick-me-up and reviver.

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinee Daily 25 Week of April 11 Evenings 25 & 30

First Appearance in Vaudeville of

MARGARET MOFFAT & CO.

In "Awake at the Switch,"

by well Collins.

THE FIVE VOLOS

Premier Xylophonists.

J. K. MURRAY and CLARA LANE

In "A Quiet Honeymoon."

WORK & OWE

The Acrobatic Jesters.

THE FIVE OLYMPIERS

The world's greatest living Bronze Models.

LENA PANTZER

Dancing on the Wire.

THE KINETOGRAPH

All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

TOM WATERS

Quaint Monologue of Song and Story.

GAYETY HIGH CLASS BURLESQUE

WEEK OF APR. 11

SAM HOWE

and his

RIALTO ROUNDERS

The Timely Racing Satire

"A Day at the Woodbine."

Prices: 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c.

WEEK OF APR. 18

The Real Big Show

Merry Whirl

The life of the malt and the life of the hop are both in

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

It allays fatigue and imparts renewed vim and vigor.

The whole family will enjoy its wholesome goodness.

Keep a case at home.

THE men and young men of this city are learning each day that Blachford service in custom styles ready-to-wear Shoes is superior to the plan of individual measurement—entirely aside from the saving in time and money involved. Blachford Shoes—always custom quality and correctness—are priced from four to five dollars—and are really worth the price.

Blachford's
114 Yonge Street

Mail orders filled as carefully as if you came yourself.



"THE NUT"

Gun Metal Custom-built Model.

\$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00

Men's Hosiery—newest designs—50c. the pair.

THE DRAMA



William Faversham, in the title role of Stephen Phillips' poetic tragedy, "Herod," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

TYRONE POWER, the "Drain-man," is all that is left of them, left of the original company in "The Servant in the House." But a actor's impressive personality and vivid presentation of the one vigorous character in this rather metaphysical play make the changes of cast seem of little effect in the general impression of the piece. Besides there is no falling off in the quality of acting, except in one flagrant and lamentable instance. Edith Crane is unfortunately an altogether inadequate substitute for that charming woman and delightful actress who is Edith Wynne Matheson. Her voice is unpleasant, and in moments of emotion she puts it through a series of monotonous inflections which are positively exasperating. In fact, her whole work is characterized by a lack of grace and skill, difficult to understand in an actress of Edith Crane's experience and reputation.

Wilfrid Roger, as Manson, the symbolical butler—O shade of the immortal Jeames!—does all that fine and dignified declamation can do to make the character human and impressive. His interpretation is much on the same lines as that of Walter Hampden, his predecessor in the role, and is excellent throughout. In the character of the Vicar, David Glassford is as forceful and convincing as the nature of a particularly weak-kneed role will permit. And George W. Wilson is extremely clever as that animated caricature, the Lord Bishop of Lancashire. But the honors of the production go to Jessie Glendinning, as Mary, and Tyrone Power as her father, the Drinman. These two make the drama a human and vital thing, and not merely the strained and frequently tiresome exposition of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's theological views.

Jessie Glendinning is a young actress of rare charm and naturalness of method. She makes a wholly delightful figure on the stage, and her childish artlessness and grace are a splendid foil to the passion and power of Tyrone Power. That very capable and forceful actor continues to be the centre of interest, the one figure of vital human power in this drama of insistent symbolism. Not even such an actress as Edith Wynne Matheson could take from him the pre-eminence which is his in virtue of his role and of his tremendously vigorous art. And he still serves as a breath from the great out-of-doors in this tense atmosphere of warring principles. Although he, too, is used as a symbol and as part of the inevitable and omnipresent moral, he is thoroughly and refreshingly human, and he makes a drama of what otherwise would be only an allegory—however powerful and sincere as such.

Since "The Servant in the House" was last seen in Toronto it has been presented in London, England, and suffered from critical disesteem and public indifference. The American theatrical manager has taken this to mean that English playgoers are indifferent to spiritual things. This theory does not hold water in view of the immense success of Forbes Robertson in Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which presents a similar situation in radically different surroundings. The real reason lay in the fact that Charles Rann Kennedy was shovelling fog when he wrote his satire on the Church of England. In presenting the character of the selfish and in-

deed villainous Bishop of Lancashire as typical of the Church, he was deliberately and "frigidly" untrue to conditions. The type of selfish professional churchman has not been prominent in the Establishment for nearly a hundred years. The modern bishops are for the most part Christian socialists and the Church itself rivals the Salvation Army in reaching after the submerged classes. In America, where these facts are unknown, Mr. Kennedy's satire passes as an evidence of a high purpose. In England, where the people are face to face with the facts, it is dismissed as "bally-rot."

The competitions for the Earl Grey Dramatic Trophies at the Royal Alexandra theatre have so far revealed matter of considerable interest and the judges will not be compelled to entirely abandon professional standards, as the public is expected to do when viewing amateur productions. The first offering was of two Irish plays by W. B. Yeats, "The Land of Heart's Desire," and "Kathleen na Houlihan," by the Associate Players of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression. There are one or two pet theories which the writer holds with regard to amateur productions and one of them is that amateurs establish a *raison d'être* for their existence when they produce plays of a definite literary quality which are unlikely to get a hearing in the professional theatre under existing commercial conditions. The two Yeats plays are beautiful as literature. "The Land of Heart's Desire" in particular is peerless as an example of poetic prose. These little plays deal beautifully with common Celtic legends and Yeats has a gift of musical expression in simple English words that is thrilling to the cultivated listener. In point of diction the interpreters showed a keen apprehension of these beauties and one of the

actors, Mr. Basil Morgan, showed a genuine romantic gift.

Though "The Cricket on the Hearth," dramatized from Dickens' celebrated Christmas tale is rather a crude affair but retains enough of the homely Dickens atmosphere to make it palatable, and was admirably done by the Dickens Fellowship players. It is loosely put together to afford an opportunity to character actors for whom the broadly drawn roles of John Perrybingle and Caleb Plummer give rare chances. Both John Lawrence Toole and Joseph Jefferson endeared themselves to an earlier generation in the latter part. Both roles call for a good deal of theatrical virtuosity to get the full effect from them. Capt. Larking as Perrybingle, and Mr. Bell-Smith as Caleb were surprisingly good and the whole company succeeded in evoking the true Dickens atmosphere. Incidentally, in the small role of Tilly Slowboy, Miss Blanche Walter revealed a unique comic gift. The production of the first act of "The Geisha," by the Peterboro Operatic Company was a creditable accomplishment of a difficult task and one of the performers, Miss Lavinia Halahan, proved to be the possessor of a singing voice of exceptional beauty. The competitions continue until Saturday night when the awards will be announced.

A welcome face in the company of Miss Henrietta Crossman when she comes to Toronto next week will be that of Albert Brown, the clever young actor who made so good an impression in the stock company which acted at the Royal Alexandra theatre two seasons ago during the first six months of its existence. Mr. Brown impressed himself on playgoers as a comedian of exceptional magnetism, finish and skill. Few who saw it will forget his impersonation of the valet in "Old Heidelberg" to instance but one of many clever characterizations. After leaving Toronto, Mr. Brown made a big hit in the role of Jimmy Smith in "Paid in Full," which he acted for twelve months in the Western States. His part in "Sham" is said to be most amusing.

First-Nighter

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra Theatre—"Herod," Poetic tragedy, by Stephen Phillips, with Wm. Faversham.

Princess Theatre—"The Love Cure," comic opera, first half;

"Sham," social comedy, with Henrietta Crossman, second half.

Shea's Theatre—High class vaudeville.

Gayety Theatre—Musical burlesque.

One of the most important events of the dramatic season will be the appearance of William Faversham in Stephen Phillips' historic play, "Herod the Great," at the Royal Alexandra theatre next week. This production has proved a triumph for Mr. Faversham. Since the Shakespearean era at least twenty-five dramas have been played with Herod as the hero. This number includes the dramas made in France, Germany, Spain and England. But the Stephen Phillips Herod is an entirely original work, and in it we have the mightiest of Oriental rulers pictured—not as in the miracles or in the plays of such men as Voltaire, Caldoran and Messenger—but as a lover



Scene from "Sham," with Henrietta Crossman and Paul Dickey, at the Princess Theatre, latter half of next week.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

For Sale at All Drug-gists and Chemists

A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

A Bottle Contains Many Doses

"Every Instrument a Masterpiece."

YOU are invited to call and hear this beautiful Bell Piano played—entirely without obligation—except the obligation you owe to yourself to hear the Bell Piano before you buy.

THE BELL PIANO WAREHOUSES
146 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

Manufacturers and Dealers in

ARTISTIC

Gas and Electric Fixtures

If you contemplate the purchase of anything in this line, call and see our goods. If we haven't just what you want we can make it for you. Estimates cheerfully given.

The JAS. MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO., Limited
TORONTO 93-97 Adelaide St. West

ROYAL

ALEXANDRA

Seats Sale 146 Yonge Street

"ALL HAIL, HEROD! HEROD, KING OF THE JEWS!"

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

and his company in the most magnificent of all dramatic Spectacles,

"HEROD"

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Mr. Faversham's Company includes:

Julie Opp	Olive Oliver	H. Cooper Cliffe
Claire McDowell	Florence Auer	Morton Seltan
Harry Redding	Lionel Belmore	H. Aylton Allen

Chopin Centenary

Under the Gracious Patronage of their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Grey, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson.

THE MASTER PIANIST
MARK

HAMBURG

Acclaimed Greatest Chopin Interpreter

Massey Hall, Monday Next
April 11th, 8.15 p.m.

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.
Seats now on sale. Phone orders receive prompt attention. Main 55.

and as a man. In short, we have the Herod of history, and not the myth. It was a broad canvas on which Stephen Phillips painted his picture. Herod was the king of the Jews and yet he was not of their blood. He had made his rule respected in all lands—and woe be to the man or ruler who treated one of his people without respect to his rights. And this, despite the fact that Judea was little else than a fief of Rome. It was to Mark Anthony and Octavius Caesar that he owed his crown. Herod's history bears a

SINGING HASLAM

Professeur de Chant, Teacher of Florence Easton (Royal Opera, Berlin; Covent Garden, London), Ruby Cutter-Savage (Opera, Boston) and other great singers.

Special Course, Artists and Teachers, June to September.

PARIS (2 rue Malleville), FRANCE.

MEERSCHAUM
an absolutely pure
plug cut tobacco
Tin foil packages
and pouches



BRIAR PIPES
ESTABLISHED
THE SUCCESS OF PIPE
SMOKING
"Sold wherever men smoke pipes."

Those who know give the preference to the Champagne of the Century

MOET & CHANDON
WHITE SEAL, BRUT IMPERIAL & IMPERIAL CROWN BURT
The Pre-eminent Cuvees of Champagne

Sole Canadian Agents:
JOHN ROBERTSON & SON, Ltd. - MONTREAL



Russell
"30"
If you haven't yet seen this model don't buy a car till you do

In your own interest see what this car is and what it will do. Compare it with all other makes; compare it for material; compare it for workmanship; compare it for finish; compare it for style. Compare it by any standard, no matter how high, and you will say that you never saw such a car for the money—that it's a better car than you believed the market held at anywhere near the price—that it's high-grade in every sense of the term, as high-grade as a car can be.

This year's Russell "30" is a standardized car—a wonderful car—even better in some respects than last year, and sold at only


\$2,350, FULLY EQUIPPED

SPECIFICATIONS
115 inch wheel base, 34 inch wheels, selective transmission, metal to metal clutch, shaft drive, floating type of rear axle, choice of four splendid bodies.

See this car—call and have it demonstrated. Let us show you how it takes the hills. It's a sensation.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited
WEST TORONTO
MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE AUTOMOBILES
100 RICHMOND STREET WEST

Main Offices and Works—West Toronto. Branches—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.



Clark's
MEATS EVERY DAY
With CLARK variety, CLARK quality and CLARK prices the thrifty housewife can keep the table well supplied with appetizing dishes at far less cost than butcher's meat and give just as much satisfaction. CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS give the necessary variety. Ask your dealer for them!

WM. CLARK, MONTREAL, Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties



Elgie Bowen, in "The Love Cure," at the Princess, first half of next week.

striking resemblance to that of Napoleon. In order to give a semblance of royalty to his throne, Herod was wedded to a beautiful Asmonean princess, Mariamne. But Herod was cursed by a family that had a genius for intrigue that overtops even that which made Napoleon's life a burden. Herod's mother, his sister, and his brother were all jealous of Mariamne, and they set about to encompass her ruin. He dearly loved his queen; but so constant were the intrigues of his mother and sister that he knew no peace. Then as a background we have the wars between Antony and Octavius. Herod had taken sides with Octavius, and so when Antony was overcome, he was in a serious plight. But Herod was a consummate politician and diplomat. He posted off to Rome and by his candor and boldness succeeded in saving his crown. But on his return he found a desolated home, for Mariamne had discovered that her brother, Aristobulus, whom Herod had made a high priest, had been secretly taken off. This young man, on account of the fact that he was of royal blood, had become very popular with the people—dangerously so for Herod. Mariamne could not forgive Herod, and his mind had been further embittered with the story that had been set agoing that Mariamne had been unfaithful to him. This latter was the work of Herod's mother and sister. To unfold this tremendous drama requires a production that promises to overtop everything seen in the local theatre for many a day. The incidental music, which is an important feature of the production, was especially written by H. Coleridge Taylor, the English composer. Mr. Faversham has brought to the making of this huge production years of study. As an actor-manager he has in one year proved himself a master of stage craft, and his presentation of the Stephen Phillips' play has placed him in a very much higher position than he has yet attained. He is supported by a particularly fine company numbering upwards of two hundred people, including Julie Opp, Olive Oliver, Florence Auer, Claire MacDowell, H. Cooper Cliffe, Morton Selden, A. Hylton Allen, Harry Reding, and Lionel Belmore.

"The Love Cure," with which Henry W. Savage has added to his reputation as a producer, will come to the Princess theatre, April 11, 12 and 13, with Wednesday matinee. Mr. Savage used to remark that a "Merry Widow" comes only once in a lifetime, and it is easy to conclude from this that the reputation given "The Love Cure" is far beyond his best dreams of it. This "musical romance of stageland" scored emphatically in New York with its peculiar music by Edmund Eysler. This Hungarian composer, much be-



Julie Opp as Mariamne, in Stephen Phillips' "Herod," at the Royal Alexandra next week.



The De Nord Apartments, Corner Bloor and North Streets, Toronto.

A New Real Estate Enterprise

A joint stock company with a capital of \$200,000 has been formed for the purpose of erecting and operating an eight-storey apartment house on the southwest corner of Bloor and North streets. It is to be of absolutely fire-proof construction, and will incorporate in its appointments all the features which years of successful apartment house building and operating on the other side of the line have proven to be the best. Burke, Horwood and White are the architects.

Toronto for its size has been surprisingly backward in apartment house

construction, and one significant fact showing how badly they are needed in this city is the report that comes from Goulding & Hamilton, who are handling the renting of the property, that a large number of the suites have been already leased from the plans and that applications are coming in daily. It looks now as if the entire number of apartments would be rented before the building is completed.

An issue of bonds to the amount of \$100,000 has already been underwritten by a big firm, and the common stock, of which it is proposed to sell

only \$125,000, leaving \$75,000 in the treasury for the further uses of the corporation, will be open for subscription in a few days at the office of A. J. Barr & Co., the brokers for the company, and at the Imperial Trust Co.'s office, who are the Registrars and Transfer Agents.

It is surprising, in view of the big returns for capital invested offered by this form of real estate enterprise that more of them have not been built before, and the projectors of this one are to be congratulated for having made a move in the right direction.



AS the Chickering Grand Piano is regarded as the representative type of instrumental perfection by such celebrated artists as Dr. Wullner and Ferruccio Busoni so is

The Haines Bros Piano

regarded by discriminating music lovers as the perfect piano for the home. Its sweetness of tone, responsiveness of action, and superb beauty of design, make it a most welcome addition to any household.

The style pictured above is our new Chippendale design made in mahogany only. Call and hear it played. ESTABLISHED 1851.

The Foster-Armstrong Co., Limited
4-6 QUEEN STREET EAST
Toronto

Sole Agents in Canada for Chickering Pianos.

in every city visited. Chicago enjoyed it for three months and Philadelphia and Boston both kept it for long stays. As for Miss Crossman's personal success in the play, it has been a veritable triumph. This delightful actress has been particularly fascinating as the heroine of this modern comedy. One able critic in Boston declared that Miss Crossman's portrayal of the role of Katherine Van Riper reminded him of Ellen Terry in her prime, and other criticisms were equally complimentary. The company supporting Miss tary.

Next week's big vaudeville bill at Shea's theatre will be headed by Margaret Moffat who is making her

first appearance in vaudeville in Toronto. Miss Moffat will be seen in Sewell Collin's telephone sketch, "Awake at the Switch." The special features will be: The Five Olympians, in classical statuary with living bronze models and Tom Waters. Other acts will be the Five Avolos, J. K. Murray and Clara Lane, Work and Ower, Lena Pantzer, and the Kinetograph.

The "Rialto Rounders," which comes to the Gayety theatre next week, opening with a matinee, Monday, consists of two farces: "A Day at Niagara Falls," and "At the Races." Sam Howe, who is known from coast to coast as a comedian will be seen in the leading roles.



We are now showing new ideas in spring and summer neckwear in Reys, Grenadines, etc., etc., at \$1.00 and \$1.50 each.

King Edward Hotel
TORONTO



YOU ARE INVITED

to call and look over our fresh importations of

English Woollens and French Vestings

These goods are the productions of the best known makers across the pond, and embody all the points of quality and exclusiveness that men of taste naturally look for. Our stocks are now complete. Come before they are depleted.

R. J. HUNTER & CO.
A. E. Brownlee
33 King St. W., Toronto

We have a most artistic front

—store front, that is—one of the most attractive in Toronto. Retail—more window space—better window displays—and a more inviting and better lighted store for you to shop in. See our new Spring showing, from which we select the following items:

English Shirts, select patterns, in zephyrs and oxfords, \$1.25, \$1.50.
Fancy Vests, in fine cashmeres and wash materials, \$1.25 to \$3.50.
Dent's Gloves—natural and beaver shades are the new st'n chamalos and in capes. Extra value, \$1.00.
Neckwear—Paris poplins in plain and diagonal patterns, 75c and \$1.00.
Jaeger's Underwear in fine, light, Spring weights, \$1.50 a garment and up.
Fresh, brand new goods. Newest styles. Close prices.

WREYFORD & CO.
85 KING ST. WEST



Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

INDIA PALE ALE



is the ideal family ale. Ask your dealer to send a case to your home—the whole family will be the better for it.

Bottled at the brewery.

THE TORONTO BREWING & MALTING COMPANY, LTD.

Men's Wear



A new dinner coat with crescent lapels. It is fastened with a double button.

gray or green, with prominent stripes. Brown is also a factor, and this color is to be seen extensively in the windows of the tailor shops, marked for spring wear. The best authorities state that gray will be the predominating color, then blue and brown, greens having been relegated to the background.

While very few soft hats are to be seen on the street as yet, all of the best hatters are making extensive displays of alpine shaped hats. One hatter on Piccadilly recently devoted one window to Panamas, another to gray felts of alpine shape, another to brown brush alpines, and the last window to dark blue and dark green alpines. Another hatter on Piccadilly and Bond street, had one window devoted to light brown derbies and alpines, with dark brown trim, another to silk and opera hats; the latter, it was noticed, being made with a flexible leather sweatband which, joined to the white silk lining, formed the make-up of the interior of the hat. Another window of this shop was devoted to Panamas, with a sign centering the display, "Panamas for the Riviera." The third window contained dark blue alpines.

From what is indicated by the shop windows and what one learns from the buyers in these shops and the large department stores, there are few radical changes in spring wear. In neckties the scarf for town wear will be dark, either black or gray, while the loud-colored foulard silk scarfs are to be most worn in the country. The tubular tie is a thing of the past, and in long ties the open graduated end is the proper shape. Bow ties, especially in foulard silks of dark green, brown and dark blue colors; are being worn extensively with wing collars, which are increasing in public favor.

The tendency in hosiery is for rather prominent colors, though for the most part plain. Still one sees large lines of heavy hose (which are worn throughout the year) with bright stripes, either horizontal or vertical, being shown. Purple socks are worn by some of the smartest men with evening dress, and a number of the best shops make extensive displays of this colored hose.

Light-colored canes with crook handles are about the only styles to be seen either on the street or in the shop windows. The natural conservatism of the average Englishman in the matter of dress forbids the carrying of ornate or expensive

sticks, and those seen are usually of the less expensive variety. Even the smartest men are seen carrying dilapidated inexpensive canes, and the fashion—or fad, as it may be called—is to have one's cane in such condition that the ferrule is missing. Like unto the Englishman's cane is the wornout pipe of the American college boy.

IN spite of the fact that only a relatively small number of the readers of this column are likely to be called on to attend Courts held by Their Majesties, it is interesting to read the regulations laid down for dress on such occasions.

The uniform worn by a first-class civil servant, such as the Premier or the Home Secretary, is a most elaborate one. The coat is made of blue cloth, gorgeously embroidered on the fronts, hips, cuffs, back and collar, that on the front being five inches wide on each side. The collar and cuffs under the embroidery are of black velvet. The fronts fasten with hooks and eyes, but nine buttons are sewn up the fronts and the usual two behind. This coat is lined with white silk, and is worn with white breeches which button three at the knee and fasten with a garter and a gilt buckle.

A white linen collar may be worn at the neck, but as the coat buttons close up to the throat, only the edge of this is seen. The gloves worn are white, and the headgear is a black beaver cocked hat with silk cockade, gold loop, and white ostrich feather border. To complete the outfit, a gilt mounted sword and gold lace strap and tassel to wear with it are necessary.

This dress is also worn by mem-



NEW TIE SILKS.
These are specimens of Tussah silk in the natural blonde shade, with Russian cords.

bers of the Royal Household during their term of office. It costs from £130 to £200, according to the style of the embroidery and the quality of the accessories and general finish.

The private gentleman who receives a command to attend a Court has to appear in a black silk velvet suit, consisting of a stand-up collar, cut away front, swallow-tail skirted coat, having six cut steel buttons up the right front, and imitation holes on the other side; the sleeves are finished with plain gauntlet cuffs, but the hips of the skirt are finished with flaps, pointed downwards at the ends and the centre, and having a steel button under each point, whilst two more buttons are placed at the back and two others at the bottom of the tails.

Knee breeches are worn with this, which are also made of black silk velvet and finished at the knee with three small cut steel buttons and a steel buckle.

The vest may be of white satin or black silk velvet, cut low and fastening with four cut steel buttons of small size. Black silk stockings, patent shoes with steel buckles, silk cocked hat with steel loop, sword with cut steel hilt, white bow and gloves complete this outfit, which may be obtained, complete in a uniform case, for about £25.

Some gentlemen arrange with their tailors for the hire of a suit when they are not likely to require it more than once; the cost of the entire outfit for one day varies from three guineas to four guineas.

The official dress for levees is much less ornate, but the civilian outfit is practically the same, though trousers may be worn if preferred.

AFTER all—nothing so conducive to a "well groomed" air, as immaculately fitting, modish linen—such style, and class, for instance, as are Tailored into Shirts and Collars marked

W.G.R.

RIALTO CASTLE BRAND

Collar of Style 50¢ for 3

Shirts this year show wide striped patterns with or without figures: W. G. & R. Shirts show them best.

This is the mark worth insisting upon:

W.G.R.

Made in Berlin, Canada



Do not let the alterations going on next door prevent you from coming in to see us. Look for the number—126 Yonge St.

Spring Overcoats

Eight artistic creations—from the stately "Governor Paddock", 50 inches long—to the smart little "Topper", only 36 inches long.

In design—in pattern—in finish—in every essential of fine workmanship—these Fit-Reform spring Overcoats have no equals in Canada at any price.



Fit-Reform

G. HAWLEY WALKER LIMITED

Sole Agents in Toronto, - 126 Yonge Street.

FOR SMOKERS OF TASTE AND DISCRIMINATION

The "ALBANY" Cigarette

(F. L. Smith, Reg'd, London, Eng.)

Finest "DUBEC" only.
10 for 25c.

The "BURLINGTON" Cigarette

(C.E.H. Reg'd)

Finest "VIRGINIA" only.
10 for 15c.

C. & E. HAWKINS

16 St. Sacramento St., MONTREAL, QUE.,

Sole Agents for Canada

Ask your Dealer, and don't be put off by the "Just as good" substitution.



A new model of evening vest from London. Note the long points and the narrow space between.

The Man Who Works
will fix his attention altogether upon his work if he has the

Williams' Clip
replace the old-fashioned clip on his present glasses. "They can't slip with the Williams Clip."
Price, 35c and up.

J. C. Williams
131 YONGE STREET

Did you swear this morning as you tugged at your tie? Swear off. A Mitchell "Slide Easy" tie will stop your fight with your collar, and look fine when tied. Costs no more.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EACH TIE

Mitchell Slide Easy Tie
COPYRIGHTED



PAT. NOV. 1908 No. 904710
Can be procured in most first-class shops, or they can get them for you in the very latest colorings and best quality of silks at 50 cents. Insist on getting this tie for value and comfort, or write for addresses of shops which keep them.

Niagara Neckwear Co., Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ontario

LABATT'S ALE

Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

PURE WHOLESOME PALATABLE BEVERAGE

Toronto Saturday Night
Dear Editor
Enclosed please find \$2.00 for one year's subscription to "The Paper worth while."
My address is _____
Yours truly _____

Sir W. S. Gilbert is understood to make an income of \$60,000 a year out of the Savoy operas. In this connection it is interesting to note that Sir W. S. Gilbert, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Sir Arthur Pinero make more money than any other British dramatists. Mr. Barrie is reputed to have made \$240,000 out of "The Little Minister" alone, and to be making \$2,000 a week out of "Peter Pan." Monsieur Rostand, the author of "Cyrano," is said to have made \$1,500,000 out of one play.

ANECDOTAL

SIR GILBERT PARKER, in an article in the current Harper's upon Sir Walter Scott, has the following reminiscence:

"There was a tailor called Bonthron, to whom I owed money for clothes. I was very young, had but little income, and times were very hard with me. But it was essential that I have another pair of trousers. Now Bonthron was a hard man in his way—the outer crust was hard, that is; and I feared to ask credit for another pair of trousers. But at last I did, and he made them, and they came to me—too long by an inch or more. I feared to send them back, for he was crusty, and I owed him much—much for me. But I knew he was a lover of Scott and Burns, as deep as a lover as Scotland ever sent to get porridge and pence overseas. I sent the trousers back,

"Ring" performances, he asked Wagner's permission to hear the dress rehearsal. Wagner answered that this could not be done; King Louis of Bavaria would be there, and he did not like any one else to be present. Grieg promised, however, that he would sit in a dark corner and be as quiet as a mouse, and at length Wagner gave permission. But during the rehearsal the King turned to Wagner, who sat with him in the box, and said:



"You see, Mum, I ain't 'ad no vote since my 'usband died."—Punch.

with these words from Burns pinned to them:

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long!"

I waited with the cup of trembling to my lips. The trousers came back by true measurement to a hair. On them was pinned a paper with these words from Scott: "On—Stanley—on!" and on they went.

"No sooner had Stanley put them on, perfect in fit, beautiful to see, than there came a tender appeal from my tailor patriot that I should have another suit of clothes, and go deeper into his debt. Well, the debt for the clothes was the smallest debt I ever owed him. Into his ears I could pour my literary enthusiasms, my young ambitions. Thirty odd years have come and gone; he still remains, an ancient friend of eighty, who still, over the wide seas, quotes to me Scott and Burns."

A WOMAN, somewhat overdressed, entered a U. S. naval recruiting office, leading a boy about five feet nine, but in knee pants. She said her son was seventeen, and she wanted to enlist him. The navy appealed to her as the ideal place to raise her boy. She said she had intended putting him in the military academy, until she saw some cadets smoking cigarettes. That settled it for West Point.

"They don't allow the men to smoke in the navy, do they?" she asked.

When she was told that enlisted men were permitted to smoke, she gave a snort, and the boy, who hitherto hadn't opened his mouth, got up and said:

"Come on, Ma," and they went out, the boy still being led.

As the recruiting man looked out of the window, he saw them drive away in an auto.

SENATOR TILLMAN became reminiscent one story day: "Yes, this is bad weather. It is nothing to London, though. Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on a bus top beside a Parsee in a red fez. When the Parsee got off, the driver of the bus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me: 'Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' a chap that is?' 'He's a Parsee, said I. 'An Indian, you know; a sun worshipper.' 'Worships the sun, does he, sir?' said the wet and shivering driver. 'I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a rest?'"

WHEN the Norwegian composer, Grieg, in 1876, arrived in Bayreuth to be present at the first

Castle. Windsor, it is a palace of the Arabian Nights. There was a dinner of a hundred guests. So I spent the interval in wandering about the galleries. At 10 the Queen was announced. Entering slowly, she glanced about with a charming smile at every side of the assembled company, and sat down. After they were all seated, I waited Her Majesty's orders. A tall, lean man came up to me. He was the Chamberlain, who whispered to me, in indifferent French, that the Queen wished me to begin. I was seized with stage fright, but it was a case of do or die. And so I started with the second act of "Bajazet." The last piece I played during the brilliant evening was from the third act of "Marie Stuart"—which charmed the young Queen exceedingly. She, herself, sending for me, told me so, and then and there presented me with a very pretty bracelet, with her own name and the date engraved upon it."

THE wily Wu Ting-Fang, the minister from China, whose frank and penetrating questions have made him the joy of newspaper men and the bane of the diplomat, for once met his match in a brief encounter with E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnet. Mr. Wu opened on Mr. Harriman with the naive inquiry:

"How did you get control of all these railroads? What did you do?"

Mr. Harriman smiled and replied:

"I can answer you best by story about a prominent capitalist whom I once met. He was summoned to court as a witness, and was being questioned as to his personal affairs."

"What is your salary?" asked the court.

"Nothing," was the unexpected answer.

"Well, what is your income from all sources, then?" continued the court.

"Nothing," maintained the witness.

"What, do you mean to say you have no income whatever?"

"Yes."

"How much do you spend in a year?"

"About \$60,000 or so."

"If you have no income, yet spend \$60,000 a year, how do you do it?" was the sharp rejoinder.

"Ah!" was the response, "that is my secret."

MR. FRED WRIGHT, the actor, who has been performing on the continent with so much success in Paris, Berlin and Vienna, has had many amusing experiences. Just now he is walking around showing a letter which is really genuine and which has emanated from a certain well-known lady in the Austrian capital. The letter is written in German, but being translated, it reads somewhat as follows:

"I am young and pretty, and I love you deeply. My first husband was a prince. He divorced me and left me a comfortable fortune. Then I married a baron, and he, good man, died and left me more money. I have watched your work, and my pity is aroused that you should have to do it. Won't you leave the stage, marry me, and come and live on my estates?"

Fred, with a twinkle in his eye, says he got a friend who was a German scholar, to write and acknowledge receipt of the letter, and express great regret that "Madge" had refused permission. Madge is Mrs. Fred Wright.



The Hatted Lady: "Luck! I don't know what it is—why, look at the divorce, even that was a ghastly fizzle."
The Other: "My dear! But you won all along the line."
The Hatted Lady: "Oh, won, yes! But think when it came off! Just when all the beastly papers were full of nothing but the election."—The Sketch.

SHIRT COMFORT

The pleasure that is derived from a Negligee Shirt of **JAEGER PURE WOOL** will convince all who value comfort that it is just right. Never damp, like a cotton shirt. Always odorless, saves laundry charges and wear and tear.

The style of patterns and colorings in Jaeger Shirts are exclusive and give distinction to the wearer.

Trained concentration and attention to the smallest details of fit and construction have enabled us to produce a "Perfect Fitting Shirt" in these soft materials, the hang of the shoulders and the smooth fitting front being all that can be desired.

Patterns sent on application.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., Limited
231 Yonge Street - Toronto
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
Steele Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg

Antiques

EVERY house has its treasured heirloom. It may be a bit of old lace, a piece of antique silver, a Chippendale desk, or a Colonial china cabinet, but whatever it may be, it is esteemed and revered as a priceless possession. Moreover, articles of this nature continually increase in market value. Every change of ownership means added value. Therefore, a purchase of an antique may not only be regarded as a beautiful and artistic addition to the household appointments, but as a highly lucrative investment as well.

Our Galleries are Always Open for Your Inspection

B. M. & T. Jenkins

422-424 Yonge St.

Toronto



"BRISTOL"

The "Bristol" is essentially an up-to-date collar for the particular dresser. Stylish in its every line and cut to fit snugly—it does not have to be forced.

WARDELL-GREENE, Limited
TORONTO & WATERLOO

FOWNE'S GLOVES

Copyright 1909, by Fownes Brothers & Co.

This Means Best
The word Fownes has meant the best gloves since George IV was on the throne of England. Later, the little trade-mark shown below was added, either on the button or stamped inside the glove. Thus, you need not experiment with unsatisfactory gloves, for

are always sold under their own name and you are assured from the start of the fit, the style and the unusual durability which have made that name synonymous with Best.

THE BURGLARS' CLUB



BY HENRY A. HERING

II.—THE BISHOP OF BISTER'S CROZIER.

THE Bishop of Bister's dinner hour was eight o'clock. With unfailing regularity, when at the palace, he entered the drawing-room at 7.58 in order to collect his family and any guests. His annoyance may therefore be understood when at 7.55 on the night in question a servant brought him a card on which was written:

"Georgiowitch Kassala, Mush, L. Van, Khurd, craves audience."

"The gentleman is in the examination room, my lord," the servant added.

"A very awkward time for calling," said the Bishop, consulting his watch unnecessarily. Then, with a

fifteen different coinages, of which the English is the finest and difficultest. Perhaps my most interesting contribution is this—see, a kopeck from Lassitudino Hospidar, the heathen cook of a Bulgarian wind-jammer, in memory of his maternal uncle, who died from a bite of a mad dog at Varna. And now, being in Bister, I thought, although it is late, I will at once call upon his Grace the Bishop, whose fame has reached our little town of Mush, whose name is known by the deep waters of Van."

His Lordship sighed. The west end of his cathedral was sinking below the surface. At the present rate



"HE SAW THE FIGURE PASS A WINDOW"

sigh, "Ask your mistress to keep dinner back ten minutes."

His lordship ambled to the examination room. A big man in a loose blue cassock-like garb rose at his entrance—a big-limbed, red-bearded man, with enormous eyebrows. He rose, bowed low, and sank on his knees, caught hold of the prelate's hand, caressed it gently, and finally kissed it. The Bishop was embarrassed. He preferred that sort of thing to be done before an audience, when he would play his part with the best of them, but with no spectators at all he felt uncomfortable.

"Rise," he said gently.

The red-bearded man obeyed. "I am—" he began. "I have come—ah, perhaps I had better show you my papers. I have a letter from my Patriarch." This in excellent English, with just a trace of a foreign accent.

From his capacious pocket he drew out a bundle of papers. He abstracted a letter therefrom, and handed it with evident pride to the Bishop.

It was apparently Greek, yet it was not the language his lordship of Bister had learnt at school and college. Here and there he saw a word he almost knew, yet the next one to it was a perfect stranger. He glanced at the end. There was a big seal, an extraordinary date, an impossible name.

His visitor seemed to appreciate the position. "Our Patriarch is old," he said. "He is no longer facile to read. I sometimes have difficulty myself, though I know his writing well. May I read it to you?"

He did this with great fluency and emphasis; but the Bishop understood nothing, though occasionally he thought he caught the sound of a fleeting particle.

The letter was finished. "And this," said the reader, producing a blue document, "is more earthy." It was, being from Scotland Yard, informing all and sundry that the bearer, Georgiowitch Kassala, a Christian priest, was authorized to collect subscriptions for the church of Saint Barnabas at Mush, in Khurdistan. "Ah!" said the Bishop, with perhaps a shade of disappointment in his voice. "I hope you have been successful."

"Your Grace, I have travelled far, and not without recompense. To all I have said, 'If you give me money it is well, but if you do not it is still well.' Some have replied, 'Then we'll leave it at that,' but many have responded. See—here is my subscription book. I have begged from Batoum to Bister. I have received money in

of subsidence the Dean had calculated that only the gargoyles would be above ground in the year 3000. This had to be stopped. There was a matter of underpinning for a start, but it costs money to underpin the west end of a cathedral. And all the while the usual subscription lists had to be headed from the Palace, and there was more than usual depression in agriculture. The Bishop felt that it was a singularly inappropriate moment to contribute to a church in Khurdistan, yet it would not do to discount his own fair fame in that far distant land. He must think the matter over. Meantime he would offer his guest such hospitality as would compensate for the smallness of his contribution.

"My friend," he said, "your Patriarch shall not appeal to me in vain, although, as you may well believe, I have many calls upon my purse. But we will speak again of this. You will, of course, spend the night under my roof, and now, if you will join us at dinner I shall be very pleased."

The priest's face broke into smiles. "You are most kind," he replied. "I shall be glad." Then he glanced doubtfully from the Bishop's evening dress to his own raiment.

"Tut, tut," said his lordship pleasantly. "A wash and a brush up, as our saying is, and you'll be all right. Come along."

It was 8.15 when they entered the drawing room. "My dear," said the Bishop appealingly to his hungry wife, "I have brought a visitor from Mush, in Asia Minor. Mr.—er—Kassala—Mrs. Dacre—my daughters."

The visitor bowed low before the ladies. The Bishop thought he was going to kneel, so restrained him with a gentle hand. "Here," he went on, "is my chaplain, Mr. Jones, who will be greatly interested to hear of your work at home. And this," he concluded, "is our friend, Mr. Marmaduke Percy."

Then they moved to the dining room.

At dinner Mr. Kassala conducted himself with ease, and spoke with great fluency on many matters; so much so that Mr. Marmaduke Percy, no doubt feeling that the Asiatic was monopolizing too much attention, asked him somewhat abruptly where he had acquired his excellent English.

"I had it from one of your countrymen, sir," replied Mr. Kassala pleasantly. "He was engaged in the smuggling of aniline dyes into Persia. Of course, I did not know his real occupation, or I should have had

nothing to do with him. He pretended to import chocolate and acid drops and—barley-sugar, I think he called it—and such-like things; but they were all filled with aniline colors. In return for language lessons he got me to introduce him to the chief of the Persian frontier Customs, whom he bribed for his purposes. He made a large fortune before the Shah discovered that the colors of the Palace carpets were fading. My friend, the chief of the frontier Customs, was beheaded, and three dyers were put into plaster of Paris; but the Englishman escaped. His name was Benjamin Watts. Do you happen to know him, sir?"

The episcopal circle was justly shocked at this recital of their countryman's peridy, and Mr. Percy warmly repudiated any knowledge of Mr. Watts.

The Bishop found his guest profoundly interesting, and he twice made notes in his pocket-book about Asiatic matters. The ladies left the room regretfully.

The chaplain, who was of an extremely bashful temperament, now put a question that had been trembling on his tongue all the dinner hour.

"Is not your village somewhere near Mount Ararat?"

"Certainly. We can see its snow-capped summit quite plainly from Mush. With a telescope we can even discern where the Ark rested after the Flood."

The Bishop looked at his guest reprovingly, for jokes on such matters grieved him deeply.

"I meant it, your Grace," said Kassala. "Surely you heard that the Ark itself was discovered about three months ago?"

"What?" exclaimed the Bishop and the chaplain together. "The Ark discovered?"

"Certainly," Kassala replied. "My venerable Patriarch had long suspected that remnants might be found preserved in the perpetual ice, so he sought the assistance of Professor Papineau, of Prague, who was travelling in the East. After months of—what do you call it?—pro—yes—prospecting—this gentleman discovered an enormous chunk of ice bearing some resemblance in outline to the object of their search. The only possible way to remove the ice was by blasting, and Professor Papineau inserted a charge of dynamite. A fatal mistake was made in the size of the charge, with the result that the whole enormous chunk was blown to atoms. Embedded in the fragments were found what were apparently portions of a leviathan ship, which my Patriarch and Professor Papineau regard as being the veritable vessel built by Noah. In no other way but by a universal deluge could it have got on Mount Ararat. But for the mistake made in the size of the charge the structure of the Ark might have been at any rate partially preserved. It was a terrible misfortune, only to be compared to the destruction of the Parthenon by the Venetians. Professor Papineau was for a long fortnight ill in bed with remorse. He reads a paper on the whole incident at the forthcoming Oriental Congress at Prague."

"But perhaps I have been indiscreet. Evidently the news has not reached the country, and the Professor may wish to be the first to give it to the world. He might resent my telling you, and my Pat-

er of the see is now kept in our chapter house. It was too old for use, so last year the ladies of the country presented me with a new one. If you like, I will show it you. Mr. Jones, I wonder if you will mind bringing my crozier from the library?"

Five minutes later the chaplain re-appeared, bringing a long case with him. This was duly opened, and Mr. Kassala had then the pleasure of inspecting the crozier presented by the ladies of the country. It was of ebony and gold, and was richly jewelled. It was a work of art well worth the encomiums bestowed upon it by the Asiatic.

"With your permission, your Grace," he said, "I should very much like to make a water-color sketch of it in order to show to my Patriarch, who is deeply interested in such matters. He has a very fine crozier himself. Would you allow me?"

"By all means," said the Bishop. "Thank you. I will do it before breakfast in the morning. I am an early riser. I suppose I may find it in this room?"

The Bishop nodded, but Mr. Percy intervened. "Allow me to take care of it over night, Bishop. I don't



"MR. KASSALA HAD THEN THE PLEASURE OF INSPECTING THE CROZIER."

think you ought to leave such a valuable article about. There is always the possibility of burglars. I am told there is a gang in the district just now."

The Bishop smiled good-humoredly. "I don't think we need consider that eventuality," he said. "But as you like. Now shall we join the ladies?"

Perhaps Mr. Kassala was hardly as entertaining in the drawing room as he had previously been. He seemed a little pre-occupied. At eleven the house party retired to rest. Mr. Percy carefully carrying to his room the case containing the crozier.

The Reverend Arthur Jones, his lordship's chaplain, was a light sleep-

ARE YOU BUYING A PIANO?

In so important a thing as the purchase of a piano, do not let an apparent saving in cost warp your good judgment. The differences in piano prices do not represent different degrees of profit for the makers so much as different degrees of quality for the buyer.

YOU benefit least of all when you purchase a "cheap piano"—it cannot give you satisfaction long and when once it begins to deteriorate it does so rapidly. The

Gerhard Heintzman

Canada's Greatest Piano

continues to be the finest of all instruments. Its price continues to be the lowest at which a thoroughly high class piano can be bought, and its sales continue to increase at the same wonderful rate as for years past.

The cost is less than you think. Before you decide one way or another, let us discuss the matter together. Easy terms of payment can be arranged and your present instrument taken as part payment.

REMEMBER

We have no connection whatever with any firm of similar name in the city. Ours is the ONLY and GENUINE GERHARD HEINTZMAN Piano and our only Toronto Showrooms are our new Salesrooms, conceded the finest in Canada, at 41-43 Queen Street West, opposite City Hall.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited

City Hall Square, Toronto

Hamilton Salesroom:
127 King Street East

er at best, and to-night the excitement of Mr. Kassala's visit kept him practically wide awake. His thoughts were with the unhappy Professor Papineau. He was wondering whether it would not be kind to send him a letter of sympathy, when his attention was attracted by a noise outside his room. He jumped out of bed and opened his door quietly. Someone was stealthily walking along the corridor. He saw the figure pass a window, and the moonlight fell upon Mr. Kassala. In great wonderment Mr. Jones followed. A turn of the passage brought the Asiatic to the head of the great staircase, and here he stopped so suddenly that the chaplain almost ran into him. For two minutes Mr. Kassala paused in a state of indecision. Then he advanced to a door, and gently opened it. Mr. Jones was paralysed with horror. It was the Bishop's bed room. What could Mr. Kassala want there? Determined to save his beloved chief, Mr. Jones followed. As he entered the room there was an exclamation from the Bishop. Mr. Jones turned involuntarily. As he did so, Mr. Kassala collided with him. The Bishop sprang out of bed, and switched on the electric light. "Mr. Kassala!" he exclaimed. "And Mr. Jones! Pray, what is the meaning of this?"

"A thousand pardons, your Grace," said the Asiatic. "I have mistaken the room. I wanted Mr. Percy."

At this moment the next door opened, and Mr. Percy appeared. "What's the matter?" he asked. "That's what I should like to know," said the prelate. "Mr. Kassala says he is looking for you."

"Indeed! What for?"

"I—er—was wondering if you had a camel-hair paint brush?" said Mr. Kassala.

"Well, you needn't wonder any longer. I haven't," Mr. Percy replied.

"And what do you want, Mr. Jones?" asked the Bishop sternly.

"Nothing, my lord, nothing," said the unhappy Jones. "I was only following Mr. Kassala."

"Then perhaps you'll follow him to bed," remarked the Bishop drily. "I hope I shall have a more satisfactory explanation in the morning."

Here, no doubt, feeling that the situation was hardly in keeping with his dignity, the Bishop closed his door. Mr. Percy did the same, while Mr. Kassala and the shivering Jones returned to their corridor.

Mr. Kassala seemed rather amused than otherwise at the situation, but Mr. Jones was permeated with distress. "Cheer up," said the Asiatic, as he turned to his room. "If you will meddle in other people's business you're bound to suffer for it."

There was no sleep for the unhappy chaplain that night. He was

in love with the eldest Miss Dacre, who, he had reason to believe, returned his affection, and he had determined to see her father on the subject on the morrow. But after the events of that night such an interview was highly inadvisable. Yet he had acted from the best and most creditable of motives. Only by hearsay was he acquainted with the habits and customs of the East, but he felt sure that honest Asiatics would not be found prowling about a palace in the midnight hours. What did Mr. Kassala want in the Bishop's room? Was it theft or—something worse? Was this self-styled priest the emissary of some Eastern organization bent upon destroying the flower of the Western hierarchy? Was he a Thug? Mr. Jones shuddered at the possibilities of the situation.

Ha! What was that? Again a creak outside. For a moment he listened breathlessly. Then he opened his door again. Good gracious! there was Mr. Kassala once more slinking down the corridor.

Hastily putting on his dressing-gown, Mr. Jones followed, with nerves strung to their highest tension. This time the Asiatic walked with no uncertain step. As he passed the Bishop's door the chaplain's heart gave a bound of relief. He stopped at Mr. Percy's door, and tapped gently. The light in the room was turned on, and the door opened by Mr. Percy himself. Mr. Kassala entered, and the door closed noiselessly behind him.

For some minutes Mr. Jones stared at the door in blank amazement. Then he turned round, and walked slowly back to his own room. In times of great perplexity he was accustomed to look for guidance to Mr. Percy's "Evidences." Mechanically he now took down the well-thumbed volume from its shelf, and opened it. He sat for many hours staring at the print without ever turning the page.

"Where is Mr. Kassala?" were the Bishop's first words on entering the breakfast room the next morning. Although his lordship had betrayed no consciousness of his existence Mr. Jones felt that the inquiry was levelled at him.

"I do not know, my lord," he answered.

"John," said the Bishop to his butler, "will you inform Mr. Kassala that breakfast is on the table?"

In a few minutes John returned with the information that Mr. Kassala's room was empty, that his bed had not been slept in, and that nobody had seen him that morning.

"This is very singular," said his lordship. Then, after a pause, "One hardly likes to say so, but I must confess my confidence in the bona fides of Mr. Kassala has been shaken. You spoke about burglars last

(Concluded on page 16.)

An Ounce of Prevention
is better than a pound of
Chronic Dyspepsia. Take

**Abbey's
Efficient Salt**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE WINTER AND EARLY SPRING DAYS

At Atlantic City are delightful.
The climate is ideal.
The world famous boardwalk
is never more attractive.
The Country Club is at its
best.
The ocean piers and Casino
are most enjoyable.

HOTEL DENNIS

directly on the ocean front is
always open and so equipped to
be an ideal home for guests at
all seasons of the year.

WALTER J. BUZBY.

EUROPE

Features of Interest
—1910—

ALLAN Passion Play,
Ober-Ammergau, May to September.

Japan-British Exhibition,
London, May to October.

ROYAL

Belgian International
Exposition,
Brussels, May to October.

MAIL

World Missionary
Conference,
Edinburgh, June 12 to 22.
Send for sailings
and rates of
Allan Line steamers to Gen-
eral Agency for Ontario.

THE ALLAN LINE
77 Yonge Street
TORONTO



**A WORD
TO THE
WISE**

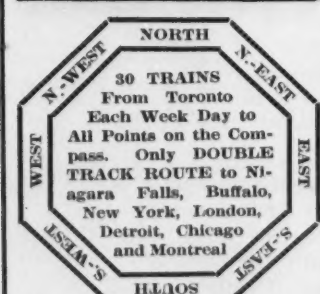
—When planning a trip in any
direction it will pay you to con-
sult nearest Canadian Pacific
agent.

Special rates (not always ad-
vertised) are frequently in effect. A
few questions may save a few dol-
lars.

TALK IT OVER

and obtain full information, illus-
trated literature, etc., or write
R. L. THOMPSON
District Passenger Agent
TORONTO.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM



Full information at City Office,
northwest corner King and Yonge
streets. Phone M. 4295.

ARE YOU

on the list for a copy of

"Tours to Summer Haunts"
describing

Canadian
Tours to Canadian
Resorts

BY THE SEA

In Quebec, New Brunswick,
Nova Scotia, Prince
Edward Island.

Write Advertising Dept. Intercolonial
Railway, Montreal, N.B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"From the Bottom Up." The story of
his own life, by Alexander Irvine. Pub-
lished by the Musson Book Company,
Limited. Price \$1.50.

THIS is the extremely interesting
history of a man who has led
a life singularly full of varied in-
cident and experience. It is told in
somewhat flamboyant style, and
there is no suggestion of undue
modesty in Mr. Irvine's present-
ment of his own story; but it is told
with vividness and a certain dra-
matic quality, which makes it as in-
teresting as a novel of adventure.
Mr. Irvine will be remembered as
the clergyman who turned Socialist,
and gained a widespread reputation
as the author of a series of articles
describing the conditions of forced
labor in certain parts of the South.
His autobiography is marked by the
same qualities as distinguished his
magazine articles, vigorous and
clear-cut statement, vivid descrip-
tive power, and fine story-telling
ability. But it must also be con-
fessed that it often seems over-drawn
and forced in tone, and too sugges-
tive of the special pleader, who is
driving his point home. It is easy,
however, to criticize a book by blam-
ing it for not being something else.
Mr. Irvine is not Arthur C. Benson
or G. Lowes Dickinson. Nor does
he try to write like either of these
gentlemen. But he is a vigorous and
interesting man, who has been ditch-
digger, soldier, miner, Socialist, and
preacher, and who tells in a striking
and impressive manner of his ex-
periences in these various callings.

"Lost Face," a collection of short stories
by Jack London, author of "The Call
of the Wild," "Martin Eden," etc. Pub-
lished by The Macmillan Company of Canada,
Ltd. Price, \$1.50.

JACK LONDON is always a
writer of singular vigor and
picturesque quality, and even in his
less successful pieces of work there
is a vividness and verve which atone
for many faults of construction and
drawing. This vigor, however, is
apt at times to degenerate into crud-
ity and a delight in gore and savagery
for its own sake. One feels this at
times in reading the present col-
lection of stories, especially the first
tale, "Lost Face." It is a fine piece
of vigorous story-telling, but there
is a ruthless abundance of sanguinary
detail which is apt to prove rather
shocking to the sensitive. But those
whose susceptibilities are not too
keen and who like good yarns well
spun, will find much to interest
them in this last publication of the
prolific and picturesque Californian.
The seven stories deal, like so much
of Mr. London's best work, with the
great white North, where men have
fought and died in the hunt for furs
and gold, and in the struggle against
Indian treachery and cruelty and
against the deadly cold which broods
over the Arctic. And they are marked
by a realistic vigor which engages the
reader's interest with an intensi-
ty at times almost painful. They
are well worth reading.

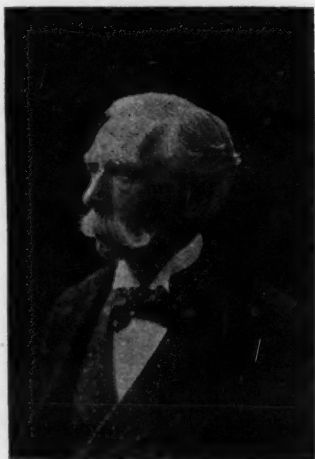
"Ireland, Yesterday and To-day," a
series of newspaper articles, by Hugh
Sutherland, with an introduction by John
E. Redmond, M.P. Published by The
North American Company, Philadelphia.

AS the preface of the book sets
forth, it is made up of
letters written by the Associate Ed-
itor of The North American news-
paper, of Philadelphia, for his jour-
nal, during 1902 and 1909. During
those two years the writer visited
Ireland and studied at short range
the various aspects of the Irish prob-
lem. His letters and this book
compiled from them contain his ob-
servations and the conclusions to
which they led him. The letters
written seven years ago deal with
"The Problem of The Land," while
those written last year treat of "The
Land Problem Solved." There is
also a section of the book devoted to
Home Rule and the strength and de-
velopment of the Irish demand for it.
While newspaper articles are al-
ways of more or less ephemeral in-
terest, this series is especially valu-
able on account of the disinterested
character and unbiased attitude of
the observer. He has "covered"
Ireland, in the same way as a report-
er would go out on an assignment.
And his report has all the qualities

of good newspaper work, clearness,
vividness, and unpretentious state-
ment of the facts of the case. It
may be, however, that it suffers
slightly from the usual defects of
newspaper writing, which arise from
the conditions of the work, and
which are chiefly a too great readi-
ness to generalize and a narrowness
of outlook. The papers, however, are
extremely interesting, and when all
allowances are made they form a val-
uable contribution to the literature
of a vexed and momentous problem.

"The Snare of Circumstance." A novel
of mystery, by Edith E. Buckley. Illus-
trated by Arthur E. Beecher. Pub-
lished by the Musson Book Company. Price
\$1.50.

THERE is an extraordinary in-
terest in tales of mystery, no
matter how crudely constructed, no
matter how grievously they sin
against all probabilities of incident
and character. People want some-
thing that lifts them out of the hum-
drum of everyday life; and so they
turn with unabated appetite to the
newest thriller, even though they
have seen story after story start out
with splendid promise of mystery
and adventure, only to fizzle out mi-
serably in anti-climax. In the present
instance, however, their confi-
dence would not be disappointed.
"The Snare of Circumstance" is a
good story of its kind, cleverly con-
structed, fairly well told, and leading
up to a striking and entirely un-
expected conclusion. It is a tale of
secret murder, and human doubles,
a young man laboring under a ter-
rible and undeserved suspicion, and
final solution of the mystery through
the cleverness and daring of a
young newspaperman. To tell much
of the story would obviously be un-
fair, as in such tales the plot is ev-
erything. It is enough to say that
no lover of mystery stories is likely



ALFRED AUSTIN.
A recent photograph of the English
Poet Laureate, who has lately pub-
lished some charming work in prose.

to drop this one till the last page of
the last chapter has been reached.

"Henry of Navarre" A romance, by
May Wynne, author of "A Maid of Brit-
tany," "Let Erin Remember," etc. Pub-
lished by William Briggs.

THE appeal of the historical
novel would seem to be eter-
nal and to be based deep on that un-
ceasing desire of people to get away
from the sordid commonplace of
workaday life to some better, bright-
er land, where there are chivalrous
passions and great adventures,
where life is held lightly and lived
fast. And among all the heroes of
romance, there are few more at-
tractive or whose lives offer better
opportunities for the novelist, than
the great Huguenot king, Henry the
Fourth of France, and of Navarre,
Miss Wynne, like a thousand others,
has taken him for the central figure
of her latest novel, and has woven
about him an interesting and well-
written romance. There is no lack
of action in the book, and adventure
is rife from the first page to the
last. It should prove a pleasant way
of passing a few hours for those
who enjoy historical fiction, with-
out being hypercritical as to histor-
ical accuracy.

"A Disciple of Chance." An eighteenth
century love story, by Sara Dean, author
of "Traversa." Published by the Copp,
Clark Company Limited.

THE receipt for an eighteenth
century romance is a very
simple one and has been found almost
invariably successful—after a sort.
You take a fine, fresh young lord,
with a love for gambling and pink-
ing his enemies, and a taste for wild
adventures, and into the pot with
him you throw a nice, plump heiress,
preferably of noble birth. Add a
villain or two, and sprinkle well with
"gadabouts" and "slices." Mix up
thoroughly and sweeten to taste
with finicky sentiment. Let the
compound simmer through three
hundred pages or so, and serve with

a splash. The result should be
something like a best-seller. Miss
Dean has done so in "A Disciple of



GERALD STANLEY LEE.
He is the author of "Inspired Mil-
lionsaires," a book in which plutocrats
are held up as stable factors in the
prosperity and advancement of the
country.

"Chance." She has followed the pre-
scription very carefully, and if the
dish is not quite so appetizing as it
once might have been, the fault is
rather with the changed taste of the
times than with the ingredients or
the cooking.

"The Sundial." A novel of murder and
mystery, by Fred M. White, author of
"The Corner House," "The Slave of Si-
lence," "Craven Fortune," etc. Pub-
lished by Ward, Lock & Co., Limited. Price
\$1.25.

THE reader of such a story as this
must not apply to it any tests of
logic or probability, for it contains
the familiar farrago of incongruities
that make up the ordinary mystery
story. The style, too, is crude, and
everything is sacrificed to melodra-
matic effect. But the author has a
certain kind of story-telling gift, and
he manages to keep up the interest
by constant jumping from incident
to incident. There is a rough-hewn
artist with genius, and a cold-heart-
ed wife. There is also a brilliant
young scientist, who has made won-
derful discoveries in electricity, and
who is able to bring tremendous
powers to his aid in the prosecution
of his nefarious schemes. He mur-
ders the maid of the artist's wife by
means of a powerful current thrown
about a sundial. But in the end he
is hoist by his own petard, for the
artist's wife, with whom he is
enamored dies accidentally by the
same means. And finally he him-
self goes the way of the wicked, and
morality is avenged. Altogether,
the book is an average specimen of
its class, a department of literature
which has many readers but few
defenders.

"Litany Lane" The story of a dancer,
by Margaret Baillie Saunders, author of
"Saints in Society," "A Shepherd of Ken-
nington," etc. Published by The Mac-
millan Company of Canada Limited.
Price \$1.25.

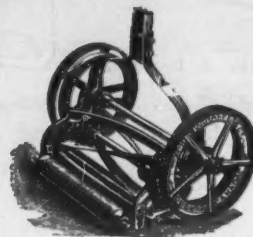
A LITTLE elf of the gutter with
a marvellous instinct and native
gift for mimicry and dancing, who
is married as part of a mad scheme
of revenge by a newly-divorced man,
and then deserted by him to be taken
in charge by a handsome apostle of
the slums, furnishes the central fig-
ure of this rather overdrawn tale.
Of course, she dances her way to
fame and fortune, and of course her
recreant husband comes back to her
begging for forgiveness and pity,
and equally of course, he dies very
opportunistically in order that she
and her clerical guardian and lover may
clutch in the final spot-light. The
story itself is not particularly new
or striking, nor is the handling of
it marked by much literary skill. But
it is told with a certain verve, and
the color though raw is vivid. And
there are many readers who are
quite satisfied with this much.

"Roses and Rue," by A. Marian Craw-
ford. Published by Richard G. Badger.
Price, \$1.50.

A prefatory note states that some
of these verses have been republished
by courtesy of Munsey's Magazine,
The Ladies' Home Journal, and other
publications. And certainly the
average merit of the pieces which
make up the volume is somewhat
higher than is usual in Mr. Badger's
publications. But they are not so
good that one can see any real neces-
sity for their being collected. Still
less reason is there for anyone, ex-
cept an intimate friend or near rela-
tive of the authoress, paying a dol-
lar and a half for it. Some of it is
mildly pretty, a great deal of it is
rather dull, and all of it is extremely
insipid.

Tom Folio

Genuine Philadelphia Lawn Mowers



Something New
Philadelphia Lawn
Trimmer, Price \$7.

Hose Sprinklers, Grass
Shears, in large variety.

THE lightest and easiest run-
ning Lawn Mower made.
Our new stock has arrived in the
latest improved styles. Our com-
plete line of mowers also includes
the best of Canadian makes.

Prices, \$4.00 to \$25.00.

Lawn Rollers in different sizes.

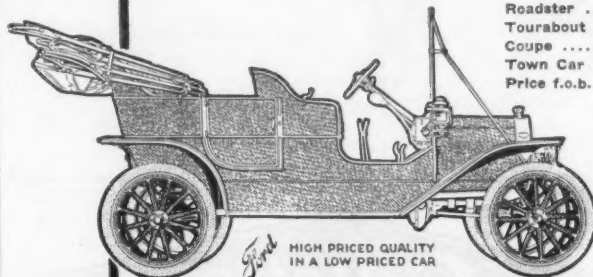
SEE WINDOW DISPLAY

Aikenhead's
AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED

17-19-21 Temperance Street

A Heavy Weight Car makes a Light Weight Pocket Book

—Henry Ford.



HIGH PRICED QUALITY
IN A LOW PRICED CAR

4 cyl., 20 h.p. (1 h.p. per each 60 lbs.—100 in.
wheel base), 5 passenger Touring car, complete,
\$1,150.00.

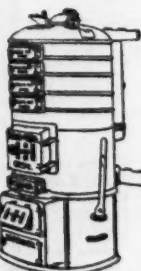
There are items which in connection with
the Ford light, low-priced car are small in
comparison with similar items for high priced,
heavier cars. Repair bills are smaller; fuel bills
are lighter; tire costs are less. A Model "T"
costs less to maintain per month than a horse
and buggy. A gallon of gasoline is enough
for 25 to 30 miles; a set of tires lasts 8,000 to
10,000 miles or more, and repair parts are low
priced and easily installed.

MORE FACTS LIKE THIS IN OUR NEW CATALOGUE.
SEND FOR IT.

OFFICES AND FACTORY: WALKERVILLE, ONT.

The Ford Motor Company
OF CANADA, Limited

Twenty Orders Changed to "Sovereign"



**'Sovereign'
Hot
Water
Boiler**

That is the record for the
"Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler
so far this season. Not only
have more "Sovereign" Boilers
been sold in the regular course
of trade, but twenty orders that
were almost closed to other
makers have been changed over
to "Sovereign" without solici-
tation on our part.

But the circumstance suggests to us the necessity
for a word of caution: The heating specifications for
your new house likely call for a "Sovereign" or an-
other well-known make that is held to be just as good.
In spite of the general idea on this subject, the "Sover-
eign" is a better boiler than that other make—and it
will be well worth your while to change over if the
other make has been selected for you.

The price is the same and the "Sovereign" is a better bargain.

"Dictionary of Heating"

Before finally
deciding the
heating
problem read:

Post paid from
the Guelph office
on receipt of
your address.

Sovereign Boilers may be seen and inspected at
Toronto—1088 King Street West. Montreal—125 Craig Street.
Vancouver—340 Pinder Street. Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.
St. John, N.B.—53 1/2 Dock Street. Quebec City—Mechanics Supply Co.

Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited, Guelph

The Honorary Governors who will during the coming week are Mr. D.
visit the Toronto General Hospital Coulson and Mr. J. W. Flavell

Ve Olde Firme



Think of being able to secure the finest tonal effects from the compositions of the great masters. You have this assurance if you own a

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

A piano that is a masterpiece of piano construction, and that stands to-day peerless in the judgment of the world's greatest artists.

"The world's greatest piano"
DE PACHMANN

PIANO SALON:
115-117 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

The Razor That Caused a Revolution

It was not so very long ago that a man who thought enough of himself to look neat, was considered a "dude".

The Saturday night bath, Sunday morning shave, baggy trousers and dull boots, were the general rule.

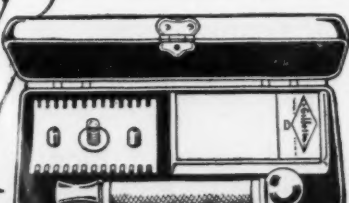
Then came the "GILLETTE" Safety Razor with its message of cleanliness and comfort. And the revolt began.

Men saw the value of appearances. The fresh collar every morning, polished boots, stylish clothes and personal cleanliness, came with the daily shave.

Today, the progressive, successful man is the man who is clean, physically as well as morally.

And the "GILLETTE" started the revolution. Have you the "GILLETTE" face?

"GILLETTE" Standard Sets and Pocket Editions—\$5. to \$7.50.
Gillette Signs show Gillette dealers.



Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited
Office and Factory, MONTREAL.

"The Cigarette of Distinction"

Craven

Ten for 15 cents.

"Tronco" Port

BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY:
TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1892)
AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

J. Simon
59 Fz. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by **CRÈME SIMON**
POUDRE SAVON

From all Chemists and Perfumers

The Burglars' Club

(Continued from page 14.)

night, Marmaduke, in reference to my crozier, which seemed to have peculiar attraction for Mr. Kassala. I hope it is safe."

"I put the case on the top of my wardrobe last night, and it was there five minutes ago," said Mr. Percy.

"I wonder what his object could be in coming here, and then leaving us in this extraordinary manner. Perhaps you can throw some light on that very peculiar incident in the middle of the night, Mr. Jones?"

"I heard a noise, my lord, and followed Mr. Kassala to see what he was doing. I haven't the faintest idea why he went into your room, unless it really was, as he said, that he had mistaken it for Mr. Percy's."

"But what should he want with Mr. Percy?" asked Mrs. Dacre.

"Perhaps Mr. Percy will answer that?" said the chaplain, with much meaning in his voice.

Mr. Percy fixed the eyeglass and looked coolly at the chaplain. "How on earth should I know, Jones?" he said. With this oracular remark he returned to his egg.

The chaplain was bursting with indignation at Mr. Percy's concealment of his midnight interview with Mr. Kassala. He longed to expose him, but shrank from the necessity of a painful scene.

"Mildred," said Mrs. Dacre suddenly, "let us look through the drawing room silver at once. I hope the equestrian statuette of your father is safe."

While the ladies were ticking off their household goods, Mr. Percy went to his room to pack, and Mr. Jones followed.

"May I have his lordship's crozier?" asked the chaplain.

"Certainly. Here you are. But you do look unhappy, Jones! Whatever is the matter?"

Mr. Jones took the case without replying. "The key was in the lock last night," he remarked.

"Was it? Then it must have dropped out somewhere. Perhaps it's on the floor." But it did not seem to be there, although both Mr. Percy and the chaplain looked very carefully for it.

"Never mind," said the former, after five minutes' fruitless search. "It will probably turn up after I've gone. Remember, that I'll be responsible for any damage."

The chaplain was very pale. "Mr. Percy," he said, "I know of your midnight interview with Mr. Kassala."

Once more Mr. Percy fixed his monocle. "Do you, old man?" he replied. "Then I won't be the one to get you into trouble over it. You may rely on me. If you don't say anything, I shan't. Now good-bye. It'll take me all my time to get my things together. My man's ill, and I'm out of practice."

Mr. Jones left the room more bewildered than ever. His lordship, after leaving stringent instructions regarding Mr. Kassala, should he again appear, went by the noon train to town with Mr. Percy.

Mr. Jones appeared singularly distracted that day, and Miss Dacre gazed at him with much concern. He spent the evening alone with Paley, and about eleven o'clock, with firm determination on his face, he forced the lock of the crozier case. His worst fears were realized. In place of the crozier of ebony, gold, and jewels, the present of the ladies of the county, there reposed in the purple velvet lining a common bedroom poker!

At that very moment the Bishop of Bister's crozier lay on the table of a London mansion. Twelve men were gathered round it, complimenting their host upon it. Their host, by the way, was lately His Majesty's Secretary of State for Egypt. He was now attired in a long blue cassock-like garb, such as Asiatic priests may wear.

"By the burglary of the Bishop of Bister's crozier Lord Ribston's subscription has been paid for the next two years," said one of the men, making a cypher note in a book.

"Hear, hear! Bravo! Good for the Ribston Pippin!" was the general chorus.

"Gentlemen," said the man in the priestly garb, rising to his feet amidst applause, "I am proud once more to have been able to fulfil the mandate of our Club. With your permission, I will now pack up the bauble so that it may be returned by the midnight express in order to ease the mind of a most worthy man, his lordship's chaplain. But before I do so I wish to propose a new member—Mr. Marmaduke Percy. You will recollect that his name was brought forward twelve months or so ago, but he was not considered equal to the demands that are occasionally made upon the members of this honorable fraternity. I have reason to believe that we did Mr. Percy an injustice. Yesterday, at any rate, he saw through my dis-

"MINT PERFECTO"

Without question the greatest value in Cigars to-day is "MINT PERFECTO," "hand-made," "long Havana filler," "full Perfecto shape."

THREE FOR 25c---25 IN BOX \$1.75---50 IN BOX \$3.50

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY **A. CLUBB & SONS** at their three stores { 5 KING ST. W. 38 KING ST. E. 445 YONGE ST.



Telephone Main 7658

A. D. RUSSELL, Agent

27 Front St. East

Complaints from Passengers

"Yes," said a citizen the other day in conversation with an official of the Toronto Railway Company, "two or three times I've seen things on the street cars that ought to have been reported. But I never made a complaint, because I was afraid I might get some fellow fired who had others dependent on him."

For the benefit of this citizen and passengers generally, it should be explained that very often a timely correction has saved a motorman or conductor his position.

When a passenger has just ground for complaint against an employe of the Company it is because the latter is acting either in ignorance or disregard of the wishes of the Management. If he offends through ignorance, it is doing him a good turn to notify his employers, so that they may have an opportunity of educating him. Faults that are due to a lack of understanding are usually slight at first, and if they are then observed and amended not much harm is done. The correction makes a man more fit for his work, and the person who first called attention to his remissness has helped to bring this about. It is plain that a passenger who lodges a just complaint against a motorman or conductor is really befriending him, and is also doing something to protect the public.

Of two things passengers may be assured—No employe will be discharged by the Toronto Railway Company without good reason; and no complaint, however trivial, will be pigeon-holed without investigation. If the employe complained of is at fault, the necessary correction will be given him, and he will be all the better for it. He will not be the better for an altercation with the passenger on the car; nor will the employe, the passenger or the Toronto Railway be improved if citizens cherish silent grievances and give nobody a chance to set them right.

The Company is always on the alert to make its motormen and conductors more efficient, because the more capable and courteous they are the better can the Company serve the public. Therefore the Company requests the citizens to co-operate with it, and to report instances where its men fail in their duty, either to the Company or to the Public which the Company serves.

JAMES GUNN,
Superintendent
Toronto Railway Co.

guise, and divined my purpose. He could have easily have betrayed me. But he behaved in a sportsmanlike way, and for that reason I now propose that he should become one of us. Major Armytage is seconding. You will have an opportunity of voting

for Mr. Percy at our next meeting. Is there any further business before us, Mr. Secretary?"

The Secretary consulted his book. "I note that Mr. Danby Travers' subscription is due," he said.

"Good old Danby! Pile it on!

Make it thick enough!" was the varied cry.

"Gentlemen," said the Secretary, "we meet on Tuesday next, and Mr. Danby Travers will then be asked for the Black Pearl of Agni, the property of the Illingworths."



VOL. 23, No. 26.

Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors
Office: 26-28 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 9, 1910.

TERMS—Single Copies, 10c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$3.

Whole No. 1166.

• THE OTHER PAGE •

GETTING married is a matter that is still usually regarded as entirely the affair of the two persons who are principals in the affair, and yet there is nothing which arouses so much curiosity and comment as the announcement that two people well known in a community have decided to spend the rest of their lives together. Why such a purely personal matter should be regarded as a topic for general conversation and an excuse for more or less unnecessary remarks is one of the puzzles that it is impossible to solve. The mere fact that young people have taken a sufficient liking to each other to decide them to marry seems to be a signal for every one to discuss them, their characteristics, their prospects, their present, their future, and certainly their past. An engaged girl immediately becomes the property of her friends to be talked over and commented upon, complimented and condemned in turn in every drawing room she has ever frequented—and the man of her choice need not imagine for one moment that he is likely to come off any better.

Matrimony starts an epidemic of gentle scandal. The good and bad points of the prospective bride and groom are discussed over the tea cups and settled in a different manner by every group of friends who have assisted at the process of vivisection. And, oddly enough, if the consensus of opinion is in favor of a match it's almost safe to wager that it will turn out unsatisfactorily. The people who seem to be "just made for each other" usually turn out to be anything but that, while the marriage which holds forth no prospect of great material advancement and seems to defy Fortune usually produces the delightful grey-haired Darbys and Joans who are among the most attractive spectacles of life. A sunny-faced grandmother who looks as though life had dealt kindly with her is a better advertisement for matrimony than a thousand brides in the first blush of their happiness. A white-haired old man who is at peace with the world, and who shows it, who has no quarrel with life and bears his years with gentle dignity, who still finds joy in his home and charm in his wife is a living document in favor of the domestic state.

Matrimony is largely a question of yielding. If both are anxious to please, both will be pleased. Little misunderstandings make all the trouble and these misunderstandings are only too often the work of so-called friends. The wreck of many a home may be traced to the interference of well-meaning but utterly misguided relatives. There is nothing more unsatisfactory than taking part in the domestic troubles of others. Married people may settle their differences in time, but they will never forgive the people who widened the breach between them. The first law towards retaining the friendship of one's married friends is to listen to all that's said, express no opinion, and never on any account to take sides.

When a home is broken up it is very seldom that there is any chance of a reconciliation simply because both husband and wife place pride before anything else and refuse to admit that there were faults on both sides, and this too, may be largely traced to the influence of talkative friends who would accomplish much more if they would devote their time and attention to their own affairs. When a man and woman who have been divorced decide that they will make another attempt to run in double harness the matter is something more than a nine days' wonder, and yet in almost anything else, the man or woman who has made a hash of things is given another chance to make good. There is one rule that should be strictly observed in matrimony and that is "no interference." If it were only regarded as vulgar—or at least unfashionable—to comment on the domestic affairs of one's friends and associates, there would be more happy marriages.

The other day in New York a man and woman who applied for a marriage license explained that they had been married before in Hungary and had been divorced. Separation, and freedom from the comments of his friends, made the man, who had come to America, realize that life wasn't long enough in which to quarrel. Taking his courage in both hands he wrote to his wife and told her of the conclusion to which he had arrived. She, too, had found that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and as a result they are once more married and happy. But the chances are such a state of affairs would never have come about if both had been in the same place and each had been subjected to the constant reiteration by their friends of the failings of the other. Constant dropping will wear away any stone, and the average heart and mind have not even the solidity of granite.

SENTIMENT is a peculiar thing, and leads to all sorts of curious situations. It crops out in most unusual places, but perhaps nowhere does it flourish as strongly as about death and matters which concern it most closely. In this respect it has been responsible for all sorts of odd ideas, some of which, to the onlooker, seem to have more than a touch of hysteria about them. One of the best known instances of much thought in life being given to the disposal of the body after death is furnished by the British peer who not many years ago left instructions for his funeral stipulating that his heart was to be buried on the Mount of Olives. His widow and daughter, in order to carry out his wishes, went to the East, taking the heart with them, and there quietly buried it. There are dozens of instances which show this unusual interest in the final resting place after death, and quite recently in accordance with the wishes of a well known Californian architect, his ashes, and those of his wife, who had predeceased him, were taken out to sea, the urns containing them weighted, and then dropped overboard to find a final resting place beneath the blue waves of the Pacific.

The interest in what will happen to one's body after death is very general, and much time and money is expended by some people in erecting wonderful tombs or planning great monuments which will testify to succeeding generations that a person of no particular importance, even in his own time, once lived and flourished under such and such a name. This craze to be remembered has been characteristic of every age, and the tombs of Egypt typify the same ambition as the granite shaft or marble mausoleum of to-day. This peculiarity manifests itself in men and women whom one would be justified in thinking might

escape from such eccentricities, but even Shakespeare—if one is to judge by the inscription on his tomb in the church at Stratford—shared this very common weakness.

Most of us have pondered upon the final resting place that is to be ours once the spirit is freed from the body. And perhaps in our hearts a good many of us agree with the old woman who said that dying wouldn't be so bad provided she could only come back to attend her own funeral. It's not morbid curiosity by any means, this feeling that the final abiding place of one's body should be carefully chosen, and the committing of it thereto be conducted in an orderly and dignified manner. Most of us realize that as soon as we are dead, the earthly part of us inspires horror rather than affection. Too often one sees a friend who has been very dear left to the watchful care of hirelings just as soon as life has left the body. To be



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.
THE ITALIAN ROYAL FAMILY.
King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena, who received
Ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt in Rome.

quite candid most of us shrink from being brought in contact with the dead. To the one who has gone, perhaps this does not matter, but the bustle and fuss of a funeral—for too often those words best describe the state of those who have lost a near one—always seems to me to make the affair entirely one of the living and not of the dead. Mourning frocks, black bordered handkerchiefs and even widows' caps, while very commendable outward signs of grief, must mean little to the one who has gone before, can he have any knowledge of what is still happening on earth. There is a tendency to shrink from the dead, a habit of mind which makes one unconsciously hold that the body—once the spirit has fled—is a thing to be avoided, to be left in solitary grandeur, flower bedecked of course, but alone.

Over and over again one sees those who have been most loving and loved in life left alone in death. The living are selfish even in deepest sorrow, and the man is wise indeed who decides that whatever his life, his death must be shorn of all pretence, and elects to be finally disposed of in the most simple and unostentatious fashion. It is this feeling that is leading to the popularity of cremation, and the time may come when instead of being sealed in an urn for future generations to discover, we will realize that it is wise to have our ashes scattered abroad, or simply committed to the earth that we, too, in our turn, like

"Imperious Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

GIRLS sometimes get the wildest ideas, so wild that it seems almost impossible to trace them to their source, and yet easy enough of explanation once one gets on the right track. The other day in London, an attractive young girl of eighteen was charged in the Police Court with obtaining a cheque book from a bank by means of a wonderful tale of titled relations, and all that sort of thing, having made her story so specious that she was believed to be the person she represented herself. A day or two after it was discovered that the girl had been passing cheques in every direction and had obtained a considerable amount of money and goods. Her explanation was that she wanted to give her mother money and in order to do so had decided to write books. As her own life has been without incident, she decided to become the sort of person she wished to write about.

Realism in fiction is all very well, but if it's going to

lead budding authors into such devious paths it could well be dispensed with. The truth seems that the many trashy stories published from time to time make a deep impression on the imagination of weak-minded and impressionable girls. It's the same sort of thing that, in cheap detective stories and dime novels, fascinates the small boy and leads him to undertake Wild West exploits on his own account. It has long been realized that cheap fiction has a pernicious influence on the young, but this is one of the first instances where a young woman, fired by the desire to write similar books from personal experience, has been led into a career of crime. It's easy to moralize, but after all, the average mother shouldn't find it a difficult task to know what books come into the possession of her daughter, and see to it that trashy tales are eliminated from her reading. The matter may seem one of small importance, but it has very far-reaching consequences. And it should be regarded as of vital importance in every home where there are young people.

THE desire to get something for nothing is fairly general, and the means undertaken to accomplish it are many and varied. Most people in their past experiences have come across the fakir who has tried to "do" them by first winning their sympathies with a hard luck tale or by drawing attention to some physical ailment. From time to time one hears in various big cities of organized bands whose aim it is to prey upon the kindly and the generous and not infrequently a school of pickpockets and child thieves is discovered. The graduates from these schools become in many instances hardened criminals as they grow older, their future lives being entirely the natural result of the training they received from some modern Fagin. Environment counts for much in the life of a child, and first principles are the ones that form the foundation of character. A child's mind is wonderfully receptive, and what is stamped upon it in early days is likely to remain there as long as life lasts.

This adaptability of the child to the conditions in which he finds himself makes all the more serious the discovery the other day in New York of the existence of a large group of boys who, under the direction of a master, pose

whole story sounds like a piece of fiction, but the Gerry Society is having the matter investigated, and the boy who was the means of disclosing what was going on was charged in the Children's Court with malingering. The boy in question is a Galician, and had only been in America a few months when he turned his attention to the occupation which has got him into trouble. According to his story, shortly after his arrival he met the man who subsequently proved his instructor and who promised him a fat harvest if he would become a professional beggar. It's not much wonder that half-educated, or wholly uneducated, Europeans have a way of looking upon America as a land where money comes easily, if they know of the existence of such scholastic institutions as this one that has just been discovered in New York.

EVERY now and again an outcry is made against the sort of plays that win the greatest popularity, and preachers who haven't seen them and patrons of the drama who have, unite in denouncing the managers who provide such fare, and the people who accept it. It is generally conceded wherever the drama flourishes that the success of a play depends entirely upon the favor with which it is received by women. Any manager will admit that it is impossible to keep a play running if it does not appeal to the very large proportion of the fair sex in his audiences. Usually when the question of what play to see is under discussion, it is the women of the family who decide what theatre to visit. It is readily admitted by those who are familiar with the habits of theatre-goers that the life of a play depends entirely upon the women, and if so it is obvious that women are the self-appointed censors of the drama.

Quite recently Wilton Lackaye, who was seen in Toronto in "The Battle" this season, gave his ideas as to the reasons for the popularity of the immoral drama, and in his opinion women are entirely to blame. He believes that they attend such performances owing to their morbid curiosity and because they think it is the thing to encourage what they consider art no matter how unclean the play may be. Mr. Lackaye believes that women think it broad-minded to become hardened to indecency upon the stage, and insists that "if the American stage is to be redeemed the American women must learn that it is she who decides what plays shall succeed and that it is her attendance which makes possible the existence of the very worst plays."

The charge is one that hits women pretty strongly, especially as it contains much truth. In their hands lies the power which makes or unmakes the individual who would be received in respectable society; and they also seem to be the censors of what should or should not be presented. Unfortunately, each woman wants to see for herself whether a play is "fit to be seen," and in that desire to take nothing for granted lies the explanation as to why women patronize all sorts and conditions of theatrical productions. Apparently they one and all have the Missourian's instinct for facts and "must be shown."

MOST women regard their conversational powers as among their greatest assets, and being deprived of the ability to talk as the worst calamity that can befall them. At least this is the belief that is fostered by comic papers, hypercritical husbands and crusty bachelors. And apparently it has some foundation in fact, for the other day a woman sued because she was deprived of the power to express her thoughts in the usual fluent manner.

According to her story she was deprived of speech, or what practically amounted to that—after a visit to a "dental parlor" where the proprietor had promised for fifty dollars to build her a set of teeth that couldn't be told from the real article and would make her look as charming as she was at sixteen or thereabouts. When delivered the goods didn't fill the bill, or rather they didn't fit, and the lady sued for the amount which she had paid for them. Moreover, she got the full amount, for the New York judge before whom the case was tried evidently thought she had suffered deeply by being deprived of the power of speech during the days in which she attempted to become accustomed to her brand new outfit of store teeth.

The evidence went to prove that she could open her mouth but couldn't close it—a calamity which to the individual is almost as terrible as a tidal wave is to a coast town, or a crop failure to a country. Not only was she deprived of the power of talking, but she was limited as to the quality of what she ate, and had to substitute gruel and sago pudding and such things for steak and onions, corn beef and cabbage and other dishes which are considered food for a grown-up person.

Now that she has tried artificial teeth and found them a failure, she is ready and willing to go back to the few that Nature has left her, and is willing to give up all artificial aids to digestion. In fact, she has accepted the situation philosophically and has voted for comfort rather than beauty. And in spirit at least she is right, even if she errs in this particular instance. It is infinitely better to grow old gracefully than to fuss and fidget over every new wrinkle until one's very worry adds enormously to their number. It is obviously a woman's duty to make herself as attractive as she can, but when she can't be attractive and comfortable too, then it's better to be comfortable. Once a woman begins to get old there's no use in her trying to deceive herself. She may keep up the semblance of youth long after the real thing has fled, but there are few more pathetic sights than the really old and wrinkled woman who depends upon the dressmaker, the hairdresser and the masseuse to give her the appearance of youth. Old age is dignified and may be made very charming, but old age disguised as youth is always laughable even when it is most pathetic. The woman who makes up her mind to grow old when the right time comes, and to do it gracefully, has won one of the hardest battles in life. She who tries to defy time and cling to youth loses her dignity and her attractiveness, and provides a spectacle alike for the thoughtless and the heartless. It takes courage to grow old gracefully, but it is the sort of courage which is well rewarded by the respect of others and one's own consciousness of having acted wisely.

Madame

TORONTO SOCIETY

MISS DOWE, the attractive girl who has been spending the winter with Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, returned home this week.

Mrs. Arnold Haultain and little Audrey are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Casgrain in Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Haultain are visiting Mr. Haultain in Parkdale.

Professor Goldwin Smith has been so much better as to be able to be moved downstairs.

Mr. Clifford Brown has been in Edmonton, where he has been ill, but is now well enough to come east to Winnipeg.

The French Club, under the direction of Monsieur Paul Balbaud, presented the one-act French comedy, "La Chance du Mari," at the home of Mrs. Hume Blake, on the evening of Friday, April 1. Beside the comedy, there were two charming recitations by Mrs. Sidney Small, who was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. B. B. Cronyn. Those of Monsieur Balbaud's pupils who took part in the comedy were Mr. A. G. Brown, M. Francois Chambaud, and Mr. Ernest Cattanauch. Professor and Madame Balbaud played also. A number of friends gave much encouragement by their attention and applause, and the Government House party were in the friendly audience. Dr. Bruce is the president of this enterprising little coterie of French students, and Mrs. Sidney Small the vice-president. Although I was unfortunately otherwise engaged on the evening of the play, and lost the privilege of hearing it, I am told by an able critic that the ladies and gentlemen took their parts perfectly, and that the two winsome ladies and firm friends, Mrs. Small and Mrs. Cronyn, were delightful in the rendering of the "Recitation de Noel," by Augustus Holmes, and the Paul Verlaine poem. I hear these clever students of French are arranging to give several plays during next season.

Mrs. Mulholland, 40 Binscarth road, and Mrs. Trow, 38 Earl street, have gone to Atlantic City.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock is sufficiently better from his illness to take up his legal duties again.

Mrs. H. Ernest Tremaine has returned to her home in Prince Rupert, B.C.

Mrs. G. E. Gooderham has gone to Atlantic City with her children.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chatterson and their daughters are expected home from Europe to-day.

Miss Anne Hendrie is touring in the Holy Land with Mr. and Mrs. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews.

The London Players will present "Jack Straw," Hawtrey's great success, at the Alexandra to-night.

Mrs. Featherstone Aylesworth won the first prize at the Charity bridge at the King Edward last week, and Mrs. P. E. Doolittle the second prize. These prizes were a bracelet watch and a handsome silver bag-purse. The winner of the first prize had her choice and selected the bracelet watch, although probably Mrs. Doolittle's prize, intended for first, was more valuable.

Owing to a change in the time of going to press, many interesting items are too late for this week's issue.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell received for the last time this season on Tuesday, her sister, Mrs. James, assisting, and numbers of old friends enjoyed half an hour in her home, so elegant and dainty, and always fragrant with the most exquisite flowers. The hostess fits into her surroundings like a smiling picture in a rich frame, and was looking particularly attractive on Tuesday in a gown of palest pink.

Colonel Davidson returned to his home from the General Hospital some time ago.

Mrs. Cleeve Hall and her little one have gone on a visit to friends in Vancouver for some months.

The marriage of Miss Phyllis Piper and Mr. Jack Sweetman, for which invitations were received this week, will take place on April 21. The ceremony will be performed in St. Thomas church, and a reception will afterwards be held by the bride's mother at Wanakong, the family residence in Avondale road.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Florence, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher McKenzie, "Gypsy Glen, Petrolea, and Mr. Philip Valentine Wilson, manager of the Bank of Toronto at Oil Springs, took place in Christ church on Thursday, March 24, at half-past one, Rev. Canon Craig, B.D., officiating. No formal invitations had been issued, nevertheless a number of friends came to the church to witness the ceremony and see the fair bride, who is one of Petrolea's most popular daughters, and a member of one of the oldest and most respected families. She looked very trim and charming in a tailored suit of pale grey pebble cloth with becoming hat of maline straw trimmed in shades of grey to correspond. She

carried an ivory-bound prayer-book and bouquet of Bridal roses. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson immediately left on the honeymoon trip to Detroit and points west.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Gooderham, of Dean-croft, and Dr. Burson, will take place next June.

The marriage of Miss Mary Clark and Mr. Douglas Ross will take place next Wednesday.

On Tuesday evening, the Peterboro competitors for the Governor-General's Trophy, gave part of "The Geisha" in a smart and taking manner, and received much applause, and The Dickens Fellowship Players excelled any former effort in the presentation of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

The able criticism to which they so cheerfully submitted in Ottawa has been accepted and acted upon, and those who saw the Ottawa performance two years ago were not slow to note the improvement in several details on Tuesday night. Thus one of the objects of the Competition is attained. The audience, though not so large as on Monday, was a smart and representative one, a good many were also present from out of town. His Excellency and Lady Sybil Grey looked none the worse for a busy day, including a return trip to London, and many remarked that His Excellency still manifests remarkable interest in every point and detail of the Competition. Miss Merritt's company played "A Little Heaven" on Wednesday night, too late for remark in this column.

The death of Mrs. Osler, of Craighigh, on Tuesday morning is a real loss to Toronto. The deceased lady, whose high ideals and beauty of character were the joy and inspiration of all who knew her, has left, beside her husband, children and grandchildren, a circle of friends who mourn her loss, and countless proteges to whom she was an angel of kindness. To the very last, her beautiful home was a centre of good deeds, wise counsel and loving encouragement and appreciation. In many ways she carried on the saintly traditions of her mother-in-law, whose long and useful life she unfeignedly revered. To her old friends, the dear Scotch friends, Mrs. Osler's passing away has been a great bereavement. Dignified, thoughtful, just and kind, her high-minded personality leaves its impress and influence on all who knew her.

Golf in China.

MOST ardent golfers have unkind recollections of some particular course, and travellers have some quaint tales to tell of when and where and how they have at-

tempted to play their favorite game while far from well laid out links. This seems particularly true of China. The chief hazards on the links of Tientsin are of a somewhat gruesome character since they consist of the graves of deceased Chinamen. "So and so's grave" has been, time out of mind, a favorite name for some bunker of particularly infamous reputation in England, but it has never borne so literal a meaning as it might in China.

As to the Chinese caddie, the Chinaman, we are told, does not understand golf at all. Perhaps he sees the game in its proper light, two middle-aged persons becoming absurdly heated over a trumpery little ball. At any rate, his one aim is to get done with the round and receive his fee, and he pathetically inquires of his employer at intervals how long he proposes to follow the little white ball.

The golf course at Pekin is also on a flat place, and as at Tientsin, the plain is muddy. It lies close to the Antung Gate, and to get there from the European quarter necessitates a long and dusty journey by pony or rickshaw. At Tientsin, hazards have a disconcerting way of springing up like mushrooms in the night. They are, however, of a less horrible character, though possibly more difficult to play out of, since they consist, not of graves, but of cabbage gardens, which the Chinaman plants at his own sweet will in the same rapid and light-hearted way.

Thus the character of the course changes from day to day in a way calculated to dispel monotony, and a golfer who has carefully placed his tee shot in such a way as to get a clear run up to the hole finds himself confronted instead with a most difficult pitch over cabbages.

The difficulties of the situation are enhanced at Pekin by the fact that the golfer is only allowed to play on condition that he does not disturb the cabbage patches. "Golf is not agriculture," so it has been written of those who tear vast and hideous divots from the shrinking turf. It is held to be true at Pekin, and the native agriculturist will have the law on you if you interfere with the fruits of his industry. Cabbage patches are strictly out of bounds, says Fry's Magazine.

Other hazards of a less transitory character are camel roads, which traverse the links from the mountains. Along these roads there come, in addition to camels, great droves of ponies, which the Mongolians bring down to sell in Pekin. Yet another possible incident of Pekinese golf is the dust storm, which is a terrible infliction.

When the dust storm arises, which it does with abominable suddenness, the game stops and the players make for the ditches and trenches, or cower behind mud walls. The stern rule which disqualifies those who shelter during a medal round is presumably suspended at Pekin in regard to dust storms.

Father of the "Limerick."

"I DON'T not think I didn't never receive no letter from you at Abetone, but am not shewer." Thus wrote Edward Lear to his old friend Canon Selwyn, in December 1884, from the Villa Tennyson, at San Remo. It is one of several characteristic documents published in the March number of Cornhill Magazine, and was written towards the end of Lear's life, an event for which he waited with equanimity. "As for my elth," he says in the same letter, "it ain't elth particularly but rather pheebleness, and I can now hardly doddle-waddle as far as the pestilential postoffice. But I work a great deal." Yet Lear found time to draft his own obituary, which he sends to Canon Selwyn under date of "25 Hocktomb (as my servant calls it), 1885." The interment was to take place in the "Symmetry of San Remo, where I have already bought a Toomb and have ordered a Toombstone."

The obituary ran: "Edward Lear was the youngest of a family of nineteen children, of Danish parents, and he owed what education he had to the loving care of one of his sisters. His name was originally spelt Lor. He first earned a precarious livelihood by drawing animal pictures. Some of these, in a window front in Piccadilly, caught the eye of the thirteenth Earl of Derby, who, after inquiry, invited the author to reside at Knowsley, and draw his zoological specimens there, and in order to amuse his children the Nonsense Rhymes, an entirely

Exclusive Wedding Stationery

RYRIE Wedding Invitations and Announcements possess an individuality which places them in a distinct class by themselves. There are several reasons for this:

1. The engraving is faultless.
2. The style is absolutely correct.
3. The paper is the finest quality procurable.
4. The plate printing is done by experts.

RYRIE BROS. Limited

JAS. RYRIE, Pres.

HARRY RYRIE, Sec.-Treas.

Toronto

"Enough to make your mouth water"

are our fresh, delicious, new Maple Sugar, Maple Creams, Maple Walnut Creams, Chocolate Coated Maple Butter (doesn't that sound rich?) Chocolate Coated Maple Creams. All these candies are made from the pure, old-fashioned maple juice, so good in quality that it makes one think of old "sugaring-off" days in the bush near the farm.

But call in or phone and we will see that "she" gets a box in good time. Any selection would make a particularly acceptable gift just now. Prices, 40c to 60c a pound in plain or fancy boxes. Phone Main 536.

FORD'S - 83 KING ST. WEST

MICHIE'S TEAS are regular in their superior quality and flavor

The English Breakfast Blends at 50c. lb. and 60c. lb. are favorites, but there is variety to suit all tastes.

MICHIE & Co., Ltd.

7 KING STREET WEST
Call Main 7591 for connection with any of our 8 phones.

new kind of literature, were composed." There is a deeper note in his remarks of a year before: "I am now—as far as I am able—arranging matters so that my executors and friends shall have as little trouble as possible, should it please God that my life end shortly." Lear's life at San Remo was not an idle one. He painted and sold pictures. In 1884 he sold a "Gethsemane" to Mr. R. W. of North Seatin, Northumberland, "near that place where you and the Venerable Bede used to live together when the papists used to tell you to go to 'L.'" This, we learn, had reference to a verse that used to greet Church of England curates in the streets of Jarrow-on-Tyne:

Protestant minister, quack, quack, quack!
Go to the Devil, and never come back, back, back!

Conscience Makes Cowards.

A QUIET, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a Capitol Hill girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9.30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said:

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the doorknob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on.

After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time so that I could set it."—Denver Post.

The police committee of the Woman's Municipal League, is working to establish in New York, a proper house of detention for women prisoners brought to the night court. The plan is to have the detention house under the same roof as the court. It is to be divided, so that women with children, and young offenders will be separated from habitual criminals. There is to be a woman physician in charge and every effort made to help the women.

Organizations representing more than two thousand Hawaiian women sent a cablegram to the Hawaiian delegate to the U. S. Congress, asking his support for the cause of woman suffrage.



WRITER AND ACTRESS.

Baroness Von Hutten, the author of "Pam" and half a dozen other successful books, has decided that she wishes to become a playwright, and in order to study the technique of the stage not long ago appeared in London in the revival of "Pam and the Fairies," playing the part created by Ellen Terry. Baroness Von Hutten has no intention of adopting the stage as a profession, and it is not likely that she will be seen in any other play.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, APRIL 7, 1910

THE reception held by Her Excellency the Countess Grey, last Thursday night at Lord Strathcona's house on Dorchester street, the temporary vice-regal residence, gave another welcome opportunity—regrettably the last of the kind under this regime—to pay one's respects to the Governor-General and his wife. The reception began at half-past nine. Their Excellencies receiving first in the picture gallery upstairs, until it filled up, and then in the large drawing room on the ground floor. Apartments in the house adjoining also occupied by the Vice-regal household, were arranged for cloak rooms, from which the guests passed to the reception rooms through the connecting conservatory, which was illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Her Excellency's taste for flowers was evident throughout the house, where spring blossoms were lavished in the picture gallery and library, while roses everywhere in the drawing-room filled the air with their perfume. The buffet and table in the dining-room were bright with daffodils. Her Excellency wore a rose-colored silk brocade, made with the overdress and little plaited ruffles of the new-old fashion, finished on the



LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

One of the most popular members of the racing and hunting set in England, Lady Arthur Grosvenor was, prior to her marriage, Miss Helen Sheffield, daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield.

corsage with some fine old lace. Her jewels included a diamond tiara and necklace, and a rope of pearls. Lady Sybil Grey was beautifully gowned in silver gauze tissue over blue, and Lady Evelyn (who left for Halifax the next day to sail for England) was in white satin. The Countess of Lanesborough wore a soft black gown, with crystal bugles and tulle on sleeves and corsage, and her daughter, Lady Eileen Butler, was lovely in a simple gown of crocus hued chiffon over satin. Lady Eileen Roberts was in white, and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, who was also of the house party, wore a black gown with jet garniture. After the formal reception, the orchestra was brought in from the hall, and there was a delightful dance for an hour or two, in which young people and their elders joined. A great many people are out of town, but there was a representative gathering, among those present were the Bishop of Montreal, and Mrs. Farthing, the Mayor of Montreal, Miss Guerin, and Miss Carroll Guerin, Lady Hickson, Sir Melbourne Tait, Sir Edward Clouston, Principal Peterson, Senator David, Miss Stikeman, Miss Muriel Stikeman, Mr. and Mrs. K. Miller, Mrs. Campbell MacDougall and Miss Beatrice MacDougall, Mr. R. Bickerdike, M.P., and Miss Bickerdike, the Rev. Dr. Barclay Dean and Mrs. Moyle, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Baker, Lieut.-Col. Roy and Mrs. Roy, the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Boyer, the Hon. P. E. LeBlanc and Mrs. LeBlanc, Mr. A. R. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lacoste, Miss Thais Lacoste, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, Mrs. James Peck, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Archibald, Miss Maud Mitchell and her nieces, Miss Dorothy Vaughan and Eugenie Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mackenzie, Dr. Alexander Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, Dr. Donald Hingston, Mr. A. A. Allan and his daughter, Miss Doris Allan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Learmont, Lady Van Horne, Miss Van Horne and Mrs. R. B. Van Horne, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Duchastel de Montrouge, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Robidoux and Miss Gilberte Robidoux, Mrs. Charles Bouthillier, (of St. Therese) and Miss Violet Bouthillier, Dr. Turner, Dr. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meighen, Dr. J. G. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Morrissey, Mrs. F. H. Wigmore and Miss Davida Wigmore and Mr. and Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain.

The first of the Church weddings after Easter was also one of the prettiest in color effects and all the details that go to make up the charm of a wedding from the picture point of view. It took place in the Church of the Advent, where Miss Muriel Palet, daughter of Mrs. Alister Mitchell, was married to Mr. G. Reginald Boulter, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Boulter. Mrs. Boulter being in mourning, the wedding was quiet, only about fifty guests being present—relatives and the most intimate friends. The decorations of the church were extremely pretty, pink and white and pale mauve spring flowers, with palms. The Rev. A. J. Doull officiated, and Mr. Mitchell gave his step-daughter away. The little bride wore

a beautiful gown of ivory satin with net over-dress hand embroidered in fine silver threads and seed pearls, producing an exquisitely delicate shimmering effect. The long, square train was edged all round with wide Honiton lace that had belonged to the bride's mother. Her tulle veil was held with a small wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower of orchids. The bridesmaids, Miss Olive Boulter and Miss Brenda Molson, were in the bride's favorite color, blue. Their gowns were of pale blue chiffon, trimmed with silver embroidery over blue satin, and they wore big black picture hats of tulle with large pink roses as trimming, their bouquets being of pink roses. The flower maidens, Violet and Frances Doble, were in dainty frocks of white silk muslin and lace with pink sashes and muslin mob caps, and they carried little flower baskets filled with rose petals, which they strewed in front of the bride as she came down the aisle with her husband after the signing of the register. Mr. Gordon Greenshields was groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. Harry Ashmore, of New York, Mr. Howard Pillow, Mr. Charlie Greenshields and Mr. Walter Ramsay. A reception was held at "The Linton," by the bride's mother, who was wearing a lovely gown of rose cashmere de soie and tulle hat of the same shade with black osprey. She carried a sheaf bouquet of mauve lilac which harmonized effectively with her costume. Mrs. Boulter wore black tissue over white, relieved with some rich old lace, and a black hat with white osprey. The bridegroom's sisters, Mrs. Herbert Wallis and Miss Boulter, were of the immediate wedding party, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Walter Meigs, of New York state, came up for the occasion. After returning from a southern trip, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Boulter will occupy an apartment in "Hampton Court."

The engagement has been announced of Miss Grace Lowrey, daughter of Mrs. Hayter Reed, to Mr. Harold Mayne Daly, son of the Hon. T. Mayne Daly, of Winnipeg. Miss Lowrey and her mother are now on their way home from California, where they spent most of the winter. Another engagement recently announced is that of Miss Violet Cooke, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. P. Cooke, to Mr. Basil L. Delmege.

Mr. Eugene Lafleur, K.C., and Mrs. Lafleur are at Virginia Hot Springs for two or three weeks. Miss Pearl Wainwright has gone with friends to Bermuda. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marling have been spending some time at Saratoga Springs. Mrs. Fred Southam has left to stay at Lakewood, N. J., for some time.

Sir Melbourne and Lady Tait have had the sympathy of many friends in their anxiety over the illness of their son, Stanley, who is now happily on the way to recovery.

Bishop and Mrs. Farthing had as their guest this week at "Bishopscourt," the Rev. Griffith Thomas, the principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.

Dr. A. E. Garrow and Mrs. Garrow have left for England, and will be away until about the end of May.

Mrs. Baumgarten sailed on Tuesday from New York for Germany to spend a couple of months. Miss Mimi Baumgarten, who has been visiting in Germany for some time, will probably return with her mother to enjoy the summer at their charming bungalow in the Laurentians.

The Women's Art Society study class had a most delightful afternoon on Friday, when its members met at 360 Peel street, by kind permission of the hostess, Mrs. James Ross. The meeting was held in the picture gallery, the convener, Mrs. J. R. Hutchins, presiding. The house, which is one of the handsomest in Montreal, combining solid magnificence with home-like comfort and an atmosphere of culture, was open to the visitors, who appreciated the opportunity of seeing the valuable painting hung in the different rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Ross are still away on the Mediterranean trip, but Miss Lambe, an intimate friend of the hostess, did the honors, and assisted by Mrs. D. N. C. Hogg, (wife of Mr. Ross' secretary) served tea in the dining-room.

The Montreal Women's Club celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of its Charter Day by a luncheon at the Place Viger Hotel, on Monday, April 4th. Mrs. Alfred Ross Grafton presided, with Mrs. John Lovell and Mrs. W. S. Barnes, original charter members, on either hand, and next to them two former presidents, Miss Eglanch and Miss M. L. Ferguson. After the luncheon and a toast to the King—(drunk in Laurentian water), short speeches were made on "Our Own City," the club's history and ideals, the club and the college girl, and so on. Miss Atwater sang two solos, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. C. T. Shaw, of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club. The celebration was altogether very enjoyable and successful.

The American Presbyterian Church congregation were more than usually interested in the marriage of Miss Sawtell and the Rev. John R. MacCrimmon, as the bride has been for several years an active helper in the Church's Mission and philanthropic work. The wedding took place at the bride's home, in the drawing-room, which was decorated for the occasion with Easter lilies and palms. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, and the bride was given away by her father, Mr. Edward Sawtell. She wore a white satin gown, with veil and orange blossoms, and was attended by her sister, Miss Bessie Sawtell, and two small flower-girls, her niece, Marjorie Varcoe, of Grand Valley, Ont., and Diana Hamilton, of Ottawa. Mr. J. Saxton Fraser, of Ottawa, was best man. Among the many wedding gifts was a very handsome cabinet of silver from the members of the American Presbyterian Church, and a marble clock from teachers and officers of the Inspector street Mission, while the Mission children subscribed for the gift of a Bible. After their honeymoon trip to Atlantic City, the Rev. Mr. MacCrimmon and his "helpmate"—to use an old-fashioned term particularly appropriate—will enter on a new field of work at Williamsburg, Ont.

The balmy of April weather smiled on the wedding

Redfern Whalebone Corsets—The Corsets of the Season.

Fashion requires that the form shall be slightly curved at the waist and over the hips, instead of the rather straight lines that have obtained.

Redfern Models are superior from every point of view—the correct base for the fashionable woman's gowning. Elegant ease, comfortable—sitting, walking or standing.



We have the exclusive sale of Redfern Corsets for Toronto.

\$4.00 to \$9.00 per pair.

The Robert SIMPSON Company Limited

day of Miss Olive Carson, daughter of Lieut.-Col. John Carson and Mrs. Carson, whose marriage to Mr. Irving Rexford took place in St. Stephen's church on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's father, the Rev. Dr. E. I. Rexford, of the Diocesan Theological College, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Evans, the service being full choral. The church was lavishly decorated with spring flowers. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white satin, hand-embroidered, with pearls wrought into the design, and rose point lace trimming the bodice, a long tulle veil and orange blossoms, and a single piece of jewelry, a diamond pendant, the groom's gift. She carried a "shower" of roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids, Miss Gwen-doline Carson and Miss Eva Rexford, were dressed alike in rose pink crepe de chine and white hats trimmed with pink roses, and their bouquets were of pink roses. Dr. F. F. Harrower, of Philadelphia, the groom's cousin, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Wilfred Brotherhood, R. Tippet, R. Hepburn, and A. Bayne. Following the church service, Mrs. Carson held a reception at 4113 Sherbrooke street, where the floral decorations were prettily arranged in pink and white. Mrs. Carson was wearing a handsome gown of periwinkle blue velvet embroidered in gold and silver and draped with tulle, and a blue hat with g armiture of roses interspersed with periwinkle flowers. Mrs. Rexford wore black lace over purple silk, and a black jetted toque. There were a number of out-of-town guests, among them Dr. Rexford's sister, Mrs. Harrower, of Philadelphia, and the bride's uncle and aunt, D. and Mrs. Bascom, of Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Rexford have left to spend the honeymoon in Bermuda. They will reside at 457 Mount Pleasant avenue.

Centenarians Usually Poor.

The majority of the centenarians have been poor people who led a very simple life. A few rich men, as Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to be 101, have reached a very high age, but they are very exceptional. In spite of the enormous difference in numbers of the rich and which makes comparisons difficult, one may nevertheless affirm that wealth does not tend to promote a long life. Poverty carries with it sobriety, especially in old men, and it has been settled that sobriety tends to prolong life, and that most centenarians have been men of very sober habits. They have not all followed the example of the famous Cornaro, who ended by consuming only twelve ounces of solid nourishment, and fourteen ounces of wine, and who in spite of his poor health lived to be 100 years old. A number of centenarians are known indeed to have been drunkards, as the surgeon Politman, who died 110 years old in 1795, and who "was in the habit of being drunk every night after spending the day performing difficult surgical operations." Another example is the Irishman Brown, who lived 120 years and who had the inscription placed on his tombstone that "he was always drunk, and while in

this state looked so terrible that even death was afraid of him." From all this it is seen that when you are tempted to attribute long life to a certain factor you discover your mistake as soon as you look into a sufficient number of cases. It is, nevertheless, certain that a good constitution and simple habits promote long life, but there is besides these some mysterious hidden factor.

A number of Chinese girls who received their training in San Francisco, have just begun work in Pekin as central operators in the recently established telephone system.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth is planning to establish a Hope Hall for the convicts of Louisiana.



A POPULAR AMERICAN.

Among the best known New Yorkers is Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who was Miss Vanderbilt. Among Mrs. Whitney's chief interests in life is music and she is frequently seen at the Opera. She is also devoted to horses and is much interested in horse shows and races.



THE "Seal Brand" Trademark

guarantees three things—full weight, extra strength and delicious flavor.

And the largest distributors of high-class coffee in the world are behind the "Seal Brand" Trademark.

Ask your grocer for

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

Always in 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never sold in bulk.

114 CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

EXPERTS WITH CURTAINS

Lace Curtains are the most difficult articles to clean—they are so easily torn. Unless great care is taken it is very easy to ruin an expensive pair of curtains beyond repair. At these works muslin, net and lace curtains are cleaned by skilled work people and most careful methods, and rendered white, cream, coral, or any color desired. If a curtain is very faded or stained we recommend dyeing. We dye all the subdued art shades, such as golden brown, terra cotta, olive, peacock, etc. Dirty, soiled curtains cleaned or dyed at these works are returned to you practically the same as new. Call at or write to your nearest branch for prices and full particulars.

R. PARKER & CO.
Canada's Largest Dyers and Cleaners.

201 and 791 Yonge St., Toronto. Can. Branches and Agencies in all principal cities and towns.

"The Quality goes in before the Name goes on."



BREDIN'S HOME-MADE Bread

If people were as greatly agitated over bread quality as they are over water purity, we'd have a healthier folk—and that's no idle guess.

If you have not been a "consumer" of

Bredin's Home-made Bread,

Buy a loaf and compare it with some of the sad and sour products from some ovens which are accepted as the "staff of life" for many a family in this city.

Bredin's "Home-made" is always the same beautifully and uniformly-cooked loaf—healthy and nutritious.

5 cents.

Phone College 761, or Parkdale 1585. The bakeries are at 160-164 Avenue road and Bloor and Dundas streets. Largest and most modern appointed and equipped in the Dominion of Canada.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE
THE PURIST ON THE MARKET
Sole Importers, Wm. C. O'Brien & Co.



Concerning Costumes.

THE coats of some of the new suits are very attractive and show rather unusual features. In one suit, where the skirt is quite plain, the dark blue coat comes well below the hips and is finished with a band of silk of the same hue done in a scroll design in silk braid. The coat is double-breasted and fastens invisibly at the left side, where a single lapel turns back to show the embroidery, which matches the band on the coat. A similar use of the embroidery is shown in the circular effect which finishes the low-cut neck and appears in bands on the sleeves above the elbows.

Another dainty suit with pleated skirt and deep hip yoke has a pretty coat which has several distinctive features. The material used in the suit is pale grey broadcloth. The coat, which is single-breasted, and of short length, fastens with three gun metal buttons which centre frog-like ornaments of grey silk and braid, which are several inches long and are applied on the slant. The collar, which is of the modified shawl variety, and the deep turned-back cuffs, are of gun metal moire.

A smart little costume of dark brown cloth is distinguished by the oddly shaped sections in which it is stitched. The skirt is stitched in a deep vandyke, the lower points of which come as low as the knees. The same effect is obtained in the little coat, which has two rows of vandyke stitching, one coming about the natural waist line, and the other below the shoulders. The coat is cut away in front and has revers and collar of the material.

A smart little one-piece suit suitable for a young girl is carried out in the new bright blue. The ankle length skirt is quite plain save for the line of stitching which makes a panel-like effect in the front to about a foot above the hem, where it turns off to encircle the skirt. Above the line of stitching and following it closely is a narrow fold of blue and white hairline goods. The jumper-like upper part of the dress fastens at the left side with groups of buttons arranged in threes. The neck is cut in a very low square both back and front, underneath which is a tight fitting bodice of the striped goods, the sleeves being made in one piece with it. A blue leather belt finishes the dress, with which comes a rather long semi-fitting coat of the blue cloth with revers and turned-back cuffs of the striped material.

Mourning Hats.

IN spite of the fact that this is a season marked by a perfect riot of color in millinery, some very pretty mourning hats are being turned out by the good designers. One delightful little turban is of crin twisted into a becoming shape, the brim, which fits closely to the head, being of jet mounted on net and intermingled with chenille. The only trimming is a saucy little aigrette of black, which is so placed at the left that it looks as if a hole had been punched in the crown to permit the wired end to be hidden out of sight.

Black net and chenille, relieved with a few jet sequins, cover a large bicorne shape which turns up both back and front in rather high effect. The trimming to this smart little bit of headgear consists of black silk roses fashioned into rosettes and placed at the corners, where the hat turns up sharply at the sides. With this hat come two big jet hatpins, one of which has a small mirror and powder puff hidden in its top.

A very large black crin hat, slightly turned up at the left, is trimmed with a narrow fold of crepe, which encircles the high round crown. A large buckle made of black violets is placed to the left and serves to hold in place the two wide quills, with pointed ends, which form the only other trimming.

Some Smart Frocks.

GRACE and charm of outline characterize many of the one-piece afternoon dresses intended for wear on ceremonious occasions. A very charming example of this sort of dress I saw in New York the other day, the wearer being a tall slight and very willowy girl with dark hair and eyes and a clear dark complexion. Her dress was of moire in the new shade, which is neither plum color nor purple, but is almost both. Its princess lines were



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A FLYING COSTUME.

This aeroplane costume of mole broadcloth is said to combine comfort with utility and consists of a "skirt" of somewhat full trousers which can be converted into a walking and automobile skirt. The high-necked blouse-coat is held snugly at the waist by a patent leather belt.

very good and it ended in a long train, the dress being very long all around. Over the moire and following it closely in line except at the shoulders, where it was separated both back and front in surplice fashion, was one of the new marisettes of the same tone as the foundation. This overdress was embroidered in a narrow floral design all along the hem and train, the same design being used on the sleeves. Where the surplice effect was caught at the high waist line in the back and at the bust line in front, small enamelled ornaments in shades of purple were used. With this dress was worn a big bicorne of chip the shade of the dress, faced with velvet in the same tone, and trimmed with two feathers of the same shade.

Another equally attractive dress was of black marisette and crepe, the former, which formed a sort of overskirt, being drawn back on the train where it was finished in a big knot and bow. The bodice, which had a fichu effect of the marisette, was slightly open in a V in front. The elbow sleeves were finished with embroidered bands, and an embroidered belt finished the gown. The hat worn with this was a big black crinoline affair twisted up at the left side with a big jet buckle, which held a sweeping black and white bunch of ospreys in place.

VOGUE.



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

HEAD AND HAIR DRESSING.

The up-to-date method of hair-dressing illustrated is decidedly suggestive of the artificially deformed heads of the native girls on the upper Changy River at Nouvelle Anvers, Africa, whose style of head-dressing is also shown. The new Spring hats demand the style of hair-dressing shown and already it has become very popular in the United States. In Nouvelle Anvers the heads of the girls are artificially shaped, the treatment beginning early in life. Fashion has demanded a good many things of the American woman, but as yet she is allowed to dress her hair to suit the prevailing style instead of being called upon to alter the shape of her head.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

57 Years' Growth in Merchandising

Home Furnishings of Quality and Taste

OUR Drapery, Cretonne and Lace Curtain Departments are replete with the products of Europe.

We cordially invite you to make a visit of inspection and allow us to demonstrate our ability to give you just the fabric you need and at the right price.

We have constantly in stock a wealth of Draperies, including Silk Damasks, Brocades, Tapestries, Silk and Linen Velours, and many new and novel weaves not hitherto shown in this city. The many varieties of Casement Cloths we carry will prove a source of delight and education in themselves.

In our Cretonne Section, we have a bright, new stock, which has been carefully selected, and the taste and designs displayed rank second to none. The whole selection is exclusive, and the colorings and designs cannot be obtained elsewhere. Prices, 25c. to \$3.00 per yard.

We will be glad to submit sketches, color plans, and estimates covering your requirements in Draperies, etc., and also for the re-covering of old furniture and slip-covers.

Do not overlook our Window Shades, either. Let us give you estimates for your new homes. You will be pleased with both quality and prices.

W.A. Murray & Co. 17 to 31 King St. East, Toronto
10 to 20 Colborne St. Toronto
10 to 12 St. Nicholas St. Toronto



WHAT \$39.50 WILL DO

A Household Supplied Direct from the Looms

Two Damask Cloths, 2 by 2 yards.	Four Tea Cloths.
One Damask Cloth, 2 by 2 1/2 yards.	Four Kitchen Rubbers.
6 Dinner Napkins.	Two Roller Towels.
Two Tray Cloths.	Six Dusters.
One Damask Sideboard Cloth.	Two Pudding Cloths.
Two Kitchen Table Cloths.	Three Dish Cloths.
Two pairs Cotton Sheets, 2 1/2 by 3 yards.	One pair Double Bed Blankets.
Two pairs Cotton Sheets, 2 by 3 yards.	One Under Blanket.
Six Cotton Pillow Covers.	One pair Single Bed Blankets.
Two pairs servants' strong Sheets.	One Under Blanket.
Two servants' Pillow Covers.	One Large White Quilt.
Six Linen Bedroom Towels.	One pair servants' Blankets.
Three servants' Towels.	One Under Blanket.
Three White Bath Towels.	One Colored Quilt.
Four Glass Cloths.	Two White Toilet Covers.
	One servants' Toilet Cover.

This complete package of thoroughly reliable goods sent on receipt of the above. Carriage paid to Canadian Ocean Port, Montreal or Halifax.

ADDRESS:

Walpoles' IRISH LINENS

44v Bedford Street, BELFAST, Ireland

SUMMERS & WIGGINS

471 & 473 Spadina Crescent, Toronto

Telephone College 2194

Specialists in high class home decorations
DRAPERIES, UPHOLSTERING and WALLPAPER

We submit original and exclusive designs for mural decorations and draperies in any period style, and show samples of all the new imported wall papers, drapery, and upholstery fabrics, madras, chintzes, taffetas, silks, art linens, casement cloths and nettings.

We plan structural alterations and re-model interiors to conform to modern taste.

We Have a Combined Experience of 86 Years

SUMMERS & WIGGINS

PAINTERS

DECORATORS

UPHOLSTERERS

The service we render your eyes in removing defects of vision is the best.

Expert Opticians

can render anywhere.

For fifty years the "Potter House" has stood for careful and painstaking work and eye-testing, the locating of trouble, and furnishing such glasses as most completely meet the individual needs.

Correct Glasses from our own tests, or the prescription of your physician.

CHAS. POTTER

The Reliable Optician

85 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

A Child's pride in "possession"

is a natural instinct which can be tactfully guided into useful directions.

The pride of having "my very own" tin of

Calvert's Tooth Powder

together with the pleasing flavour which distinguishes this well-known dentifrice, will induce a child to take care of the teeth at an age when the importance of this habit can hardly be appreciated.

Parents, however, know that the teeth need daily antiseptic cleansing, and will be ready to encourage the habit by providing, when the sample is done, a larger tin of Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder.

YOUR DRUGGIST SELLS IT.

Tins, 15c., 30c., and 45c.
Sprinkler-top glass jar, 35c.

FOR A TRIAL SAMPLE
send 2c. stamp to F.C. Calvert & Co.,
349, Dorchester St. West, Montreal.

A Shopping Bank

Ladies all over the city will find the new branch of The Traders Bank very convenient. The advantage of having their deposits at a bank in the centre of the shopping district and convenient to the two principal transfer corners is at once apparent.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS, 7.30 TO 9 O'CLOCK

P. A. VALE, Manager.

"How's the Furnace?"

That's a question that agitates the mind of the householder more than once a day. His worry disappears when he buys Crown Coal. The steady, even heat which it gives as a result of slow, steady combustion reduces furnace tending to a minimum.

Phones Main 6053 and 6054.

CROWN COAL CO. LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: 97 KING ST. WEST

DOMESTIC service is what you get when you send your laundry to us. Such service implies care of buttons, buttonholes, and collar edges, and a clean, refined finish to your white wear. Put it up to us with a sample parcel. We'll make good.

The Yorkville Laundry
Phone M. 1260. 47 ELM ST.



LONDON, MARCH 26, 1910.

THESE are the Easter holidays, and as Easter holidays are rather an important factor in English life, they are worth a paragraph to themselves. For one thing they last so long. A large number of business houses, offices, and some shops are closed from the evening of Holy Thursday until Tuesday morning, thus allowing the clerks a chance to have an outing in the country, or even a short stay at some nearby continental spot over Easter. All the railways run excursions, many of them good for two weeks, at surprisingly low rates. For days beforehand one reads in the newspapers the advertisements of trips to Rome, the Riviera, Paris, Holland and Belgium for so small a sum that it is no wonder over a million people have left London within the past three days for the continent or for some part of England. The south coast is doing a wonderful business, and the hotels are turning people away. The weather is beautiful, which is another reason for the unprecedented rush to get away from town.

Good Friday is the strictest church holiday of the whole year in England. There is no Sunday so faithfully observed, and regarded with so much solemnity as Good Friday. On Sunday the museums and picture galleries are open. On Good Friday every theatre and music hall is closed, all the shops and offices are closed, and every gallery and museum and other place of public amusement is shut up. Except the people going to one or other of the many churches, and the East-End people doing the West-End for a holiday treat, fashionable London is deserted. Bishops preach in music halls, dedicated on other days to dancers, singers and stars of the "legit," who have condescended to the halls; and the three hours' service is almost universal. The people who, for some reason or other, have not been able to go away for Easter, through Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, as well as the less important places of worship, to listen to addresses, and to sing the familiar hymns for Holy Week. Curious customs are peculiar to Good Friday. At the old priory church of St. Bartholomew, well known to visitors to London, twenty-one old women were given sixpence each, which had to be picked from a gravestone in the churchyard. This charity was founded five hundred years ago by a lady who desired that the recipients of her bounty should pray for her soul every Good Friday. Nowadays one has to scramble up a ladder and through a window to get to this gravestone, but the twenty-one valiant old women climbed through and picked their sixpences off the gravestone, being afterwards treated to two hot cross buns each, bought with the balance of the money from which the sixpences were taken.

THE question of another general election is still agitating the minds of all those who take an interest in politics, but no one seems to know anything; it is all guess-work. It is pretty certain that none of the politicians are eager for another struggle so soon again, while their money-bags are still so light. Neither does the Opposition feel very anxious to take over the financial affairs of the country while they are in such a chaotic state.

A very wonderful historic event passed with comparatively little notice, when one considers what it meant in conservative England. This was the passing of Lord Rosebery's third resolution for the suggested reform of the House of Lords, declaring that the possession of a peerage does not of itself give a peer the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. It was a startling instance of the changes being wrought in English feeling that this was passed by the Lords by 175 to 17. The two heroes of this division were Lord Wemyss, who is ninety-three, and Lord Halsbury, who is active and energetic at eighty-five. These two old peers acted as tellers, and as they are both strong on the hereditary principle, must have mourned over what England was coming to, in these democratic days, when the peers could pass such a resolution as would (if it became law) cut their heirs off from the right to sit in the House of Lords.

M. R. J. M. CLARK, K.C., of Toronto, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on St. Patrick's Day by the Imperial Co-operation League, when he spoke on "Canada and the Navy" to a few ladies and a number of prominent men, including Lords Strathcona and Onslow. Col. Seely, M.P., Under-Secretary for the Colonies, presided, and made a very good chairman. Among others present were Sir Charles and Lady Bruce, who have recently been in distant parts of the earth, investigating the causes, etc., of sleeping sickness; Mr. Richard Jebb, the defeated candidate for East Marylebone at the general election, and a number of other people interested in Imperial affairs. The chairman spoke in high terms of Hon. L. P. Brodeur, and regretted the illness which had prevented his taking an active part in the debate in the Canadian House on the naval question. Mr. Clark gave a brief resume of what Canada thinks of the above matter,



A CHARMING ENGLISH GIRL.
Miss Doreen Milner is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, Bart.

and went on to suggest, humorously, that the House of Lords should be transplanted to Canada, and the Canadian Senate settled at Westminster, which would give a Liberal majority of two to one. He further hoped that the legal tribunal of the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, for which Mr. Clark expressed great admiration, would be merged into one great Imperial Court of Appeal. Lord Strathcona, who said a few words, looked well, and spoke clearly. He is regarded as one of the wonders of London when one considers his great activity and his advanced age.

WOMEN are being honored in fields hitherto considered quite the property of men. Lady St. Helier, Miss Susan Lawrence, and Miss Adler, who are the women members of the London County Council, have been showing a remarkable devotion to the duties they have undertaken by attending an all-night session of the L.C.C. It began at two one afternoon, and finished at eight the next morning, but the ladies stuck to their posts, and voted for what they wanted passed, and generally won the public attention.

Unhappily the ladies are not so pleased and admiring of male methods as might have been hoped. They think there is a good deal of time wasted, and much unnecessary talking done. This is carrying the war into the enemies' country with a vengeance. At one time male persons connected with public affairs could return to their homes, like wounded warriors, to tell of what they suffered in the cause of duty to their country, but now that women are on the London County Council, it is possible that clay feet may be exposed. Thus are our illusions shattered with the advance of knowledge.

Other women at the moment occupying positions which testify to their high standing, and the value put upon their brains, and judgment, are Lady Frances Balfour and Mrs. Tennant, who are the only ladies on the Divorce Commission, which is, as you know, enquiring into facts and conditions with a view to recommending changes in the divorce laws of England. Lady Frances is the sister of the Duke of Argyll, and keenly interested in such big questions as women's suffrage and others affecting the rights of women. Mrs. Tennant, who is the second wife of Mrs. Asquith's brother, was formerly an Inspector of Factories, so she brings a good deal of practical experience to her work. One of the serious facts bearing upon the divorce question is that there are so many early marriages in England. In London alone there are 14,000 married persons under twenty, and in the whole of England and Wales, 83,000. In the prisons, out of a total of 800 persons, more than a quarter are married. Of the London husbands who are under age, more than 2,000 do not live with their wives.

M. E. MacL. M.

Concerning Ghosts.

ARE there such things as ghosts? The incredulity with which the question is often asked is paralleled by the passionate belief with which the affirmative answer is often stated. That there are apparitions is granted even by the most sceptical investigators. But, whereas the impressionable seer of ghosts believes they are supernatural, the colder scientist says they are nothing but hallucinations. Frank Podmore, the English "ghost hunter," has much to say of the attendant circumstances in most ghost seeing, circumstances which do much to weaken the value of the testimony of the seer. Almost invariably there are mysterious noises, by which the witness is put in a state of nervous alarm. Then comes the vision, which often takes terrifying form. Is the ghost seer viewing something objective and external, or is he merely contemplating an image created by his own imagination? Of the good faith of many people who say they have seen ghosts there can be no question; but Mr. Podmore shakes his head as to their credibility.

And yet, when the testimony of people who believe they have seen ghosts has been attenuated to the utmost, people will still believe, says a recent writer. Science may discredit evidence; but it cannot prove that ghosts do not exist. Throughout the ages there is a cumulative mass of testimony which, though it does not amount to proof, yet commands shuddering respect. The sternest materialism will not eliminate from people's minds that credence in the unknown and the undemonstrable which has been handed down to them from the beginnings of time.

Plato himself accepted the existence of ghosts, and he makes Socrates explain their frequenting of graveyards. These ghosts, says the great Athenian, long to re-enter the body in which they could gratify their desires. It is hopeless, but memory tortures them with vain affection for the fleshly abode in which they formerly dwelt. Shakespeare is full of allusions to the dwellers in the realm of shadows. But he, too, knows the meaning of philosophic doubt; for he makes Hamlet wonder whether the image of his father may not be some coinage of his fancy. He hesitates between contrary opinions, but inclines toward belief in the supernatural. He says to his friend:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

From Shakespeare's day to now we have advanced in one particular. We know more of the composition of the brain and the susceptibilities of nervous tissue. We are assured to-day that a man may honestly believe he sees a ghost, and yet see nothing but the projection of an image within his own brain. But as to the existence or non-existence of ghosts, we are as ignorant as the ancient Egyptian or the modern redskin. Reason learnedly as we may, we cannot eradicate from our mind that vague feeling, half fear, half hope, that ghosts may be. Sir Thomas Browne touches on this matter with characteristic quaintness. Some people, he says, hope to see a ghost that they may be persuaded of the immortality of the soul. But he adds that the devil will never let them see one; for that would be to turn them away from himself.

Mrs. Harriet Johnson Wood, a New York lawyer, recently delivered an address on "The Legal Status of Women in New Jersey," in which she held that the early right of suffrage possessed by women of New Jersey, still existed.

WESTON'S REAL HOME MADE BREAD

is the

BREAD to test

first. There will be no trouble afterwards. It is made of the best wheat and baked to eat.

Try a loaf to-day.

Price 5 and 10 cents.

GEO. WESTON

Manufacturer

Main 329

Every woman owes to herself the luxury and the comfort to be derived from GALT FLEECE.

No other wearing apparel gives to its wearer so delightful a sense of enjoyment and comfort as

Galtfleece EIDERDOWN

GARMENTS FOR WOMEN

These garments are not unattractive, as many about-the-house gowns are—they are stylish as well as comfortable and should be worn by every dainty woman.

Let us send you a free sample, and booklet on Galtfleece. Write for it to-day.

The Galt Knitting Co., Ltd.
GALT, ONT.



How Do Flowers Grow?

It doesn't matter how they grow we bring them nearest perfection.

American Beauty Roses, Orchids, Valley and all varieties.

Send for Price List

120 KING ST. W. **Dillemoth FLORIST** 488 SPADINA AVE.



Make Ironing Pleasant Work by Using an

ELECTRIC IRON

ASK FOR ONE ON FREE TRIAL. . . .

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited
14 Adelaide St. East

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, LIMITED

REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers

TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.

IRISH LINEN Linen Sheet, 2 yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 15 in. wide, 8c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 75c. per doz. Glass Cloth, \$1.18 per doz. Linen Diaper, 25c. per yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Flax Napkins, 54c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 23 yards square, 94c.; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23 each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.33 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, \$8.52 per half doz. (To measure 43c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gause Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$3.38 the half-dozen.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Ireland have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Children's from 30c. per doz.; Ladies' from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 60c. to \$3.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to \$6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all new—est shapes from \$1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from \$1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 54c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, \$1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, \$52.68; Bridal Trouseaux, \$52.04; Infants' Layettes, \$15.00. (Send for list.) N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegal Place, Belfast, Ireland

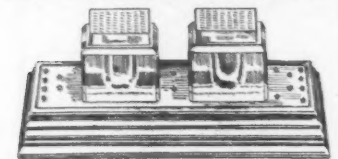
Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Liberty Cretonnes
are ideal fabrics for the summer house or town bedroom. In quaint designs and charming colorings, they are truly delightful to the eye. These qualities and the fact that they are also inexpensive will at once commend them to those desiring artistic rooms at a low cost. Write for Samples.

THE
THORNTON-SMITH
Company
11 King St. W.,
TORONTO

We Make and Keep a
MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF



INK STANDS
OFFICE WOOD BASE CRYSTAL
BOTTLES
CUT AND PRESSED GLASS
METAL AND PEWTER



Greatest Assortment of Every
Make.

BROWN BROS.
Limited
51-53 Wellington Street
Toronto



The Season's
Newest in
Ladies' Hand Bags

This Spring we are showing
a larger line than ever in all the
latest European and American
designs in both small and large
sizes. Prices, \$1 to \$35.00.

The **JULIAN SALE**
Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 King St. W., Toronto

By **Chas. M. Henderson & Co.**
87-89 King Street East

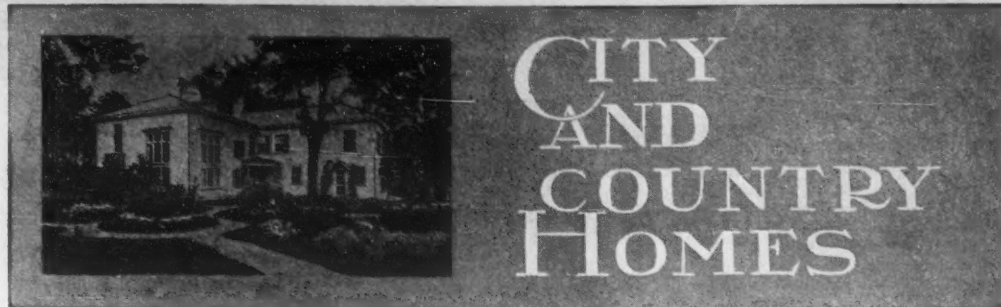
ART SALE

About 100 Oil and Water Color
Paintings, Canadian, Dutch and
Welsh scenery, by W. M. Cutts,
A.R.C.A., and Gertrude Spurr Cutts,
A.R.C.A.,

ON
Tuesday Afternoon
THE 12th APRIL
AT OUR ART GALLERY

On view two days previous to sale.
Owing to Mr. and Mrs. Cutts leaving
for Europe we have been instructed
to sell their entire collection.

Catalogues ready on the 7th.
Sale at 2.30 sharp.
CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.,
Auctioneers.



CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

Advice to Home Builders.

MANY a home-builder, entering upon a building project for the first time, is not fully alive to the need of good business methods and habits in his dealings with architect and contractor. There are many occasions when misunderstandings arise which may be avoided through very simple means. The most frequent cause of trouble is due to the fact that instructions are given verbally by the owner to the architect, over the telephone or in office conversations. If instructions could always be in writing and the owner could retain a copy, the chance of trouble would be reduced to a minimum. For women, this requirement would be not only irksome but often impossible of fulfilment. The best way to proceed, in case the owner finds it impossible to keep a record of his instructions, is to always request the architect to confirm a telephone message, a conversation or even a written communication, by letter as soon as possible after the receipt of the instructions. This increases the work for the architect but he would generally prefer to add to his labors if by so doing he can feel in perfect accord with his client and place himself on record regarding his understanding of his client's wishes. Sometimes a client is disappointed because a certain finish or a color is not what he expected. There is one good way to guard against this difficulty and that is for the owner to request samples and to sign his name on those which he wishes to have followed. If the finished result is not like the sample, the contractor will be obliged to do the work over again.

The question of extras is of great importance and, rightly handled, may present little or no difficulty. When the time comes to sign plans and specifications, it would be well if the owner would ask the architect to give him a list of the items that have not been included in the contract, but which are usually a necessary part of the equipment of a comfortable home, such as blinds, storm sash, screen doors, screen for windows, awnings, flower boxes, hanging shelves in cellar, hardware, lighting fixtures, kitchen range, laundry stove, water heater, mantels, tinting, wall-papering, etc. These are the principal items that are quite frequently omitted from the specifications. It is perfectly legitimate to leave them out, provided the owner has taken them all into account and knows approximately what they will cost.

The writer believes the better way is to include them in the specifications and obtain estimates covering every necessary item. If, then, the estimates are high, omissions can be made to reduce the cost. It is well known that loosely drawn specifications will secure low bids. The estimator sees at a glance that there will be a large bill of extras and they plan to make their main profit in that way. They do not feel responsible for the loose specifications and they do not feel called upon to advise the owner to the disparagement of the architect. Specifications are much more important than owners generally realize. Drawings occupy his chief attention and when the bulky sheets of typewriting are put up to him for approval he very naturally is inclined to feel that here is a technical side of the subject of which he knows nothing and which he is entirely willing to leave to his architect. It is not necessary for the owner to read the specifications with the intention of criticising the phraseology or the technical points. If he is a lawyer he will possibly run over the pages to test their legal strength. If he is an engineer or a builder he will possibly wish to see whether his architect has followed the prevailing customs regarding methods of construction. But the chief reason why an owner should study the specifications is to ascertain what omissions, if any, have been made. Although the specifications may have been written with great care, extras may easily arise through the wish of the owner to change the building more or less radically, during construction. Such changes should be ordered by the owner in writing and he should keep a copy of his order.—*American Homes and Gardens.*

Design for a Country Home.

This week is presented to the readers of this department a design for a large house especially adapted to a rural site. It is a type of building which will be seen to the best advantage on a slight elevation with plenty of open space in its immediate vicinity. The house is built entirely on a foundation of field stone. Everywhere is open construction with both porches and rafters exposed. Cypress is the material used in the exterior of the house, being employed in various forms, but equally as good results could possibly be obtained from other species of wood. The weather boardings are thick and broad, as are the shingles, so that the angle of their projection one upon the other is deep enough to throw a shadow, and thus even at a distance the walls retain the rugged character of their construction. The roof is of low pitch, with a projection of four feet at the eaves. The lower storey and part of the second is covered with eight-inch weather boarding seven-eighths of an inch thick. This surface is varied by two belt courses of four-inch boards, laid flat and stained a darker color than the rest of the house. Between the upper belt course and the eaves, rived shingles are used. In the gable, narrow V-jointed boards are laid vertically, with a flat band matching the board courses in color, forming the finish between the vertical boards and the shingles, and running around the house at the line of the eaves. The effect of these three courses of darker color is to take away from the height of the house and give it a low bungalow-like effect in spite of its three stories. The windows all over the house are much the same, protected by a projecting hood; the large windows are made with a stationary panel, on either side of which a single casement opens outward. The smaller windows have a casement placed between a stationary panel of the same size. The entrance door is panelled with a group of square lights at the top, and opens on a small porch of stone with stone posts at either side of the steps. Large wooden pillars support the roof, which protects the porch and makes it practically an outdoor room. The design gives ample opportunity for the display of personal taste and preference in the interior arrangements.

acter of their construction. The roof is of low pitch, with a projection of four feet at the eaves. The lower storey and part of the second is covered with eight-inch weather boarding seven-eighths of an inch thick. This surface is varied by two belt courses of four-inch boards, laid flat and stained a darker color than the rest of the house. Between the upper belt course and the eaves, rived shingles are used. In the gable, narrow V-jointed boards are laid vertically, with a flat band matching the board courses in color, forming the finish between the vertical boards and the shingles, and running around the house at the line of the eaves. The effect of these three courses of darker color is to take away from the height of the house and give it a low bungalow-like effect in spite of its three stories. The windows all over the house are much the same, protected by a projecting hood; the large windows are made with a stationary panel, on either side of which a single casement opens outward. The smaller windows have a casement placed between a stationary panel of the same size. The entrance door is panelled with a group of square lights at the top, and opens on a small porch of stone with stone posts at either side of the steps. Large wooden pillars support the roof, which protects the porch and makes it practically an outdoor room. The design gives ample opportunity for the display of personal taste and preference in the interior arrangements.

Bacteria in Green Plants.

FOR once the bacteriologists and hygienists, who usually appear to delight in alarming timid folk, announce a discovery which will reassure those persons who are afraid to eat green vegetables. Manau thought that he had discovered soil microbes in the interior of vegetable stalks. From this discovery resulted the condemnation of sewage farms and, indeed, of all market gardening as it is ordinarily practised, with the employment of manure. Fortunately this opinion has not been shared by all bacteriologists. In order to solve this problem, which is so important from the hygienic point of view, Remlinger and Nouri have undertaken a series of experiments, in which they endeavored, by every possible means, to infect plants with microbes. In every case, however, they found it impossible to obtain colonies of microbes from the interior parts of the plants thus infected. Hence they conclude that the microbes in the soil do not penetrate into the interior of plants, but remain entirely upon the surface.—*Scientific American.*

How to Embellish Cheap Furniture.

To every professional cabinetmaker the problem has doubtless been already presented of making cheap furniture, which, in spite of the lowest price, should present to the eye a pleasing appearance. Carving or tarsia (inlaid) work cannot, of course, be thought of in this connection, as these would materially raise the price of the furniture. The following procedure will, accordingly, enable the joiner to decorate his furniture in a beautiful and appropriate way without the necessity of enlisting therefore the aid of other professional artisans.

Every joiner is expected to have had some practice in drawing and to be capable, therefore, of getting up designs for the decoration of panels, front-pieces of drawers, etc. This drawing he has, accordingly, to transfer by means of tracing paper upon the portions of the wood to be decorated and to fill the ornament or the ground, according to the effect intended, with gum arabic. The gum must not be too weak in order that it may properly cover the parts smeared, and must also be entirely colorless, for otherwise the wood becomes stained. Then, after having allowed the parts to dry for a day, the panels, etc., should be rubbed by means of a woollen rag vigorously, though sparingly, with printer's ink previously diluted with a little petroleum, so that the wood may receive a uniform coloring. This ink can be obtained in all shades and one may therefore choose the tint which will harmonize with the given stain of the wood. The whole must then be wiped off with a sponge, whereby the gum is dissolved and the parts that were covered remain standing out with distinctness. The gum must, of course, be entirely washed off and particular care should be given to this point.

If the ground has been rubbed in, the ornament in that case being left untouched, then it becomes an easy matter to color the same with ordinary water stain, inasmuch as the printers' ink, by reason of its fatty contents, does not take any water staining. The furniture is now treated as usual—either waxed or polished; whereby the fatty nature of the ink renders very good service.

For such manner of ornamentation only light woods are, of course, adapted, such as fir, pine, ash, maple,

ANALYSIS OF *St. Lawrence* Sugar THE STANDARD OF PURITY

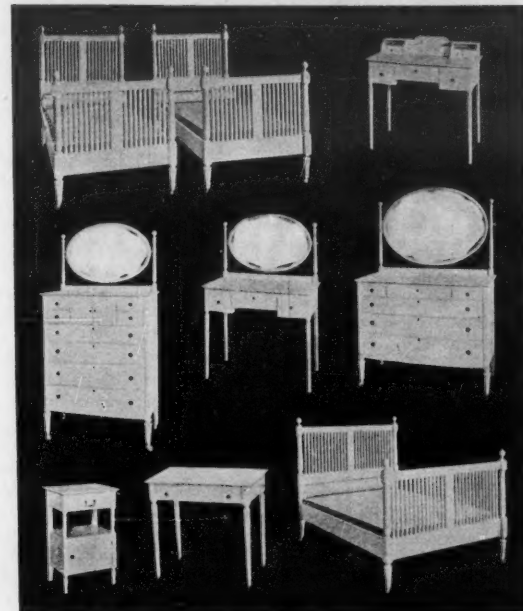
Laboratory of Provincial Government Analyst.

MONTREAL, 22nd February, 1908.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have drawn by my own hand ten samples of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co's EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from four lots of about 150 barrels each and six lots of about 450 bags each. I have analyzed same and find them uniformly to contain 99.99/100 to 100 per cent of pure cane sugar, with no impurities whatever.

(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M.Sc. LL.D.
Provincial Government Analyst.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company Limited, Montreal. 20



LOUIS XVI. SUITE.

For Your Guest Chamber

Nothing is more inviting than white or French grey Enamel Furniture.

Like all our furniture—our enamel is built in our own workshops and is made by the best cabinet-makers. The wood used is the best hardwood suitable for that purpose. The enamel used is strictly our own process, and with ordinary care, will not turn yellow, or crack. It is rubbed as smooth as glass. Even the drawers are finished natural and are rubbed inside.

If you are at all interested, ask your dealer to show you the original pieces or illustrations in our "PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO A," on pages 11 and 14, which, owing to its size, prevents general distribution.

As your guide you will find our Shop-mark in the inside of top drawers. Look for it. Trust to it. It protects you—a sign—you have found the best.



Shop Mark

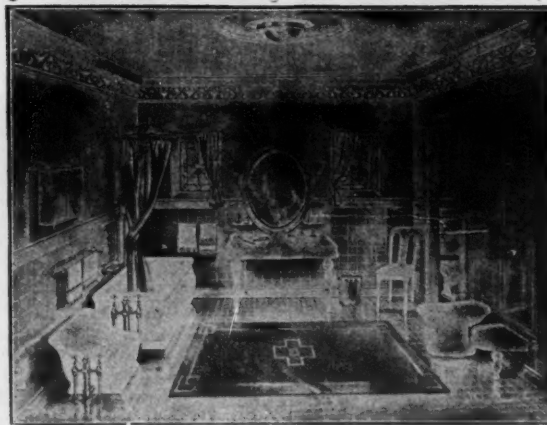
**Toronto
Furniture Company**

Toronto, Canada



Shop Mark

Makers of "THE BETTER MAKE OF"
"CANADIAN QUALITY FURNITURE."



In Buying Bathroom Fixtures Insist
on Seeing

"ALEXANDRA WARE"

Don't let your dealer tell you that any other kind of Bathroom Ware is "as good" as "Alexandra."

Tell him that YOU want to be the judge of that; and then investigate the merits of our goods, as compared with others on the market.

Such an investigation is certain to result in the selection of "Alexandra" Ware. Made of cast iron, covered inside and outside with heavy porcelain enamel, it cannot crack, and thus is absolutely sanitary and very durable.

If you would have a modern bathroom in your home, you simply cannot afford to ignore the exceptional merits of "Alexandra" Ware.

The Standard Ideal Company, Ltd.

Sales Offices and Show Rooms
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

Head Office and Factories
Port Hope, Canada.



Design for a country home on a large scale.

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES



Residence of Thomas Baker, Talbot street, London, Ont. Designed by F. S. Baker, F.R.I.B.A., Toronto.

oak, etc., while walnut or mahogany, on account of their dearness, do not even come into consideration for simple furniture. By the designing of the ornament, much depends upon a proper distribution of the same. Very poor and monotonous would be the effect of filling the given surface with it completely. It is just in limitation and the happy selection of the place where the ornament is suited that one shows himself a master. Above all with those places have to be decorated which first catch the eye, or are especially conspicuous because of their monotonous lines. In case of a door, which, perhaps through a desire of saving a framing piece, has been given a very long panel, it will be commendable to set off the upper quarter of the same by means of an ornament. The bounding lines of the latter need not, however, run exactly parallel to the framing of the panel, but somewhat greater freedom of form may be allowed here.

It is likewise of great importance to consider that one and the same ornament has a different effect according as to whether the ground executed in dark and the ornament light, or *vice versa*.

Pruning Best in Spring.

WHEN pruning either shrubs or trees the person doing the work should be able to give a reason for every cut made," declared the manager of a nursery. "Among the things that every amateur who wishes to prune his own shrubs and trees should know is that early blooming plants and shrubs are best pruned in the summer just after the blossom fades, and the next best time is early spring. All late blooming shrubs and trees are best pruned in the spring.

"The great advantage of spring pruning is that the wounds heal more rapidly. When pruning is done in the winter the wounds must wait until spring to heal. In this way tender plants are injured by cold and hardy ones by the drying of the exposed tissues.

"Before starting to prune, it is well for the amateur to look over his tools. He should have pruning scissors, a pruning saw, a knife, and if there are tall trees to be attended to a long handled pruning hook. All these must be kept sharp, and the hook and scissors should also be lubricated. Besides these tools it is desirable to have a three-legged ladder especially constructed for orchard use.

"Before starting to prune you should always look the shrub or tree over carefully, so as to make sure what you are going to do. The actual work begins at the ground.

"Water shoots should not be cut off on a level with the ground's surface, but you should dig down to the origin and cut as close to the root of the stem as possible. When this is accomplished and the earth packed back in its place the next step is to remove or mend all broken branches.

"You must always remember, when doing this, that your aim should be to close up empty spaces caused by the broken limb. This is best accomplished by encouraging the growth of neighboring branches.

"The next step is to walk around the tree and shorten last year's growth on the lower branches about one-third. In doing this your aim should be to give a circular effect to the tree. From now on your stepladder will be needed. Using this again go around the tree, trim-

ming last year's growth higher up, but somewhat shorter than the lower branches. Continue this process until the entire tree is trimmed.

"If perfectly done the tree will present an almost globular shape, the top branches being shortened to less than a quarter of their previous year's growth. It is not wise to attempt to trim all one side of a tree. This almost always ends in giving the tree an ugly shape. The higher up you go the oftener you will be called on to thin out branches. In this case always cut out the weaker ones or those growing toward the inside of the tree, provided they do not leave a vacant space.

The Vanishing Roller Towel.

They have cut their whiskers out in Kansas and put colytic shower baths into their houses, they have ceased wearing their boots to bed and have made the public drinking cup a felon, but still their passion for militant bacteriology remains insatiate. Its latest victim is the roller towel—that drooping but romantic relic of simpler days and braver men. Kansas calls the roller towel pathogenic, and sees in its mysterious folds the Garden of Eden of all germs. It is the father and mother, says Kansas, of eczema, ophthalmia and dandruff. It abrades and inoculates the human hide. It spreads pestilence and offends the eye. It is immoral, and being immoral, Kansas has made it illegal.

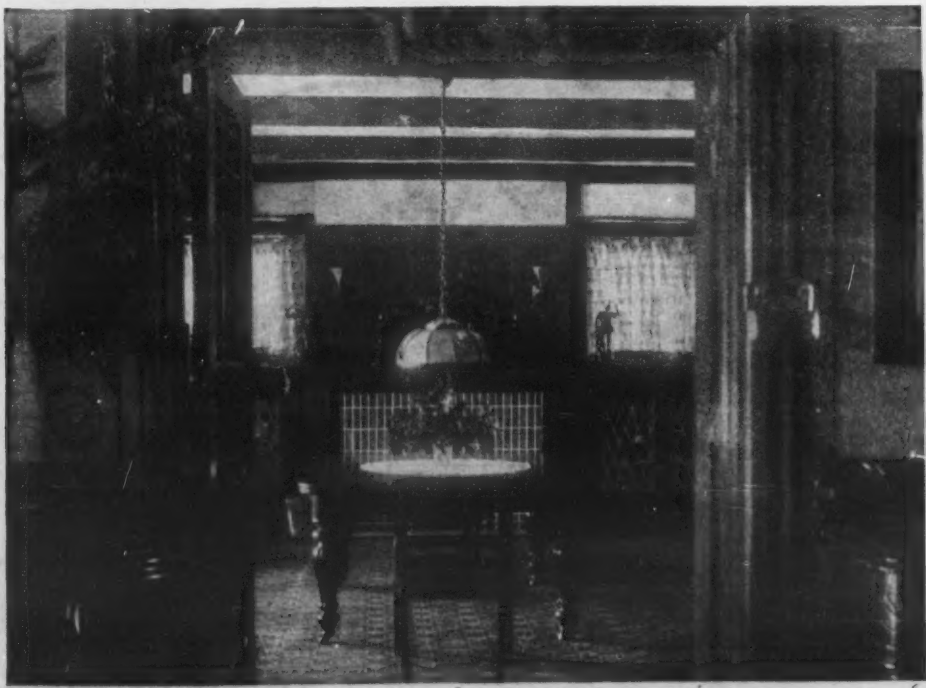
A triumph for asepsis, but a Waterloo for romance! Who will forget the noble uses of the roller towel in other and happier years? It was an essential ornament, an integral part, of all ancient inns, taverns and ordinaries; it adorned all oldtime printing offices; it was known and loved by judges, juries and learned counsel in country towns. The passing stranger employed it to remove the clay of travel from his boots, the dust of the road from his face; it had its regular customers, its loving clients, its devotees. That was before the day of shoe shining parlors, Turkish baths and other such degenerating luxuries. The roller towel served all purifying purposes. It was the one cleansing angel of a frowsy world.

Eugene Field and Bill Nye were full of anecdotes of famous roller towels. Field used to tell of one in a printing office in Chicago which grew so hard with ink and silicates that it gave out a musical note. Nye claimed for one that he loved that it had been used by a printer of his acquaintance to stab a copy chopper. Mark Twain, in his palmy days, had similar tales to tell.

But enough of all that. The roller towel is done for. Printers now mop their brows with aseptic gauze; even lawyers fear bacteria. In a few years, perhaps, the roller towel will be a rare thing, a curious antique, to be gaped at by loafers and honey-mooners in museums. People will speak of it as they speak to-day of the rabbit foot, camomile tea, the pulse warmer, medicated lingerie, the haircloth sofa, populism and all other dear things that were but are not.—Baltimore Sun.

Pine sleepers treated with California crude oil have been used on the Santa Fe Railway since February, 1902, with no sign of decay. Untreated sleepers last about two years.

The highest salaried woman doing department work in Washington is Miss A. H. Shortridge of New York city, whose salary is \$2,500 per annum.



Interior view in the home of Thomas Baker, Talbot street, London, Ont.

Melrose Park

ROBINS LIMITED AGENTS

Toronto's "Highland" Suburb



Club House of Rosedale Golf Club, opposite Melrose Park

ARE you watching the progress of Investments in Mines, etc., and their subsequent failures?

Have you come to realize that there is no other investment so profitable in Canada to-day as Toronto Real Estate?

Right here in our own quickly spreading city of Toronto, you have an "honest" chance to double—yes, even treble your money.

HOW? By buying property in Toronto's new "Highland" suburb—MELROSE PARK.

This newest and most exclusive of suburbs is magnificently situated on the highlands of the city, 500 feet above the level of the lake, thus affording an entire elimination of the city's soot, noise and smoke; and affording, at the same time, the ideal air and environment so desirable to the "home" builder.

An efficient line of street cars passes the property, giving excellent service to the entire park, stopping at three places on the Yonge street frontage.

Consider, then, MELROSE PARK as your one "best" investment. The value of the property is bound to increase—

Because:

A glimpse at any of the daily papers, crowded with Real Estate propositions—will readily convince you that Toronto is growing with leaps and bounds. Another glimpse—you will see that the trend of the city is "Northward" straight to Melrose Park. The many conveniences that we have installed on this property make a bid for your consideration with which no other proposition can compare.

With the advent of building and improved facilities, good car service, a bountiful supply of spring water, ideal location, and high class residences—could you conceive of any more desirable site for your home?

PRICES---\$10 per foot front—and upwards.

LAST—but not least—Our Methods

We have endeavored to give the public the best possible property for their money, and always make our terms of payment so reasonable that everyone will have an opportunity to become interested in our projects.

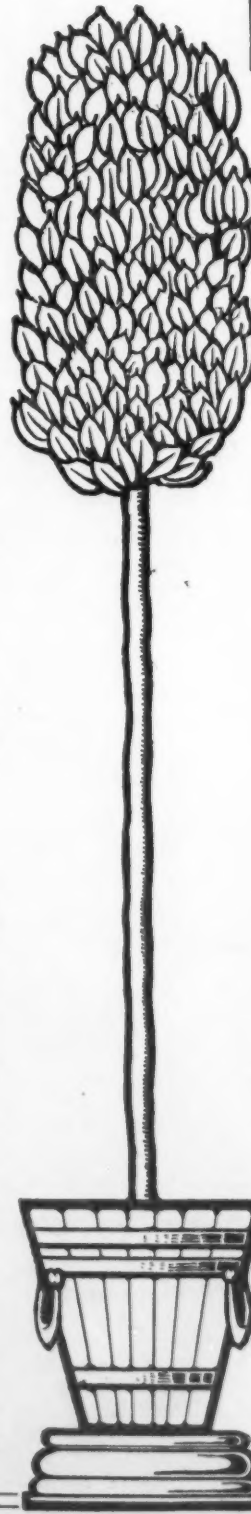
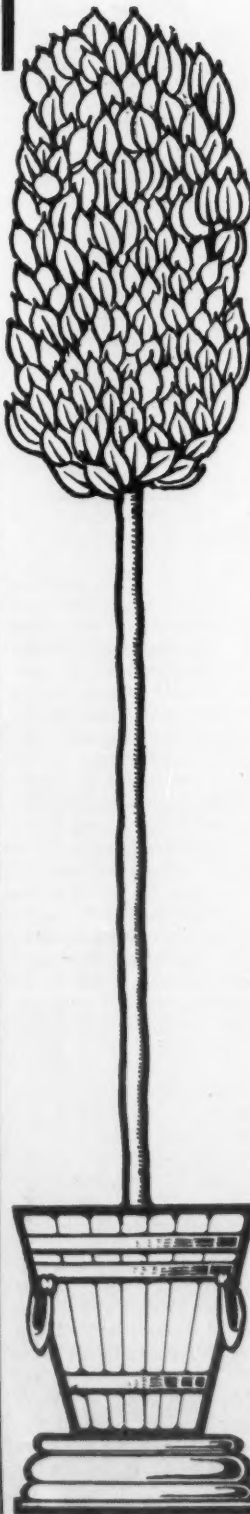
The best evidence as to the bona fides of our propositions, is that we have at least 15,000 satisfied purchasers in and around Toronto. Ask any of these as to the treatment they have received through us. In case of illness, or temporary disability from work, loss of positions, etc., we will continue to do as in the past, that is, carry our clients until conditions with them improve.

ROBINS, LIMITED

Tel. Main 7171

22 Adelaide St. E. - Toronto

"The Home for Home Investors"





A woman's strength lies in her lack of it.

When "anything goes," it's safe to say that everything will.

A woman loves best when she loves first; a man when he loves last.

In union there is sometimes divorce.

To some people the goal doesn't matter so long as they can keep up the pace.

When interest pulls against honor, man usually trusts himself to chance.

Anticipation is the cocktail which makes it possible to accept life with a show of appetite.

While pride lasts defeat is impossible.

One's discretion may be measured by the powers of observation possessed by one's associates.

Brains aren't much use without backbone.

C. C. M.

A Survival of Mediævalism.

WHEN one comes to look for it, there is nearly as much of the mediæval left in England as in Italy, Spain or southern Germany. The difference is that, whereas Italy, for instance, with her gondolas in Venice, her papal guards in Rome, her wonderful gendarmes, and her time-defying buildings and walled towns all over the country, keeps her antiquity ever before one, England is apt to hide hers under a bushel. One has to go to the Tower to see the Beef-eaters (*buffetiers* they were called when French was still the court language), and to the nooks and corners of town and country, to find her architectural antiquities other than churches and palaces. In the same way, only those who go to court realize how mediæval many of the costumes and customs that surround King Edward on State occasions really are.

Conspicuous among the gorgeous functionaries, there are the Gentlemen-at-Arms, one of the three bodyguards of the sovereign. Clad in a uniform which was designed by Prince Albert, consisting of scarlet coat, gold epaulettes, blue trousers with gold-lace stripes, gilt spurs, and helmet with a plume of white swan feathers, this resplendent corps—now only forty strong—has passed its 400th birthday. Founded by Henry VIII. in the first year of his reign, it is the second oldest of three corps of bodyguards. First upon the army list come the Yeomen of the Guard—*valetti garde domini regis*, as Henry VII. called them when he instituted them to guard his person in the troublous days of Bosworth Field. Then come the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and lastly the Royal Company of Archers, chartered by Charles II., but not made a bodyguard till 1822.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms have the honor of being the "nearest guard" of the sovereign. In the old days, when kings rode out to battle, a knight among knights, this meant that they formed a ring of fighters immediately around his person. Now their functions have considerably changed. In 1851 their captain gave the following account of the duties of his stewardship. His men were to attend at the immediate guard of the sovereign at coronations, royal marriages, baptisms, progresses, and funerals, installations of Knights of the Garter, the serving up of dinner to the sovereign, the opening of Parliament (as recently, for instance), levees, and other state functions.

Originally a purely military body, the Gentleman-at-Arms at one time had become almost civilian; no previous military service was necessary, and places in their ranks were bought just as commissions in the army used to be.

In 1862 the rules of the corps were revised. Purchase was abolished, the previous holding of a commission became a *sine qua non*, and active service had to have been seen by the applicant. The only anomaly now is that the captain, who is always a peer, is a political appointee, and loses his place on a change of ministry. The other officers of the forty Gentlemen-at-Arms are so by virtue of military promotion. There is a lieutenant, a standard-bearer, whose office in the old days was no sinecure, a clerk of the cheque—and kind of adjutant—and a sub-officer to help him.

Curiously enough, after a long period of inglorious ease, the last time the corps—then a civilian corps with three exceptions—was called upon to prepare for active service, was during the Chartist riots of '48, when it was called out to guard St. James's Palace. There was much basty drilling, but luckily its results were not tested, says The New York Post.

The more ancient archives of the corps teem with incident as picturesque as its present uniform. After Henry VIII. had ordered "fifty gentlemen to be speered"—and every gentleman to have three great horses to be attendant on their persons—there was none of them but they and their horses were appareled and trapped in cloth of

golde, silvur, and goldsmith's worke, and their servantes richly appareled also." It is to the credit of these magnificent creatures that they did equally good service with their "speares" at the battle of the Spurs, and with their raiment at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

In Queen Mary's time they cleared the precincts of the Palace of Whitehall of Wyatt's Kentish labor agitators after the latter had terrorized London. Under Elizabeth they appear—perhaps because they were carefully selected for their address and presence to have added the wiles of the courtier to the prowess of the soldier. When Elizabeth died, at Richmond, and the personal party politics of the day ran high, it was one of their number who, helped by his brother, the captain of the corps, and his sister, who had been lady-in-waiting to the queen, was the first to convey the news of his accession to James, who was anxiously awaiting it in Edinburgh Castle. Though 400 miles of miry roads had to be covered, on the evening of the day of the queen's death, March 24, Carey was at Doncaster, and on the afternoon of the 26th he dropped on his knees before King James, hailed him King of England, and handed him a letter from his brother, the "captain of the Speeres," beseeching his favor for the corps. A few days later he crossed the border again in his new sovereign's train as Baron Carey of Lapington.

During the civil wars the corps was scattered, members raising and leading bodies of cavaliers from their own districts. Then came exile abroad, and a return to the congenial atmosphere of the second Carolinian court, where the corps was reconstituted. James II. first recognized the Gentlemen-at-Arms. Under the duller Hanoverians, when banking, literature, higher politics, and mercenary were more to the fore than cavaliers, they languished with but few alarms, and now have become with gold stick and silver stick in waiting, keeper of the sword of State, etc., etc., picturesque survivals of an older age.

They live comfortably, these Gentlemen-at-Arms, with a mess at St. James's Palace; but unlike certain other court functionaries they have earned their position not by rank but by feats of arms and bravery. All of them have seen active service, and have at least four or five decorations, and medals for every war in which the British army has served during the last twenty or thirty years, will be seen on their breasts.

The Belief in the Black Cat.

MOST people are superstitious, and almost everyone has some faint belief in the good-luck bringing powers of the black cat. This idea that black felines have a special sort of power has been believed in for many years, and is still widely cherished. In the past a black



LORD LANSDOWNE'S DAUGHTER.
The latest photograph of the Duchess of Devonshire.

cat was looked upon as the familiar of the evil one, and the special companion of those who dealt in witchcraft.

Nothing is supposed to bring better luck than that a black cat should see fit to make itself at home, unbidden, in one's house.

In the theatrical world the black cat is an immense favorite, and in every theatre in Great Britain the black quadruped, with others, is placed on the salary list. That is to say, so much per week is set aside out of the treasury for the purchase of suitable viands for the benefit of puss.

A black cat in a theatre is declared to bring "good luck," particularly if it be a "stray," which wanders in during the rehearsal of a new piece or at the debut of an actor or actress before the audience is admitted.

As we all know, the chariot of Freyja was drawn by cats, and Holda was attended by maidens riding on cats, and they themselves were disguised as cats, and it has been suggested that the reason is quite easy of solution. Like the lynx and the owl of Pallas Athene, the cat owes its celestial honors above all to its eyes, that gleam in the dark like fire; but the belief in its supernatural powers may very probably have been corroborated by the common observation that the cat, like the storming boar, is a weather-wise animal. Good weather may generally be expected when the cat washes herself, but had when she licks her coat against the grain or washes her face over her ear or sits with her tail to the fire.

Kelly in his "Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore" says: "Cats, though inveterate milk stealers, very rarely rob the dairy in any but the natural way. On the other hand witch cats have a great hankering after beer, a liquor into which no canny puss will dip her whiskers. Witches are adepts in the art of brewing, and therefore fond of making parties to taste what their neighbors brew. It appears that on these occasions they always masquerade as cats, and what they steal they consume." These witch cats are invariably black, as being less distinguishable in the dark. The "Puss in Boots," of the Marquis de Carabas was of the order, black, and although all black cats are not in the pay of the evil one, all cats of necromantic tendencies or witchlike nature are most decidedly of the night shade hue.

Thus Galintha was changed by the Fates into a black cat. Hecate also, when Typhon compelled the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the form of a black cat. Mr. Kelly, referred to above, relates the story of a countryman whose beer was all drunk up by night whenever he brewed, so that at last he resolved for



COUNTESS MARIE TARNOWSKI AND HER SON.
The Countess, who is known as "the enchantress," is the central figure in the great murder trial in Venice which has attracted so much attention. She is said to have so fascinated her confederates that they did exactly as she wished and were unable to resist her spell.

once to sit up all night and watch. As he was standing by his brewing copper up came a number of cats, and he called to them: "Come, puss, puss, come, warm you a bit." So they all squatted in a great ring round the fire as if to warm themselves. After they had sat there for a while he asked them if the water was hot. "Just on the boil," said they, and as they spoke he dipped his long handled pail in the wort and soused the whole company with it. They all vanished at once, but on the following day his wife had a terribly scalded face, and then he knew who it was that had always drunk up his beer.

Famous men have ever been noted for their partiality to cats. Champfleury wrote an essay on the love of distinguished characters for cats, and in his book there are eighty excellent wood-cuts, which give us at least a hint of what has been done in the way of artistic appreciation by the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Japanese; by the German, Gottfried Mind, "the Raphael of cats"; by the Dutch Cornelius Wischer; by several Frenchmen, and by the English artist, Burbank.

In these days we have Louis Wain and others. Literary men have ever had a fondness for this domestic pet, and innumerable anecdotes of cats and their faithfulness are told, says a writer in The Pall Mall Gazette. Tasso addressed the finest of his sonnets to his cat; Petrarch had his favorite cat embalmed on the Egyptian plan; Cardinal Wolsey gave audience with his cat seated beside him. Mohammed, it is recorded, on one occasion cut off the skirt of his robe so that he might rise without disturbing his cat, which was sleeping on it. Cardinal Richelieu, the inscrutable Prime Minister of France, always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet to amuse him with their pranks.

Chateaubriand's passion for cats was so notorious that when he was Ambassador at Rome the Pope made him a present of one. But this catalogue of authors, British and foreign, who have been devoted to their feline companions is endless. It should be remembered that the cat is a symbol of liberty. The Roman Goddess of Liberty was represented as holding a cup in one hand, a broken sceptre in the other, and with a cat lying at her feet. The fact is that no animal is so great an enemy to all constraint as a cat.

Subdued.

PA doesn't smoke around the house,
He doesn't go out nights,
He's quit his club, and never goes
To wrestling bouts or fights.
He doesn't swear, he doesn't drink,
He never cares to roam,
He's doing everything he can
To keep the peace at home.

He never has a thing to say,
Whatever is right;
He's letting mother have her way
And keeping out of sight;
Time was he loved a quiet game,
His fellow men to fleece,
But now he merely stays at home
And strives to keep the peace.

He never goes to burlesque shows
Or racetracks any more,
He wipes his feet when he comes home,
And always shuts the door.
When mother says a thing is so
All arguments now cease,
For father says he's working in
The interest of peace.

Pa says he's fought a heap of fights
With ma, and lost them all;
It took him twenty years to learn
His chances all were small,
And now he says he's on the job,
Till death brings him release,
There's nothing that he wants to do
So much as keep the peace.

—Detroit Free Press

The Queen's Dairy.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA takes great interest in her dairy, which has been considerably remodelled of late. It has been maintained at Sandringham for many years, and is planned on those in and around Copenhagen. So successful have been the efforts of the Queen to introduce the methods of the farmers of her native country into England that she has had a number of imitators. The late Duke of Westminster and the seventh Duke of Devonshire were among those who built dairy farms on the same lines as those at Sandringham. When she is staying at her favorite Norfolk residence the Queen pays almost daily visits to her dairy, which is very pleasantly situated close to the home farm, and she is herself a great adept at all forms of dairy work, as are the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria.

Princess Mary of Wales is being initiated at the present time into the art of butter and cheese making, and she displays the greatest interest in and aptitude for this work. The whole of the butter, milk, eggs, etc., for Sandringham and York Cottage come from this farm; while large quantities of butter and eggs are also sent regularly to Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Marlborough House, Frogmore, and other Royal residences.



An April Fool Story.

A LITTLE group of Toronto women were indulging the other day in first of April reminiscences, when one grey-haired member of the party volunteered the information that the strongest characteristic she possessed had been developed as the result of an April fool prank, and this was the story she told to prove it.

"My early girlhood was spent in a small town on the St. Lawrence, and my elder sister and I studied together at a very old-fashioned establishment, of which the head mistress was a Scotchwoman of the very old school. My sister was as good as she was pretty, and like the heroines of the mid-Victorian books for girls always got rewarded for her piety and kindness. I was a bit of a tomboy and was always getting into scrapes of some sort.

"One April fool's day we started off to school together, and as it was very wet and muddy we were allowed to take our lunches with us. Each little parcel contained thin bread and butter, a piece of cake, and most wonderful of treats—a peach turn-over. We were sauntering along towards school when, in the middle of a very muddy bit of road, through which we were picking our way, we encountered a very little boy with a tremendously big slice of bread and butter, from which he had taken one huge bite. Imbued with the first of April spirit of joking, I said to him, 'Oh, little boy, little boy, how did you cut your finger?'

"Down went the big slice of bread and butter into a puddle twice its size and depth, while the owner of it looked anxiously over his ten fingers to find out which one was injured. When he discovered that there was nothing wrong, and realized that his bread and butter was ruined, he started to weep in a truly heart-breaking fashion. I was sorry, but I felt I could do nothing. Not so, my sister, who said—as would any good little girl in a story book written especially for good little girls—'Here, little boy, don't cry. Take my lunch.' And instead of passing over only her bread and butter, she handed him the entire meal as well as the fine damask napkin in which it was wrapped.

"We trotted on to school, my sister serene in the consciousness of a good deed well done, while I thought her as big a goose as I usually did when she made a semi-martyr of herself. The luncheon interval came in time, and in a far corner of the room I seated myself and rapidly dispatched my bread and butter, and had set my teeth in the cake when my attention was arrested by a conversation taking place between my sister and the head mistress. 'Helen,' I heard the latter say, 'Helen, have you no luncheon?' Helen admitted she hadn't. 'You are not very strong, Helen,' the voice went on, 'I am surprised your mother allowed you to stay at school without any luncheon.' Helen admitted at once that it wasn't mother's fault. 'Then where is your luncheon?' came the question. My sister hemmed and hawed, but finally she admitted what she had done, and of course told my share of the deed.

"Before I had time to grasp the situation and dispatch my cake to join the bread and butter I was summoned, trembling, to my teacher's side. There I was questioned and had to admit the truth of the dire tale.

"The sentence was not long delayed. 'Give Helen what is left of your luncheon,' was the decree and I had to obey, and stood enviously by while Helen ate my cake and consumed every crumb of my peach turnover.

"But I learned a lesson I have never forgotten. From that day to this I have always taken the best first. If I could eat the sweets at dinner before the soup I believe I would do it. And I have found my policy work out all right. I have never since been compelled to give up the equivalent of my peach turnover to another."

He Would Do Anything.

A PUBLIC school teacher in Southern Manitoba one evening visited the home of one of her pupils. During her visit, she was greatly attracted by a small boy, who looked curiously at her, but refused to come within reach of her. With all the love of a teacher for a conquest over the little folks, she coaxed, but in vain, until a happy thought struck her. She produced some chocolates, which she held up as a bait.

The little lad was not proof against anything so attractive as chocolates and went to her at once, and kissed her for the candy.

His little sister had been watching him with considerable interest, and when she saw him spring into the teacher's arms and kiss her, she said, with an air of finality: "Yes, Frank would do just anything, for chocolates."



MISS MARGERY MAUDE.

The pretty daughter of Mr. Cyril Maude and Mrs. Maude (Winifred Emery), who recently made her stage debut at her father's London theatre, in "The Toy Maker of Nuremberg."



MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL.

The popular American whose daughter Miss Margaret Drexel, is engaged to Viscount Maidstone.

Letters of a self-made Woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE,—

Here we are again on the wing, and this time with steamer trunks and rugs and cushions, for a trip across the ocean. We are sailing from Canada so that we may have a couple of hours with you before we leave. Travel is a great resource in many emergencies. Our household having been disorganized by the sudden marriage of my little maid and the chauffeur, and your father's decision to go abroad and look into some new enterprise, there seemed a dreary and lonely spring before me if I were not willing to pack up and go along. So we shall expect you at the hotel for a couple of hours on Wednesday, and tell Madame we very much appreciate her kindness in allowing you the recess. We were so fortunate to find out Madame and her school, and I am more than pleased that you have come on so well. Environment and examples seem to mean more to you than to most girls, Annie; you are so responsive and accessible a nature, and have such hearty goodwill, that you have never developed reserve or mistrust, scarcely even the most ordinary caution. You will be lucky, too, in having your way prepared for you, in the circle in which you will move. The caution and patience and reserve and mistrust have all been my portion. Sometimes they almost soured me, but happily, I came out on the right side before the milk of human kindness curdled. Many don't! I cannot look back and say it wasn't worth while even if only for your sake. But I have also gained a sort of victory over small but important foes, most of which are dead, and those still able to get in my way are feeble and merely annoying. Talking of examples influencing you, how strong an instance was your sudden development of a passion for the rights of women, which grew, like Jonah's gourd, after hearing just two lectures from a militant suffragette. That sort of passion put upon one from the outside instead of generating and growing in one's own mind and being, is apt to be evanescent and affected. I did not recognize my Annie in its throes. Your father had an idea that it was a mistake to let you attend those lectures, but now he agrees with me, that it was a fair part of your training, to bring you into touch with the questions which are interesting people to-day. Just after the lectures which were delivered here, many of my women friends were very eloquent suffragettes, who have now forgotten all about the matter. It is a great help in meeting these enthusiasts to look forward six months or so, and realize that by that time, they will be rushing something else, perhaps quite different. In fact, the idea, that nothing, good or bad, endures very long, is a brace against many of life's hard experiences. I think I may promise you London in June, and Oberammergau later on, and perhaps we will be brave enough to take a trip in the Zeppelin airship, when we are over there in August. It is, in one way, delightful to know one can pick and choose and do precisely what one likes, unless illness or mischance interferes, but somehow I catch myself wishing that some one would say: "Now, you will have to contrive and plan to get money enough to accomplish this or that." There is the delightful excitement of uncertainty about the plans of the poor. They depend on so many things, and are easily frustrated. People rail at the uncertainty of life, but that is, I think, what makes it so interesting. I know that in those old days of self-denial and elaborate planning to make both ends meet, any little jaunt took on an importance and possible interests such as even our trip around the world, with everything in the way of comfort and luxury at our command, never will!

So, you see, Annie, it's always a case of losing something to gain something else. Many of the complaints and repinings one hears about life arise from failure to grasp this undeniably hard fact. But I've become very preachy to my little girl! If you feel bored by these remarks, Annie, remember that youth is naturally impatient of philosophy and that your mother understands that. Your father and I went to dinner with Uncle and Aunt yesterday, mid-day Sunday dinner as is the prevailing fashion here. It was a treat, for there is enough of the real courtesy about them to remind one of young days—good days, too, though most people wouldn't believe it. The country place, where I had hoped to be watching for the crocuses this month, must wait for a year. Instead of crocuses, as your father said quaintly, I shall be presented at Court. It is a far cry, and I hope



A DUCHESS AND HER SON.
Formerly Lady Katherine Lambton, the Duchess of Leeds is well known as a writer of short stories and verse. Keenly interested in politics and other questions of the day, the Duchess is also devoted to yachting. Her only son, Lord Carmarthen, was born in 1901 and has four sisters all older than himself.



AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.
The marriage took place last week of Miss Harriet Daly, younger daughter of the late Marcus Daly of Montana and New York, to Count Anton Sigay of Hungary, who acted as best man at the wedding of Miss Gladys Vardeblit and Count Szechenyi.

the interest and pleasure of the presentation will make up for missing my spring time in the country. Perhaps the possibility of seeing you in court-veil and feathers will enthrall your parents!

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

The Cost of a Peerage.

It costs something to become a peer, the amount varying according to the title. Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Ivor Guest, for instance, will not get into the House of Lords for nothing, but will both have to pay pretty heavily for their peerage in stamp duties, Crown Office fees, and Home Office fees—the total in each case running into several hundred pounds, and all fees are collected strictly in advance.

As a viscount, Mr. Gladstone will be charged £467 4s. 6d., the amount being made up as follows:—Stamp duties, £200 12s.; Crown Office fees, £220 10s.; Home Office fees, £87 2s. 6d. A viscount is, of course, the fourth degree in the British Peerage, the first being a duke, whose rank is inferior only to princes of Royal blood. After a duke comes a marquis, and then an earl. Viscount was anciently the name of him who held the chief office under an earl. The latter being often at Court, the viscount was his deputy to look after the affairs of the country. In the reign of Henry VI. the title became a degree of honor, and was made hereditary. The coronation robes of a viscount are the same as an earl's with the exception that he has only two and a half rows of ermine; his cap is the same, and the golden circle of his coronet is surmounted by sixteen silver balls. The robe of a viscountess has two and a half inches of miniver, and two and a half bars of ermine, a yard and a quarter train, while the coronet is the same as her husband's.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone can thank his lucky stars that he was not given one of the higher ranks of the Peerage, for a duke has to pay fees amounting to £800 12s., whilst a marquis has to pay up £601 12s., and an earl a sum of £573 12s.

Mr. Ivor Guest, having only been made a baron, gets let off with a mere £360 17s. in fees. The sum is made up as follows: Stamp duties, £150 12s.; Crown Office fees, £179 10s.; Home Office fees, £30 15s.

The coronation robes of a baron have but two rows of ermine; in other respects they are the same as those of other Peers. King Charles II. granted a coronet to the barons, who until his reign wore only a plain circle of gold. It is formed of six silver balls set at equal distance on a circle of gold bordered with ermine.

A baroness has two inches of miniver and two bars of ermine on her coronation robe, which has a train a yard long. She wears a coronet the same as that of a baron.

It will be remembered that when Lord Roberts was made an earl he strongly objected to paying the bill of more than £1,750 with which he was presented.

The reason why the fees were considerably in excess of those quoted above was that, having no son to succeed him, he wished to have what is called "a special remainder" to his daughters. All "extras" of this description have to be paid for.

In addition to all the fees enumerated above, says M. A.P., there are many more charges that a newly-fledged Peer must pay before he takes his seat in the House of Lords. There is the licence for the coronet on his carriages and notepaper, and, if he wishes them, the expensive coronet and robes of his new dignity. It may, however, be whispered in confidence that not every Peer possesses his own coronet and robes. In the case of the older families, of course, these are treasured family heirlooms, but in the case of the newer creations, they have been known to be borrowed or hired for the occasion.

The only occasions on which Peers put on their coronets are at a State Coronation of the Sovereign, or when they wish to have their portrait painted or to be photographed "in State." A few years ago a newly created viscount was so fond of his coronet that he had it emblazoned on everything—even his luggage. The result was that, when travelling in Spain, he was mistaken for the Prince of Wales.

For a long time he could not make out why he was treated with such extraordinary ceremony and charged such wonderful prices. It was only when the mayor of a certain town proposed to offer him an address that the mystery came out.

A baronet has to pay £294 9s. 6d. for the privilege of seeing "Sir" in front of his name and Bart. behind it.

Some Famous Jewels.

THE jewels worn at the two Courts held at Buckingham Palace this spring are said to have been "splendid beyond words." Every woman present seemed to have made it a point of honor to don her best and bravest; and the Queen's black robes threw into relief the "rivers of pearls and lakes of diamonds" that covered her graceful figure. On the first night Her Majesty wore the Cullinan gems upon her corsage. On the second occasion the famous ruby—the Agincourt stone, as it is called—

won almost as much admiration as those gigantic diamonds.

According to authorities, a true Oriental ruby of perfect color weighing five carats is worth quite ten times as much as a diamond of equal size, and as size increases the value rises so rapidly that very large rubies command fabulous prices. The stone belonging to the Crown of England, worn by Her Majesty, is second only to that belonging to the Tsarina. The Russian stone was presented to Catherine II. by the King of Sweden when he came wooing her grand-daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra. It is of the true "pigeon's blood" hue; while the English gem is said to be a "spinel" stone, of far less intensity of color, and of less value, accordingly.

Another famous ruby is that belonging to Lady Carew. This is an uncut stone of 133 carats, and over an inch long. It was obtained by Lady Carew's great-uncle in Persia some fifty years ago. Apart from its value as a gem, it is uniquely precious as bearing its history engraved upon its surface. On its four sides it bears the names and titles of the four great Mogul Emperors to whom it has belonged.

It was Nadir Shah, King of Persia, who looted the Delhi treasure-houses, and carried their contents—Peacock throne, Koh-i-Noor, and sacred ruby among the rest—to Teheran. This King was murdered in 1747, and then, probably, the ruby was stolen. Certainly it disappeared, and nothing is known of its adventures until Mr. Alison found, purchased, and presented it to his niece, Lady Carew's mother, on her marriage.

It has been bored through from end to end, and has evidently been worn as a necklet or armlet threaded on a cord. Lady Carew has had it mounted with a diamond for suspension from a neck-chain, and it is as a pendant she now wears it. Her jewellers were anxious that it should be mounted in a tiara; but that would not display the inscriptions, which Lady Carew rightly thinks form its most remarkable feature. The fact that four great emperors had their names incised upon it proves that it must have been regarded as a treasured heirloom, and perhaps a powerful talisman. Many famous jewels once had inscriptions cut on their surface, but lapidaries have ruthlessly removed all traces of the lettering, as they cut and recut the gems to give them the brilliance which only such cutting can ensure. The stones may be much more beautiful, but their historic identity is destroyed. As far as is known, this ruby of Lady Carew's is the only incised gem now existing.

The Wedding Ring.

IN the Isle of Man the wedding ring was formerly used as an instrument of torture. Cyril Davenport in his book on "Jewelry," remarks that there once existed a custom in that island "according to which an unmarried girl



EMPERORS OF THE FUTURE.

This new photograph shows the eldest son and the eldest grandson of the German Emperor. The Crown Prince, who was born in 1882, was married in 1905 to Cecilie, Duchess of Mecklenburg. Their oldest son, little Prince William, was born in July, 1906.

who had been offended by a man could bring him to trial and if he were found guilty she would be presented with a sword, a rope and a ring. With the sword she might cut off his head, with the rope she might hang him, or with the ring she might marry him. It is said that the latter punishment was that invariably inflicted.

The wedding ring, which was tolerated by the Methodists, was anathema to the early Puritans, who regarded personal adornment as one of the many snares of Satan, says an exchange. Wesley, who was a High Churchman, probably recognized its symbolical value. In the old English marriage service it was the custom for the bridegroom to put the ring on the thumb of his bride, saying, "In the name of the Father," then on the next finger, saying, "and the Son," then on the third finger, saying, "and of the Holy Ghost," finally on the fourth finger, with the word, "Amen."

The ring was left there because, as the Sarum rubric says, "a vein proceeds thence to the heart." In the modern marriage service the ring is placed at once upon the third finger, the invocation to the Trinity being understood.

The wedding ring was the only form of jewelry permitted to the early Methodists, and there are people still living who recall how no longer than forty years ago they were reproved by old Methodist ministers for breaking the rules of membership which forbade (and technically still forbid) Methodists to wear gold, jewels or costly apparel; but with fine courtesy John Wesley knew when to ignore breaches of his own regulations.

In visiting a house one of the preachers drew Wesley's attention to the host's daughter, who was wearing several jeweled rings; but instead of the rebuke which his preacher sought to evoke Wesley only gravely and gently remarked, "A very beautiful hand."

The women of North Dakota intend to erect a monument to Sakajawea, the Indian woman who acted as guide to Lewis and Clarke, when these explorers were crossing the Rocky Mountains in 1804. The monument is to stand in front of the Capitol at Bismark. There is already a statue of Sakajawea in the park at Portland, Ore.

Old Friends and New



A Red, Red Rose.

O MY love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my love's like the melodies
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love;
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

The Human Seasons.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of Man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Its nearest unto heaven: quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when the wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook:—

He has his winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

Keats.

A Lament.

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—O never more!
Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—O never more!

Shelley.

Spring.

I HEAR the wild geese honking
From out the misty night—
A sound of moving armies
On-sweeping in their might;
The river ice is drifting
Beneath their northward flight.

I hear the bluebird plaintive
From out the morning sky
Or see his wings a-twinkle
That with the azure vie;
No other bird more welcome,
No more prophetic cry.

I hear the sparrow's ditty
Anear my study door;
A simple song of gladness
That winter days are o'er;
My heart is singing with him
I love him more and more.

I hear the starling fluting
His liquid "O-wa-lee";
I hear the downy drumming
His vernal reveille;
From out the maple orchard
The nuthatch calls to me.

O, spring is surely coming
Her courtiers fill the air;
Each morn are new arrivals,
Each night her ways prepare;
I scent her fragrant garments
Her foot is on the stair.

John Burroughs.

Unwearing Life.

WHY should we ever weary of this life?
Our souls should widen ever, not contract;
Grow stronger and not harder in the strife,
Filling each moment with a noble act.
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,
Doing our duty to our fellow-men
And striving rather to exalt our race
Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,
We shall erect our names a dwelling place
Which not all ages shall cast down again.
Offspring of time shall then be born each hour,
Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,
To live forever in youth's perfect flower
And guide her future children heavenward.

James Russell Lowell.

Daughter of India's Viceroy.

Lady Charles Fitzmaurice, who is well remembered in Canada, was Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of Lord Minto. Her marriage, which took place in India, was a very grand affair. Her husband, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, is a son of Lord Lansdowne, and has also resided in the Dominion. Lady Charles has a little daughter whose christening took place the other day in London when several important people stood as sponsors.

INGERSOLL
CREAM
CHEESE

"Spreads Like Butter"
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

To Carry Out a Complete Scheme of Decoration

requires taste, knowledge of styles, and experience. Our stocks of wall papers, draperies, etc.; our experienced and courteous salesmen, and our knowledge as decorators form a combination hard to beat. And in the most moderate scheme they are all at your service.

ELLIOTT & SON
Limited
79 King St. W., Toronto

PRIVATE HOTEL

29 and 30 Queen Square,
Near Russell Square
London, W.C., England.

SITUATED in heart of city. Convenient to British Museum and Theatres. Quiet and refined. First-class accommodation. Terms moderate. Modern improvements. Steam heating. :: :: ::

Mrs. BLUE, Prop.

An Outdoor Complexion

Will your complexion stand outdoor inspection? Shaded lights and darkened rooms are charitable toward almost any complexion, but the clear, sunshiny days show up the deficiencies of your looks and especially so now after a season of living indoors.

OUR Facial Treatments

have proved to be most beneficial to the skin. They clear and smooth the face, build up the wasted tissues, stimulate a healthy glow, and impart a healthy, wholesome appearance to your whole countenance.

Considering the benefits obtained and the small amount involved, you cannot afford to deny yourself the improved good looks to be derived from a short course of our treatments.

Phone Main 331 for appointment.

**Hiscott Dermatological
Institute** Established 1892.
61 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

Toronto String Quartette

Conservatory of Music

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 16th
at 8 p.m.

Plan opens at Mason & Risch, 32 King St. West,
Friday, April 15th. Tickets, \$1.00.

Cleaning House?

Send your curtains, drapes and blankets to us to be cleaned and dyed. We apply to these articles our individual process treatment which makes for unusually satisfactory results. Orders paid one way out side of Toronto.

A. F. BURTWELL'S DYE WORKS
347 Dundas St., Toronto

19th Withrow Tour

**BRITISH
ISLES
EUROPE**

Passion Play positively guaranteed, as the reservations for seats have been received. Munich Festival, Brussels International Exposition, 400 miles coaching, sails on 18 mountain lakes. Illustrated programme. Immediate decision necessary.

244 Jarvis St., Toronto.

Pensionnat Favre Veytaux, Switzerland

Mlle. Stoops is prepared to receive a few Canadian pupils at her Ladies' Boarding School at Veytaux, near Montreux.

Having lived in England, Mlle. Stoops understands the requirements of English pupils of good family.

Terms, 1,350 francs—\$270.00 per annum. References—His Honor Judge Roberts and Mrs. Roberts, 4 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W. London; Frank B. Hodgins, K.C., 9 Dale Avenue, Toronto.

TORONTO SOCIETY

THE Daughters of the Empire gave a luncheon in honor of Her Excellency at the King Edward on Wednesday.

Lady Clark gave a luncheon of eighteen covers on Thursday in honor of Lady Sibyl Grey. Lady Aileen Roberts, who is in mourning, is not accepting any hospitalities in Toronto.

His Excellency opened the new building at the Home for Incurables yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. George Cassels (Viva Kerr) gave a tea in honor of Lady Sibyl Grey this week.

The dance given by the Toronto Amateur Athletic Club came off last Friday (April 1) at McConkey's with great success, the committee deserving much credit for various improvements, which anyone might have thought of sooner, only they didn't. The lady patronesses were very kind in turning out in good time and numbers, several who were not present being prevented by good reasons from putting in an appearance. Mrs. Austin was tired after her jolly young folks' dance at Spadina the previous evening. Mrs. Cotton was out of town. Those present were Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, wife of the president of this club. Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Mrs. Ewart Osborne and Mrs. Denison. Mrs. Wood, wife of the secretary, Dr. Wood, was one of the chaperones, matronizing her sister, Miss Maurice Symons. As Isabel Symons, Mrs. Wood was one of the pretty debutantes of a few seasons ago, and was a most popular lady at the dance. During the evening the number of guests was augmented by various late-coming groups. Miss Gibson and Miss Phyllis Hendrie, with Mr. Fellowes, A. D. C., and Mr. Fraser, came in from the French Club's play at Mrs. Hume Blake's; the smart young officers of the Q. O. R. and some others in uniform came in from their annual dinner at the National Club; and a dinner party, including the Misses Haney, Miss Lois Duggan and other belles came on from Mrs. Lauren Harris's. The patronesses were particularly pleased to be located in a cosy corner at the upper end of the room, where they took up their quarters after receiving the young people. For season after season they have been seated under the musicians' gallery, where the racket of the orchestra and all the stray breezes from above and below played havoc with their nerves and cold-catching propensities. It remained for the young athletes to secure them much added comfort in the other direction, and they were proportionately grateful for the happy thought. Among the guests from out of town was Miss Dwyer, of Halifax, a handsome girl and emerald green, and the percentage of pretty young matrons and girls, including a couple of last year's belles, was unusually large. Supper was served in the cafe about eleven, an oval table for the lady patronesses, stewards' committee, and one or two distinguished guests, being crowned with Richmond roses, and garlanded with red ribbons. The Hungarians played some charming music during supper, after which the dance went gaily on to its close. The ballroom was decorated with many flags and pennants from the various sporting clubs, and looked very gay and festive. The president and officers of the club did everything to secure the enjoyment of their guests and succeeded nobly.

General and Mrs. Cotton returned from a week in St. Catharines a few days ago, where the General received much benefit after his severe siege of illness. The family are not going out just now owing to temporary mourning for a relative.

The Countess of Lanesborough returned to Ottawa on the receipt of a cable announcing the death of her mother, Lady Tombs, on Monday. Lady Tombs was returning from Egypt, and died at sea.

The committee of the Earl Grey competitions, including Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne and Mr. Clarence Bogert welcomed Their Excellencies at the eastern entrance to the Alexandra on opening night, and presented Lady Grey with a huge bouquet of roses. Lord Lanesborough, Lord Lacelles, Major Trotter and Captain Fyfe were in attendance.

Two little girls received their names in baptism, one on Saturday at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, in Beverly street, who had a few friends to celebrate the naming of their first grandchild. The other young lady was Miss Barbara Kennethina Calderwood, who was christened by Rev. F. Plummer in St. Augustine's Church on Sunday. Mrs. Graham Thompson, Miss Plummer of Sylvan Tower, and Mr. Frank Grey being Sponsors. After the christening a number of old friends were invited to "celebrate" at Mrs. Calderwood's home, and all good wishes from "aunties" and "uncles" were offered. Among those in the party were Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. Brydon, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Miss Barrick, Mr. Harry MacMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Thompson and Mr. Ireland, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge and Mrs. Denison. Mr. Grey responded when little Miss Calderwood's

health was proposed by Dr. Riordan, in a very happy manner. Mrs. Brydon presided at the teatable.

The dance at St. Andrew's College will take place on April 15. Mrs. Macdonald returned from Bermuda last week.

Mrs. D. D. Mann returned early in the week from a short trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron are in Atlantic City.

The Viceregal party arrived on Monday morning, when His Honor and Mrs. Gibson welcomed Their Excellencies Lady Sibyl Grey and Lady Aileen Roberts, the rest of the party going to the hotel. Old friends were glad to welcome Major Trotter, who "saw out" the Minto regime as he is now seeing out the Greys. Major—

or is it Lieut.-Colonel?—Macdonald came on from Ottawa for the competition and was seated from time to time in the Viceregal and Gubernatorial boxes on opening night. The house was brilliant on that occasion, the boxes being filled with Viceregalities, the Government House party, including His Honor and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Gibson, Lady Aileen Roberts, who is Lord Roberts' heiress-presumptive, and the Aides. The committee of the competition were in the left stage box, and the judges in the right one. Overhead, the Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Kerr had a family party and *vis-a-vis* a radiant group of Daughters of the Empire graced a box. In stalls was "everyone" in a social sense. The effect was most brilliant and did the beautiful theatre justice, the *mise en scene* being further enhanced by many smart parties in the balcony, where so many always prefer to select their seats. The amateur, singing and playing received applause and recalls, and the two Irish plays, "The Land of Heart's Desire" and "Kathleen na Hoolihan," acted in the earnest and faithful way peculiar to the cast, concluding the first evening's programme. Mr. Eaton, who was naturally interested, both from nationality and his mother's great interest in the players who came from the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, was one of the audience, others being Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark and the Misses Clark, Professor Mavor, Mr. B. E. and Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small and Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, who were a *partie carree* in an upper loge, facing the Glendyths family party; Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Mr. Kortright, and Mr. Norman Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Mrs. Douglas Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. George, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Hal Osler and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. Major of Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. and the Misses Maude and Dorothy Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. W. Gwynne, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Williams Beardmore, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Professor and Madame Balbaud, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wilson, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert, Mrs. Bertram Denison, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Mr. and Mrs. Copeland, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills and Mrs. Soames, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott.

Miss Jessie Johnstone gave a young people's tea on Tuesday, at which Miss Mary Clark was the guest of honor. Mrs. Johnstone received the girls, and a very pretty tea-table profusely decorated with forget-me-nots and white sweet peas was set for their refreshment. Mrs. Johnstone's beautiful home is particularly adapted for entertaining.

A very fine result financially is shown in the statement of the returns from the concert given on March 30 in Conservatory Hall in aid of the Flower and Good Cheer Mission to the Western Hospital. The net result is four hundred dollars, and one may safely predict that every one of the four hundred will be expended to the best advantage for the comfort and happiness of the patients in the charity ward at the Western. Everyone on the mission is practical and kind, and must be greatly cheered by the strong endorsements given last week by the public.

Their Excellencies spent Tuesday in London, on official duty connected with the opening of the new hospital for tuberculosis. They got back in time for the performances in the Competition, which His Excellency attended.

Mrs. Richey, of Huron street, gave a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. R. J. Strathy is leaving next week for a trip of some months abroad. He has quite recovered from his illness. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Strathy are also going across the ocean this summer.

Redfern Originality of Design in Silk and Cloth of Gold.

Coats for Spring

These are the sensations of the year. Possessing as they do the character and beauty of the rich, rough silks at about a quarter of their cost. The ideal for Coats, Evening and Automobile Wraps. Their success has been as immediate as it was deserved. An inspection of our recent New York arrivals will be most convincing.

The accompanying illustration is only one of the many smart styles shown in various colors of extra quality Rajah silks and cloth of gold. The graceful shawl collar and handsome buttons are the principal fashion features.

Priced \$19.00 to \$35

Tailored Shirt Waists

Attractive New York models, in the more conservative designs of tucks and pleats, giving the desired fullness and grace of lines.

Guaranteed Linen, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3.00.

Hand Embroidered Linen, \$5.00.



Tailored Hats,
Lingerie Dresses
and
Shirt Waists

REDFERNS LIMITED
282 YONGE STREET

A SPRING TONIC

One's system at this time of the year requires something that will rid the system of waste tissue, cleanse the blood and at the same time act as a tonic to build up the system and replace the waste tissue thrown off, by healthy, invigorating tissue.

COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

are that something you need. Start in at once to enjoy the greatest luxury one can indulge in. Cook's Baths are the most up-to-date on the continent. They are open day and night. Excellent sleeping apartments and rooms.

A dainty Bill-of-Fare served at all hours.

ESTABLISHED 1874.

PHONE MAIN 1286.

202-204 King Street West, Toronto

After Easter Weddings

Now that the Lenten season has passed, the Wedding season will be in full swing and you will want distinctive flowers for the occasion.

Dunlop's

96
Yonge St.
Toronto
Canada

have the flowers, the facilities, and high artistic ability to suit both your taste and purse. Information and suggestions cheerfully given.

Artists Designers Decorators

Ashby-Jackson

MILLINERY 113 1/2 WEST KING STREET

WOULDN'T you like your bread to have that fulness of nut-like flavor, that freshness and sweetness that literally makes the mouth water at the approach of meal time?

Tomlin's Bread

Is made from the finest grade of Manitoba Hard Wheat Flour. Because of this it furnishes the fullest quantum of health and strength. It is nutritious as well as delicious. The sooner you start eating Tomlin's Bread the better for your family.

H. C. TOMLIN, Baker, 420 Bathurst St., Toronto

Phone
College
3561

107 RONCESVALLES AVE. THE PARKVIEW DECORATING SHOP
THE R. W. FLETCHER CO., LIMITED
PAINTING & DECORATING EXPERTS

All painting looks alike for a little while. We import our white lead direct from England, and know it to be the best. ESTIMATES SUBMITTED FOR EXTERIOR OR INTERIOR WORK.

We have been told that we have the Most Artistic Wall Paper Show Rooms in Canada. We would like to have your opinion.

SATURDAY NIGHT

To Our Friends
and Readers---

In Distant British Columbia, a man sat down after reading SATURDAY NIGHT, and grasping the meaning of the fight we are making for clean citizenship, wrote us the following letter:--

Nicola, B.C., March 21, 1910.

Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Gentlemen.—Will you allow one of your B.C. subscribers, who has thoroughly enjoyed (and profited) by your recent exposure of those colossal fakes, perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public, by Munroe, Robertson, et al, to express his admiration for the manner in which you have taken this matter up, and brought to a successful conclusion the careers of the above mentioned fakirs.

Your work in this matter deserves the highest commendation, and I cannot adequately express my appreciation of your efforts. I further feel that the facts you have been giving to us, your subscribers, are deserving of the widest publicity, for the future protection of intending investors. I would like to see your circulation doubled, yes, more. If you will forward me subscription blanks I shall be glad to do what I can to extend your circulation in this section.

Again thanking you, and wishing you the fullest measure of success in the work you are pursuing, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

Fred A. Howse.

We are receiving hundreds of such letters. This one is merely typical and from a far distant point. It is just such letters that make an independent and fearless paper possible. We do want subscribers, and their letters of encouragement. They give us both the sinews of war and the backbone to keep up the fight. And we assure you it is a very expensive fight. Investigation and exposure are costly. Law-suits are luxuries, and we are favored with more than our share. But the fight is worth while. To conduct a paper that stands for something is worth while. To render a genuine public service is worth while. To receive hundreds of such letters as the above is worth while.

Why not let us have you, the casual reader of this, with us too? Join the ranks of the sound, wholesome, red-blooded Canadians who believe in making clean dollars and have no sympathy with the parasites who live off the innocent and credulous.

Why not think this over now, and if you believe we are doing a work that is really worth while, and incidentally giving you the best weekly paper in Canada, say to us, "I am with you, old man. Here is my subscription."

Will you do just this? We will promise to do all the rest.

Toronto
Saturday Night

One Year, \$3.00.

Six Months, \$1.50.

Postage paid anywhere in Canada.

Remit by Cheque, Post Office Order, Express Order, 2c. Stamps, or Cash, at our risk.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Lady Gays
Column

"N O ONE," said a woman to me yesterday, "who is worth mentioning ever got through life without making enemies." The making of enemies is often involuntary, even unconscious, until the enemy strikes one in the face. The commonest way in which enemies are made for you and me is by that pernicious breed called mischief makers. Some idle remark, perhaps not even referring to the enemy is caught up and repeated with quite different emphasis, by the hearer, with such comment as "I'm sure I don't know how she could say such a thing of you, my dear!" No wonder the person who is informed she has been made the subject of criticism, scorn, or laughter waxes wroth, and glares what she will not speak. Perfectly natural of her, even though she may be absolutely astray as to her justification. I advise anyone who is glared at to bide her time. Enquiries or explanations are generally disastrous. Perhaps a word to her who glares may not miss its usefulness in view of a little occurrence at a recent festivity. There, a woman who thought she had a grievance glared with all her might at a passing acquaintance. She meant to be horribly crushing, but the victim smiled sweetly on her and remarked gently to an inquisitive



LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER.

The younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ormonde, Lady Constance is a sister of Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, who is supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in England. While not as lovely as her sister, who is three years her senior, Lady Constance has great charm of manner and is very popular.

companion: "Dear me! Did you see her? I thought—you know." And it was bad for the glaring lady, in the mind of at least one person, that she had let her eye grow hard and her demeanor truculent, when surroundings were convivial!

There are enemies whom one makes by the simple process of prospering, being popular, in the vernacular "having a good time." The intelligent observer of human nature never fails to diagnose their case correctly, and has a grin to spare for their feline and generally futile efforts to injure the one who stands in their way or picks the fruit they have watched ripening. Other enemies are the result of people's own sensitiveness and egotism, which credits some other with the desire to snub or belittle them, and resents the idea with an enmity born of foolishness and nurtured by stupidity. It sometimes grows into a lusty infant too, for there is no limit to the blindness of the person looking for trouble. Then there are enemies who are akin to the wolf of the fable, and one is the unwilling lamb who must bear the punishment of other folks' shortcomings. This sort of enmity is peculiarly exasperating to a common sense mind with justice and fair play well-developed. But it lacks the meanness and the venom of the enmity which is directly personal, and can be met with philosophy. One learns to accept it as the natural result of the lack of balance in some person's brain matter, as one learns to go very warily when wishing to avoid that enmity which springs from the foul fields of falsehood, jealousy or envy. God bless our enemies! says I. They make life interesting. Also God save them! for theirs is an unhappy mind and a festering pain, and better far did they love than hate! Also, most of us who conserve the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, in even part of its sweetness and beauty, can count ten friends and well-wishers to one enemy so that to this tenth, despite calumny, misrepresentation or even glares, one can preserve a friendly feeling, a desire for their good, and a frank willingness to forget the glare and welcome



Be Sure of This

THERE are three things you want to be sure about when you install a heating plant in your home—Will it heat all the rooms satisfactorily under all conditions?

Is it a fuel-saver?

Is it easy to regulate and control?

By actual comparison I know you will decide in favor of

Hot Water
Heater

We can show you unmistakable proof that the Gurney-Oxford meets all these requirements better than any other hot water heater made.

If it had no other point of superiority, here is an exclusive feature which makes the Gurney-Oxford worth dollars more to you than any other heater—



The Oxford Economizer

It is the one regulator that controls the fire—A slight adjustment of the handle and in mild weather fire keeps three days with one filling of coal. Water warm all the time.

Saves 20% of your season's fuel and keeps your house perfectly heated.

The Economizer is only one point.

Send for Free Book, "Heating the Home"

It tells you how and why the Gurney-Oxford heats your whole house better, saves more fuel, is easier to regulate and care for than any other hot water heater. Illustrates the special fire pot and sloped-in walls that utilize all the heat—the special grate that saves fuel—the push-nipple joints that can't leak.

Clip the coupon and mail it to us. We'll send you the book free. Read it carefully. It represents more of comfort and fuel-saving than you realize.

Get all these special features in your mind. Then come down to one of our salesrooms and let us show you the Gurney-Oxford Heater itself—You'll have the proof of what it does right there before your eyes. Don't forget the coupon—now.

E. H. Gurney

The Gurney Foundry Company

500 King St. West 740 Yonge St. Toronto, Canada

Hamilton Branch 16-18 McNab St. North

London Branch, Gurney-Oxford Stove Store, 118 Dundas St.

All Gurney-Oxford Radiators made with Push-Nipple Joints that can't leak.

F-6

Name.....

Address.....

COUPON

The Gurney Foundry Co.
Toronto, Canada

Please send me your free book, "Heating the Home."



QUALITY should receive your first consideration in selecting a broom for the purpose of sweeping your finest carpets and rugs.

A broom constructed with rough, coarse corn would do injury to your carpets quite equal in the end to the purchase of a dozen of the right kind—

BOECKH'S 'Imperial' and
'Bamboo Handle'
CARPET BROOMS

are made of extra selected fine carpet corn and are superior in every way to the ordinary brands which are, in many instances, more harmful than beneficial.

Ask for either our "Imperial" or "Bamboo Handle" Carpet Brooms—you will be more than pleased with the result. Look for the name "BOECKH" on the handles.

Sold by leading hardware dealers, grocers, and general stores.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE BOECKH BROS. COMPANY, LTD.
80 YORK STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

the smile, so soon as it is ready to replace it.

The other night the Irishman and I wandered up to the little theatre in the north end to hear an Irish play or two. They were trying them on the dog. There was much earnestness, great simplicity and the right spirit, and in the majority of the hearers there was that *sine qua non* intelligent understanding of what the players were trying to do! The little theatre lends itself to sweet and true and simple effects, and in the battle between the spiritual and the material in one play and in the self sacrifice to patriotism in the other, there were deep and wonderful suggestions. The cabin of the well-to-do farmer, the bridal hour, the future of love and prosperity were as shadows of dead sound to him in whose ear Ireland

called for help and defence. And Ireland was so wonderful, in her sombre black cloak and hood, repeating the tale of her despoiling, how her "four fine fields" (Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught) had been taken from her, how strangers sat by her fireside while she wandered homeless. She was tall and dignified, even in her desolation, she, who was known as "the poor old woman," but who changed into a radiant and lovely girl "with the walk of a queen" when the bridegroom-elect left father and home and bride for her cause. The deep symbolism and significance of the play was heavy in the air: both the Irishman and I had clouded eyes and wet cheeks, though each was politely oblivious of the other. It was one of the heart-twists one endures for the privilege of having Irish generations to the back of one,

for having the blood in one's veins that goes hot and eyes that well full of tears over such exquisite bits of appeal as Kathleen na Hoolihan.

And then, for our sins, I suppose, we heard the same plays in a different atmosphere on Monday night. "Very dreary," drawled a fretful voice, "I thought Irish plays were funny things!" "My word," briskly from an English voice, "I hope the others will be a bit livelier!" "The Johnnie in the shirt-sleeves isn't so bad," politely added another. "What's it all about? Is it one of those problem plays?" lisped a lady languidly. And to cap the climax, as the curtain went down, a buffoon who had entertained his friend with whisperings, all through, yawned and stretched himself and said with a coarse guffaw, "Begorra!"

LADY GAY.

LIVING IT DOWN

By WARWICK DEEPIING

SYNOPSIS.

Benjamin Heriot comes out of Reading gaol after serving his term. He is met by his friend Algernon Budd, who undertakes to cheer him up after his two years of imprisonment. They go up to London, and agree to dine at a fashionable restaurant. The dinner becomes something of an orgy, and the next day Heriot, filled with remorse, decides to leave England and begin his life anew.

CHAPTER III.

TO appreciate to the full the life in one of the gay cities of the world one must be either a philosopher or a youth with the fire of youth in his blood, or a worldling with money enough to satisfy his whims, and a body not so sodden that it has lost the power of reacting to physical stimulation. A city is no place for sensitive people who are lonely and sick at heart. The very callousness of the crowding life crushes the individual, and fills him with a feeling of neglected nothingness.

Heriot had come to Brussels, that bright gem of a city, so scintillant and so clearly cut. The place had had lovely recollections for him, and he had chosen it because of them.

If a rough sea passage, impotent sickness, and rampant neuralgia—the gift of a keen east wind—can give a miserable tone to a man's impressions, Heriot might have taken heart and hoped for a happier mood after a long night's rest. He had taken a room in one of the hotels in the Rue Royale. It was his plan to interest himself in things, to snatch back some of the richer recollections of those earlier years. It should be a matter of self-discipline and revitalisation, an admirable pilgrimage with his conscience to act as pedagogue and courier.

Unfortunately that subtle essence, the intimate ego, clings to a man amid new surroundings, for the world is what the self sees in it for the moment. Heriot had not realized from the outset that his scheme of chiaroscuro had changed in those few years, and that which had seemed warm and splendid now appeared stale and cold. He was trying to cover a raw surface with impressions, and his depression was almost childishly pitiful when he found that he could not hide that quivering self behind the art treasures in the gallery. He turned from Rubens with a bilious disrelish. The interminable array of Old Masters tired him, letting in melancholy and a misery of introspection. They seemed so old and dead, these pictures, that he had wondered at his enthusiasm of years ago.

Bored and depressed by the Musée Royal de Peinture, saddened by the churches, and hurt, he knew not why, by the medieval memories of the Grand Palace, Heriot relapsed one morning into the Musée Wiertz, as though a kindred morbidity might be found in such a place. Yet he was not so mad that he could gain satisfaction from the madness of the painter. He came away with the feeling that he had been exploring an abattoir; the crude realism had nauseated him completely. Even when out of the bare and ugly building he could still see the lurid furrows ploughed in the body of Patroclus by the finger nails of those who struggled for him. Then there was the grey horror of the man waking in his coffin, and the loathsome insanity of the too insane mother. This mad art seemed to symbolize for Heriot the sickly and most morbid tendencies of modern life, that diseased self-inspection from which he was striving to escape. "Hunger," "Madness," "Crime," "Napoleon in Hell": he felt that he had stood on the edge of a pit that was full of a chaotic tangle of bleeding bodies and agonized smothering faces. It was a relief to wander back into the park, where the breath of a simple naturalism seemed to descend from the boughs of the budding trees.

Perhaps for the sake of a contrast he strolled down into the lower town that night, and turned into the Palais d'Ete, the music hall in the Rue Gretry. There should have been a hundred things to pique and interest him in that great building, with its glare of lights, its haze of tobacco smoke, and its hundreds of faces. The bourgeois glitter and the vivacity might have stimulated him like a glass of absinthe. Yet the place only awoke morbid thoughts in him, so that he found himself wondering what an ivory-faced little lady who sat next him would think if she knew that he had been in an English prison not so very many days ago.

The spirit of the fun had no hold on him, and he sat hunched up in his seat, staring solemnly at the stage. Performers appeared and disappeared, but they could not make him forget himself and laugh. An opulent lady in red presided over the doings

of a dozen or so performing cats. Acrobats followed, to acknowledge the applause meted out to them with one unanimous somersault and polite little stage obeisances. Two queer creatures, eccentric "knockabouts," drew roars of laughter with their ridiculous but rather vulgar stage conceits. Heriot failed to seize the humor of it. Then came a plump little man with a bumptious aplomb, who played on the horn, sang songs, and imitated canaries. Next, more acrobats, with the inevitable child of five-and-twenty dressed to look fifteen. And after much more of the same material, the great event of the evening afforded a climax. The whole building was darkened, and a round-backed youth with a floppy forelock and a strangely mixed costume, rode a bicycle inside a great moving wheel, whose spokes revolved with a blur of colored lights. Then when the suspense impressed upon the audience by the possible breaking of the performer's neck had changed into relieved applause, the crowd streamed out, and Heriot with it, a man who had been unable to enjoy one laugh.

The truth was that he could no more lose the "self" in a crowd than he could in an art gallery or amid the chapels of a church. He had the sense of being the possessor of an open sore, a sore that smarted perpetually and would not be concealed. All the clowning in the world could not rouse the instinct of play in him.

Utterly depressed and miserable, he sat down the same night and wrote to Algernon Budd a letter that might have been written by an hysterical and ill-balanced boy.

"Dear old man.—You asked me to let you know how things went with me. I am here in Brussels, and I have met no one whom I know, for which mercy I suppose I should be thankful.

"It is a bad thing, I assure you, to be bored with the world at large, but it is ten times worse to be bored and disgusted with oneself. According to the inevitable law of cause and effect, I deserve nothing better, being a mere tangle of morbid sentiments and unhealthy imaginings.

"It is difficult to know what to do with oneself under such conditions. There is no cant I can fly to, and I have not the will-power to make a hobby of altruism. I regard myself as a sort of rag market; there is nothing in myself I want, and a great deal that I should like to be rid of. After those two grim years of discipline, I seem to have lost my courage and my self-respect, even the very energy that one needs to live.

"I was fool enough to fancy that I could amuse and perhaps reclaim myself over here. On the contrary, I find so little to do that I contemplate blowing my brains out and ending the whole farce. That has been the curse of my life, having nothing whatsoever to do, save just what I pleased.

"I shall settle it in a few days, one way or the other. It is the refuge

of a coward and a broken man, I suppose, but no one can despise me more than I despise myself.

"I purposely give you no address. Don't worry your head about me, my dear man. There will be no loss to be regretted."

He sat writing at the table as he had sat at the Palace d'Ete, a gaunt man with a stained and gloomy face, brooding over life while the whole world laughed at his elbow. As he labored over that letter his figure seemed to twist itself into painful and unnatural attitudes, as though the body shared in the morbid contortions of the mind.

The next day was a Sunday, and Heriot rose early, after a night of wakefulness and unrest. There was a desire in him that morning for something he could not name, a spiritual craving akin to bodily thirst. Leaving the hotel after he had drunk one cup of coffee and eaten a solitary roll, he took one of the trams that ran to Quatre Bras and Ferveuren, and found himself watching the beech trees of the Forest of Soignes.

On leaving the tram, Heriot stood absolutely still for several seconds, forgetting everything in the quaint solemnity of those towering trees. He remembered of a sudden that he had not walked in a wood since the loss of his liberty more than two years ago. And the lights and shadows under those trees drew him with the spell of an enchanted forest.

The smell of the budding year was there, and all the strangeness and suggestiveness of spring. Heriot went in amid the beech trees, feeling a deep and childish awe descending upon him, a wonder of delight that stole through his whole being. The heart of a child leaps out to the mystery of the woodlands, and Heriot felt that sense of mystery sweeping over him, and luring him on into the depths of the forest. An inexplicable rush of emotion seized him. The place seemed full of sighings and whisperings of sunlight that tangled itself in a net of shadows, of soft damp perfumes, and all manner of enchantment. The forest itself was a great emotion. Its heart seemed to swell and to contract; its breathing could be felt as a slow, tremulous troubling of the air.

Heriot leant against the trunk of one of the trees, clasped it, and laid his face against the smooth, cool bark. Something seemed to slacken within him; the dull feeling of spiritual pain snapped like an overstrained cord. He stood with one arm about the trunk of the beech tree and looked round him with wet eyes, eyes that had caught a childish wonder and beheld all the beauty and mystery of this woodland world. The primitive spirit of the place had taken hold of him. Unseen beings seemed to breathe into his mouth and to whisper in his ears. The gods of the wilderness drew near and anointed his eyes and lips with wine and oil. They breathed upon him, and filled him with ecstasy of a new and quivering life.

Heriot lay down at the foot of

the tree, and stared at the blue sky and the fretwork of boughs overhead. The straight trunks soared like the pillars of a cathedral. The sunlight streamed in with stealth and sanctity. Aspiration, tranquility, awe! He was so amazed at the kiss of peace that had been given him that he hardly dared to question it or accept it as a reality.

Yet it was real enough, and Heriot began to see things clearly as he lay under the blue sky and the ash-grey boughs that were budding into green. A fog of despair, disgust, and pain lifted and disappeared. The healing waters that he thirsted for were not to be found amid the tumultuous unrest of great cities. He understood the spirit of the oracles that had spoken to men in the depths of primeval forests. He was to learn what many a man had learnt before him, such men as Thoreau and Jeffries, and a thousand obscure ones who had not had the gift of utterance. Amid primitive things the heart of man may cleanse itself, and become a part of that greater mystery that stretches towards the farthest courses of the farthest stars.

Tranquility, labor with the hands, the kiss of the dew at dawn, the healthy tiring of the body, sound sleep at night—these were the things he needed. He would feel the rain on his face, see the soil on his hands, let the west wind blow into his bosom. He remembered the letter he had written to his friend, that weak, fitful moan of ineptitude and cowardice. And in imagination he tore that letter into shreds and scattered it abroad with contempt and shame.

All that Sunday Heriot wandered under the beech trees of the forest, feeling no such thing as hunger, and breathing in a tranquility that seemed to spread into every brain-cell and particle of his being. People had come out from the city by now, but the moving figures did not mar the mystery of the place. They appeared rather as part of the forest's strangeness, half-seen shapes that drifted through the check of light and shadow, suggesting the drift of so many human destinies.

In the thick of the forest Heriot saw a young man and a girl pass close to him, though they did not see Heriot, who was leaning against a tree. They were walking close together, a stream of sunlight slanting upon the girl's face, the man bending slightly towards her with a quaint and pleasant boyish eagerness. The woodland episode culminated before Heriot's eyes. The man's arm went round the girl's body. They paused and stood face to face, looking into each other's eyes. Then the man kissed her, while she held up her mouth to him like a passionate child. It was all done so simply and so desirously, with not the glimmer of a gross suggestion, that Heriot felt the mystery of that kiss and the sweet primitiveness that was part of the forest and the spring.

As though to test the strength of this new spirit of tranquility, he went down into the lower town that night, and spent an hour sitting outside a cafe in the Place des Nations. It was the drifting indifference of the scene that struck him most, an unthinking swirl as of so much restless water. Yet many of these people were feverishly possessed by the appetite of the moment. Near him, at one of the tables, a gross, blue-chinned man leant forward as he talked, and stared brutally into the eyes of a sickly and over-dressed woman. A group of girls and young men came across from the station, laughing, shouting, pulling one another this way and that. A blind man went by, selling matches. A couple of fat women stopped on the pavement and wrangled volubly, mouth to mouth, mimicked by a couple of urchins who regarded the whole world as one vast joke.

Restlessness everywhere, even in pleasure, and the one day of theoretical repose. It seemed to Heriot, as he sipped his coffee, that a wind blew down the streets, and whirled about the open spaces, whirling eddies of dust into every corner. The simile brought a smile to his eyes, and it occurred to him, rather fancifully, that these city people were always clinging to their hats. Night, that should have seen the contented closing of the eyes of the day, was feverishly wakeful. It appeared to him a life of over stimulation, an existence abnormally excited as though by the fumes of absinthe. The very lights had an unhealthy glitter, like the smeary gleam in the eyes of a man who has taken strong drink.

But Heriot maintained his tranquillity. He had his idea, and a man with a definite idea to act upon need no longer despair of himself. It was a vital spark, leaping between the two terminals of life, a spark that showed a rising strength in the current of his manhood.

On leaving Brussels he loitered a few days at Bruges, and the contrast between the two cities strengthened

Four O'clock Tea



Ask your grocer for "Salada" Tea or send for a free trial package which makes 25 cups of delicious tea. We will mail it to you without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.

The "SALADA" TEA CO.
Yonge St., Toronto

About four o'clock, when the physical forces are at an ebb, tired people pay tribute to the refreshing qualities of "Salada" Ceylon Tea. This hour is "the English tea time," when everybody stops work or play to take a cup of tea.

Four o'clock tea in England is not a national fad. It is a time-proven method of recuperation. Tea properly brewed and of the right quality takes away fatigue. It invigorates as does no other beverage.

"Salada" Tea's most refreshing and delicious. The odorous buds and tender leaves of this hill-grown tea from the island of Ceylon, with all their flavor and fragrance, are carried straight from plantation to purchasers in air-tight lead packages.

Yearly sale over 20,000,000 packages.

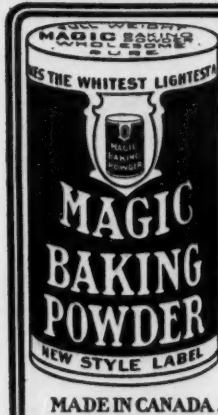


SHREDDED

Keeps the Brain Clear and Keen,
Because it Promotes Health.

To serve—heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.

WHEAT



Pure food insures good health

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES PURE FOOD.

MADE IN CANADA.
E.W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

H.P. Sauce WITH OYSTERS

Just a 'suspicion' of H.P. Sauce gives that finishing touch which makes your plate of Oysters so enjoyable. You try it!

H.P.—rich, Oriental fruits and spices blended with Pure Malt Vinegar, with the cunning which comes from long, long experience.

So—next time it's Oysters let it also be—H.P.



IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"



SOOTHING AND REFRESHING after Cycling, Motoring, Skating, Dancing, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England. Ask your Chemist for it and accept no substitute

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, CHAPS, ETC. Invaluable for Preserving the Skin and Complexion from the effects of the Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

One of the foremost actresses of America, Miss Marlowe has been seen in a very wide range of parts but in future she intends to devote her time to Shakespeare and has announced her intention of only playing Shakespearean roles in the future. In the near future Miss Marlowe will be seen as Lady Macbeth.

Look in your mirror

and ask yourself if you are satisfied with the appearance of your teeth.

If you are not, use **Sanitol Tooth Powder** for ten days and look again. You'll be surprised at the effect.

Sanitol prevents the formation of the yellow tartar and keeps the whole mouth re-



freshed and clean. Sanitol reaches every tooth surface with healing, anti-septic and oxidizing effects and makes them white and lustrous.

25c.
Everywhere

START WELL

BY USING

SYMINGTON'S

EDINBURGH

**COFFEE
ESSENCE**

.. TO ..

BREAKFAST



Most people already use—and always will use—Windsor Salt. They know—from years of experience—that Windsor Salt won't get damp or lumpy. There is never even a suspicion of grittiness about it.

Its clean taste—its crystal purity and recognized economy—make Windsor Salt the prime favorite in every home where it is used.

Don't pay fancy prices for imported salt, when Windsor Salt costs so little, and is so high in quality.

**WINDSOR
TABLE
SALT**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by the New Principle
De Miraclo

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miraclo is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miraclo mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for \$1.00 by De Miraclo Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by

**The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO**

Particular?

For the woman who is wisely particular about the purity of the food she serves there is one safe ice. Telephone for

**Belle Ewart
Ice**

ABSOLUTELY PURE
PERFECT SERVICE

Telephone Main 1947

BELLE EWART ICE CO.

37 Yonge St.

DO YOU DANCE?

Then don't make any mistake, but engage MEYER'S BALLROOM at SUNNYSIDE.

IT IS THE VERY BEST

the inspiration that had come to him under the beech trees of the Forest of Soignes. Here were antiquity and quaintness, a much belauded beauty, a charm that was said to steal upon one like a faint perfume out of an old oak press. Heriot perceived a sufficient perfume, and much of it arose from the black waters of the canals. His hotel on the Grand Place also provided him with vigorous and very aggressive odors, and the eternal carillon from the belfry seemed fit only to inspire the verse of a Longfellow.

Perhaps the sudden passion for nature that had seized on him made him impatient with things that referred only to man. He was going to purge himself of all prejudices and all cant, and try to see just the primitive truth and nothing more. Bruges appeared to him as a grey and melancholy old town, rather sad and shabby, trying to comfort itself with romantic fancies and the querulous chatter of its bells. For Heriot it lacked color, depth, and cleanliness. Brussels could seem brilliant, but Bruges failed to convince him of its beauty. He hugged his idea, and regretted nothing. The wind in the trees would make that carillon sound cheap and foolish. As for the Chapel of the Sacred Blood, the live sap in the stem of a flower was far more mysterious and wonderful. The antiquities they showed him in the Gruuthuse and the museums were the mere memories of dead people. Heriot felt the vital idea of Nature big in him. His science had gone back to the old times when earth, fire, air and water were the four elements. He was going to live with live things that grew and had their being, not amid historic dust.

Heriot made preparations for catching the night boat from Ostend. He had much of the last day upon his hands, and, remembering Hans Memling at the Hospice of St. John, he strolled thither, and sat down in the little room to contemplate the "Marriage of St. Catherine" and "The Adoration of the Wise Men of the East." The brilliance of the coloring pleased him. It was what he had lacked in the old city. Bruges might be suitably aesthetic in a fog, or by moonlight, but it had the appearance of being tired of posing for tourists through the glare of summer days.

There were not half a dozen people looking at the pictures, and Heriot got up and walked across to the "Chasse de St. Ursule." The gem-like little panels gleamed in the sunlight that poured in through the window. And as Heriot studied the history of St. Ursula, he became aware of someone talking on the other side of the reliquary, explaining the pictures to a friend.

It was a girl's voice, a voice that had a lyrical sensitiveness, a voice that spoke English, yet without that droning uniformity that characterizes dull, insular natures. It was a voice that was pleasant to listen to, carrying as it did a suggestiveness, a many modulated expressiveness that transfigured the mere sounds into visible and tangible realities. Such a voice made listeners see the colors and shapes of things spoken of. It had the mystery of true music, that strange sequence of sounds that stirs emotions and paints pictures in the mind.

Heriot stood and listened.

"Here is the martyrdom of St. Ursula," said the voice. "Look at all the quaint armor, with the gleam of light upon it. And the white tents with their arched patterns, and the cathedral in the distance, with its pinnacles and great flying buttresses. I love this picture best of all. The grouping is so quaint, and the detail so magnificent."

"How ugly Ursula is," said the other voice. "I don't wonder they didn't want her to live. The white dog—lying there with its paws crossed and looking quite perky and entertained! It doesn't look like a martyrdom."

"In real life things often happen so quietly. And it is curious, too—and very true—that most women are ugly."

There was a tinge of playfulness in the first voice. Heriot found himself smiling.

"That man with the bow doesn't mean to make any mistake! He's right on the spot. Really, Eve, Ursula looks just as though she were being offered rice pudding on her birthday. Let's go round to the other side. It's really awfully funny!"

They went, and the taller of the two—she of the voice—nearly stepped upon Heriot's toes. She drew aside quickly, yet with no suggestion of gaucherie, her eyes smiling up at him with an instinctive glimmer of humor.

"I beg your pardon—"

Heriot stood back a step and made way for her; but she still looked at

him with frank, unpremeditated eyes.

"But you have not finished with this side?"

"Yes, absolutely. If I may be permitted to exchange."

As he made way for both of them, and then went round to the other side of the coffer.

Heriot was not engrossed in the pictures he was pretending to study. He stood there, listening to the lyrical voice that flowed on calmly with none of the irregular jarrings of self-consciousness. To Heriot it sounded out the note of a rich naturalness. The voice led him to recall that glimpse of her face, a face large but not heavy, and tinged with a splendor of health that made its slightly irregular features seem handsomer than they were. A man does not sum up the looks of a woman in one swift glance. It may take him some little while to become conscious even of the color of her eyes. With Heriot there remained the vividness of a first impression, an impression that had left him a sense of strength and individuality.

He was piqued suddenly, curiously piqued, by discovering that he had not noticed the color of her hair. That he should trouble to think of such a thing struck him as superfluous and childish. But as the thought struck him the two girls turned towards the door, and Heriot turned also to decide the point for the mere satisfying of his curiosity.

It was black hair, dull and opaque, having the blackness of charcoal, with no gleam of lustre in it. And for the moment Heriot felt strangely disappointed. Somehow it seemed to him that her face had radiated light, and that her hair should have been in keeping with it.

Yet, what earthly concern was it of his? With the new idea of strength that possessed him, he took himself by the shoulders, and compelled himself to follow St. Ursula to her end.

Meanwhile the two girls had left the Hospice, and had turned down the Rue St. Catherine towards the ramparts. They were both boarders at one of the schools in Bruges, Eve of the black hair as English governess, the younger girl as one of the thirty or more pupils. And since the system of culture at this particular school spread itself over a very varied surface Eve Thorkell was frequently sent forth with some of the English pupils to demonstrate to them the art treasures that the old city could show. She knew almost every piece of lace in the collection at the Gruuthuse, and was quite beloved by the old gentleman who presided over Binch and Mechlin, and whose delight was to show off the gossamer beauty of the most exquisite stuff by making the visitor peer at it through a hand-glass.

The two girls were free for an hour or more that morning, and they walked towards the ramparts, well pleased to be alone together. Eve Thorkell had made a friend of the younger girl, a fat, cheerful, warm-hearted wench of seventeen, as full of affection as a rose is full of perfume. Eve had nothing of the governess about her, and no trace of that didactic spirit that cannot exert authority without domineering. Her personality could win and draw homage from others without putting on spectacles. She was supremely vital, and full of the delight of youth and health. One had but to look at the smooth skin, radiant under the shade of her dead black hair, and at her great mysterious, laughing eyes, to feel the generous strength of her womanliness, and that spontaneous joy in life that is not worn away by the trifles that make so many women thin and querulous.

These two friends, Eve Thorkell and Grace Thurlow, talked of home affairs as they wandered towards the ramparts. Eve's thoughts were hovering about a quaint white house, very long and low, with green jalousies and a green verandah, a house whose white walls gleamed amid the pine woods of an English landscape not ten leagues from the southern sea. She was a little solemn that morning, with a shadow of forethought in her eyes, as though she were troubled for those who were very near to her heart. And she talked to her friend of the news from home, as though plump Grace's nature offered a surface of softness and sympathy upon which Eve could spread her more delicate treasures without any danger of their being scratched or broken.

"I always feel," she said, "that they are keeping something back from me in their letters. As though I am not strong enough to bear troubles! And it is far worse to be left groping in the dark than to have the truth shown one in clear daylight."

The younger girl's blue eyes seemed made to absorb a friend's feelings, and to give back tenderness in return.

"Letters so often give one a wrong



Baking Results

The minute you take the light, crispy, golden brown crusty Pure Gold Biscuits out of the oven you will discover why you used

Pure Gold

(Trade Mark Registered)

Baking Powder

When you break open a biscuit and see its white, light interior—when you taste its flaky deliciousness you will conclude that this pure, Cream of Tartar Baking Powder best repays baking skill.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dairy desserts and delicious salads in a very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result.

2 P



MADE IN CANADA

PURE GOLD MFG. CO.
Limited
Toronto

Samples on Request

Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address

How to Rest

TO break the thread of a woman's daily round of duties by a quiet hour spent over a book or with the children—is to rest. Much of the energy spent in running up and down stairs can be reserved where there is—

An Extension Telephone

There is comfort and convenience in having an Extension Set within easy reach upon the table in your library, den, or up-stairs hall.

How much you are missing if without this convenience is known by those who enjoy it.

Our Contract Dept., Main 5460, will furnish particulars and rates upon request. The cost will not stand in your way—it is trifling alongside of the advantages.

**The BELL TELEPHONE
COMPANY of CANADA**



Lovers of Flowers always want the newest and best. The best in Flower Seeds for 1910 is the Large Flowering Wavy type of

Spencer Hybrid Sweet Peas

They are simply magnificent. We have them in separate colors and in mixture.
Price per oz., 25c.; 1/4 lb., 60c.

Giant Flowering Nasturtiums

Both the Dwarf and the Tall Varieties, at 25c. per ounce. They are the choicest in cultivation.

Renovate your Lawns with Queen City Lawn Grass

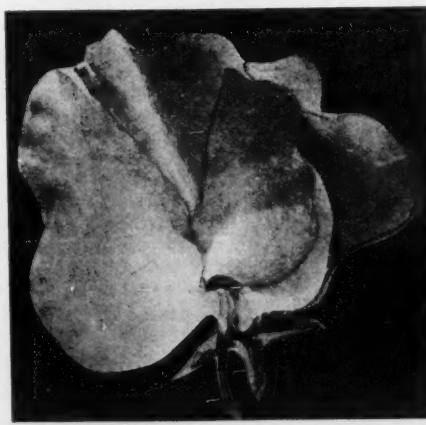
25c. per pound.

Hardy Roses, Shrubs, Grape Vines, &c., &c.

STEELE BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited

Phone Main 1982

137 and 139 King Street East



impression," she said, "and parents are so funny. I know mother is. She always writes to me as though she is trying hard to remember that I no longer wear socks."

"The truth is, dear, that love makes some people stammer. They lose the power of expression. The vivid consciousness of their love seems to make them almost dumb."

"I am sure some fathers and mothers feel shy of their children," said the plump girl, with a laugh.

"Well, so they may. They have a new, strange soul developing under their eyes. And we girls, Grace, are often awkward and very difficult creatures. The dearer and more unselfish the parents the more sensitive they are—for our sakes; but I wish I did not have this feeling of something being concealed. You see, travelling expenses are a consideration, and I shall not go home till July."

Grace nodded a flaxen head. "What makes you worry, Eve?" she asked.

The elder girl stared straight before her.

"Mother is not strong. I am always afraid of consumption."

Grace breathed out a startled and sympathetic little "Ah!"

"And then—well—we are not well off. I know that, though father will never tell me just how things are with him."

"I know nothing about money."

"Which means that you have never been short of it, dear; you will be fortunate if you can always afford to remain in such ignorance."

They turned back at last, following the Rue Vieille de Grand, the Rue Jacobines, the Marche au Fils, and so past the Halls to the Grand Place. And as they crossed the Place, Heriot came out by the Rue St. Amand and passed close to them as he turned towards his hotel.

Eve had paused and was looking up at the belfry, ancient and brown under the drift of the April sky. Her face was caught in a moment of mystery as she gazed at the great tower. Her

eyes shone out with a brave yet questioning tenderness. It was the face of one who seemed to see pain and suffering afar off, and whose soul flamed up to meet and combat them. Heriot had a sense of being within the mysterious influence of a thing that was richly and beautifully pure. This young girl, with the radiant, watchful, wondering face, stirred in him the same emotion as had the beech trees of the Forest of Soignes.

He walked on over the grey cobblestones, wondering at his own emotion. Somehow that passing glimpse of her had strengthened him, and breathed into his manhood an instinct of aspiration and of uplift against odds.

"Strange," he thought; "a ship that passes in the night. I shall never see her again. But a face, once seen, is sometimes eternally remembered. It seems as though it were sent with a message at the crisis of things, when a man needs just what he beholds."

(To be continued.)



12 and 14 Pembroke Street
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor),
Musical Director.
College Re-Opens after the Easter Holi-
days, Wednesday, March 30th.
Send for Calendar.

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto
Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

Daily and Evening Classes in Eng-
lish Literature, French and German,
Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Sing-
ing, Interpretation and Dramatic Art.
Send for Calendar. Tel N. 4544.

ARTHUR BLIGHT

Concert Baritone
Teacher of Singing, Vocal Director
Ontario Ladies' College.
Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King Street
East. Phone Main 4668.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR

OF TORONTO
A. S. VOGT, CONDUCTOR.
For all information regarding Concerts,
membership in Chorus, etc., address
T. A. Reed, Secretary, 219 Markham
Street, Toronto.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Piano, Organ, Theory
Studios at Nordheimer's and Toronto
College of Music.
Residence: 48 Hawthorne Avenue,
Rosedale. Phone: North 2937.

J. D. A. TRIPP

For Piano Instruction and Concerts
Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

DR. ALBERT HAM

Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or
561 Jarvis Street.

FRANK S. WELSMAN

Pianist
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Con-
servatory of Music.
Residence, 39 Wilcocks Street.

EDMUND HARDY, MUS. BAC.
Teacher of Piano Playing and
Musical Theory
Organist and Choirmaster of Parkdale
Presbyterian Church.
Studio: Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD

Solo Violinist
Studio for teaching—
Conservatory of Music.
168 Carlton Street.

THE MISSES STERNBERG
Dancing, Physical Culture, Fencing
SIMPSON HALL, 774 YONGE ST.
Teachers Training Course. Office hours, 2
to 5 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fri-
days. Prospectus on application.

P. J. McAVAY

Teacher of Singing
Studio: 58 Beaconsfield.
Voices tested free.

FRANK CONVERSE SMITH

Violinist
Studios at Dominion Chambers, corner
of College St. and Spadina Ave.
Phone College 4799.

PERCY R. HOLLINSHEAD

Lyric, Dramatic Tenor
Soloist Bloor St. Presbyterian Church
Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.
Method: Modern Italian—"Bel Canto."

EDITH WORDEN, L.R.A.M.

Pianoforte and Harmony
Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King Street
East.

T. HARLAND FUDGE

Solo Baritone
CONCERTS, RECITALS, ETC.
Studio: Standard Bank Chambers,
155 King Street East, Toronto.
Long Distance Phone: Main 1382,
Beach 171.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD

For Teachers and Children.
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street.
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreick, Hofmann and Wen-
ding, Leipzig. 750 Bathurst Street, or
Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Phone: College 3791.

A. L. MADELINE CARTER

Soprano
Studios: Toronto Conservatory of
Music and Loretto Abbey.

J. W. L. FORSTER

Etching Painter
Studio: 24 King Street West

THE APOLLO SCHOOL OF MUSIC

E. M. Robinson, Musical Director.
174 Ossington Ave. Phone Col. 4463.
Branch Studio: 135 Hallowell St., corner
Dovercourt Road.

MUSIC

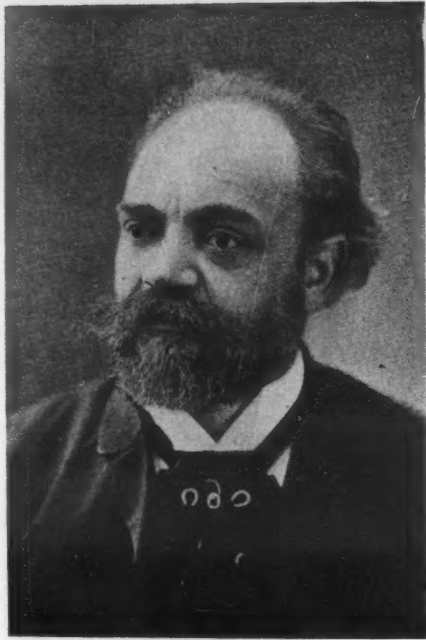
THE excellent work that
Mr. H. M. Fletcher
is doing in educating young
men and women who have
had no musical advantages,
but are anxious to sing, was
shown in the concert of
the People's Choral Union
at Massey Hall on March
31. A note on the pro-
gramme describes Mr. Flet-
cher's mode of instruction.
The first course consists of
sight reading and breath-
ing and other exercises un-
till the choristers advance
to simple part songs. Those
who show fitness become
members of the advanced
chorus heard at the concert
in question and are given
part songs of a more diffi-
cult character to sing.
Their showing on the whole,
was most praiseworthy.

The quality of the voices
in the soprano section was
for the most part excellent
and though the other sec-
tions were rather weaker in
a general sense, they sang
with sufficient taste to make
all that was offered palat-
able. The programme was
popular in character, but was made
up of good music.

The singers showed their capacity
for some nice effects of shading and
sang in a really intelligent way. The
most popular offering was the lovely
Largo of Handel, arranged as an
anthem with sacred words "Trust in
the Lord" set thereto. Originally,
it was a purely secular composition
in one of Handel's forgotten operas,
"Xerxes," but a devotional tone per-
vades it, and the setting seemed en-
tirely appropriate. The chief soloist
of the evening, Madame Frieda
Langendorff has a contralto voice
of most luscious quality and excel-
lent range. It is a voice that is
warm and beautiful throughout its
range and her only important defect
is a tremolo, which becomes apparent
in numbers like the Prison scene aria
from Meyerbeer's "Prophet." Her
temperamental qualities are excep-
tional and she attained a really thrill-
ing effect by her dramatic rendering
of Salter's tragic "Cry of Rachel." While
Mr. William Howland has a
baritone voice of most agreeable
quality and an excellent enun-
ciation he is a most inexpressive
singer. To hear him render the old
ditty, "The Keys of Heaven" in a
sing-song way, without the smallest
realization of its possibilities in the
way of expression, made one wonder
why Mr. Fletcher thought it worth
while to send away from Canada to
get a baritone.

CARL REINECKE, one of the
most distinguished of Ger-
man conductors, composers, teach-
ers, and pianists, died recently
in Leipzig at the age of eighty-
six. He was born at Altona,
June 24, 1824, three years before
Beethoven's death, and when Wagner
was eleven years old. Before he was
twenty years old he was giving piano
recitals throughout the German and
Scandinavian countries. In 1860 he
became conductor of the famous Ge-
wandhaus concerts in Leipzig, and
at the same time teacher of composi-
tion and piano playing at the Con-
servatory. He retained his profes-
sorship till 1902, but was superseded
as conductor in 1895 by Nikisch, who
introduced a more modern atmos-
phere into the Gewandhaus. Reinecke
was a Mozart specialist, and his
sympathies were mostly with the
classical masters of long ago; yet the
influence of Wagner can be traced
in some of his own compositions.
These are very numerous (more than
250), but none of them are import-
ant. Perhaps his most popular pro-
ductions are his "Children's Songs"
("Kinderlieder"). There are four
operas, three symphonies, and many
chamber music works. Of his liter-
ary works the most important are
one on Beethoven's sonatas and an-
other on Mozart's concertos.

Colonne, whose death in Paris was
recently announced, was a conductor
of the very widest fame in Europe,
crossed the Atlantic only once. This,
says The Boston Transcript, occurred
some years ago when the Phil-
harmonic Society in New York was
experimenting with a succession of
"virtuoso" conductors. "Then, too,
he came to Boston to conduct in
'The Damnation of Faust,' at a con-
cert of the Cecilia. Those who saw
or heard him then, or who have seen
and heard him at his own concerts
in the Chatelet, every Sunday, the
winter through in Paris, will recall



ANTONIN DVORAK,
Composer of the "New World" symphony, played
in Toronto recently.

his erect and sturdy presence, his
grizzled hair and beard, the fine
lines and the fine carriage of his
head, the vigor and precision of his
beat, and his mingled zeal for the
utmost musical clarity, and the ut-
most significance of expression. He
excelled most in the romantic, the
pictorial, the vividly expressive
music, like that of Berlioz and Bizet,
which he most cultivated. With the
German classics, he was prone to be
over-meticulous, and over-polished,
and he hardly caught the fineness of
texture of the music of Franck and
Debussy, eager as he was to perform
it. For thirty-six years the concerts
at the Chatelet have flourished under
his direction, ceaselessly opening
new music to their public, large in
encouragement to innovating French
composers, open-minded to the new-
er music of Germany and of Russia,
sedulous of the classics of whatever
country, established or neglected.
With Lamoureux, Colonne practi-
cally established orchestral concerts
for two musical generations in
Paris, and after all their vicissitudes
the concerts at the Chatelet have be-
come a musical institution. By every
sign, Pierre, (composer of "The
Children's Crusade") who has been
conducting at them this season, will
succeed M. Colonne permanently.

Winnipeg this week enjoyed a
musical festival covering three days
and embracing six concerts. The
chief contributors were the Win-
nipeg Oratorio Society, conducted by
Dr. Horner and the Minneapolis
Symphony Orchestra, which is said
to be a very fine organization, con-
ducted by Mr. Emil Oberholfer. The
choral works sung were Rossini's
"Stabat Mater," an April 5th, and
Sullivan's "Golden Legend" on April
6th. The soloists were Lucille
Tewksbury, soprano; Marieta Bagby,
contralto; David Duggan, tenor; and
Arthur Middleton, bass. The or-
chestra figured largely in all six concerts,
and among the works done were
Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony;
two movements from the same com-
poser's Symphony, "Pathetique";
Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony;
overtures "Waldweben," and many
overtures and descriptive works by
Smetana, Mozart, Wagner, Tschai-
kovsky, Sibelius, MacCunn; Mendels-
sohn; Elgar and Grieg. There has,
within the past five years, been a
great awakening of musical interest
in the Canadian West. Noted artists
now give recitals with success in
places that were not on the map ten
years ago, and Winnipeg itself is



MARK HAMBURG,
The distinguished pianist, who will
play at Massey Hall
on April 11.

rapidly developing as a mus-
ical centre

A genuine acquisition to
the musical life of Toronto
is the English violinist, Mr.
Henry Such. He has a
technical equipment and a
quality of tone that are ex-
ceptional in the fullest sense
of the word. With the rap-
idly-growing interest in in-
strumental music that may
be observed on all sides in
Toronto, it should be possi-
ble to keep him here.

The various entries in the
Earl Grey Musical Trophy
competitions started off so
well this week that it seems
probable that they will over-
shadow the dramatic com-
petitors in purely artistic
qualities of performance.
Their task, however, is not
nearly so difficult. As the
hearings last until Saturday
the various performances
will be reviewed all togeth-
er next week.

Miss Edith Miller, one of
the Canadian artists who
are bringing a new fame to
the Dominion in the Motherland,
recently had the honor of sing-
ing before H.R.H. Princess Hen-
ry of Battenburg and T.R.H.
Prince and Princess Alexander
of Teck at the house of Lord and Lady
Mount Stephen; and Princess Henry
was so delighted with the charming
Canadian songs that Miss Miller gave
that they were repeated at an after-
dinner concert at Kensington Palace
on Feb. 16. Since her return to Lon-
don from her concert tour in Can-
ada, Miss Miller has been diligently
preparing herself for grand opera,
which she now wishes she had made
her first goal on reaching England.
She will give a concert at Bechstein
Hall early in June, with a programme
including an item of especial interest
to Canadians.

Hector Chasnoworth

The following is the Chopin pro-
gramme that will be rendered by
Mark Hambourg, the Russian pianist,
at the Chopin Centenary in Massey
Hall, on Monday evening next:
Sona Op. 35, B. flat minor; Bal-
lade F. Minor No. 4—four studies—
F Major, G Flat, E Major, A Minor;
three preludes—A Flat E Flat and
B Minor; Valse—A Flat; Mazurka—
B Minor; Ballade—A Flat. Bar-
couise: Scherzo C Sharp Minor, Noe-
turne B Major, Polonaise A Flat.

A recital of exceptional artistic
interest was given at the Conserva-
tory of Music on Saturday evening
last by advanced pupils of the institu-
tion, representing the senior and
post-graduate grades. The pro-
gramme presented embraced a num-
ber of exacting works, both instru-
mental and vocal, in the perform-
ance of which the high standard of
work obtaining at the Conservatory
was convincingly demonstrated.
Technically and artistically, the re-
cital was a tribute alike to the talent
of the performers and the superior
qualifications of the teachers rep-
resented who were: Mr. Edmund
Hardy, Mr. W. J. McNally, Mr.
Donald Herald, Miss Ethel Shepherd,
Dr. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Genevieve
Clark Wilson, Dr. A. S. Vogt.

The advantages of kindergarten
training in music were demonstrated
at the recital given in the Dover-
court road Presbyterian Church by
the piano pupils and kindergarten
classes from the northwest branch
of the Toronto College of Music, un-
der the able direction of Miss H.
Heakes, assisted by Mrs. Lenore
Doxsee and Miss Mabel Wells. Dr.
Torrington, who was present, com-
plimented the teachers upon their
excellent work. Testimonials were
presented to the graduates of the
kindergarten classes of 1909-10 by
Dr. Torrington and Miss Hulda
Westman, the head of the kinderg-
arten department in the Toronto
College of Music.

The series of six concerts given
by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra
this season will be brought to a
close on April 21st, when Miss Tilly
Koenen, the celebrated Dutch con-
tralto, appears as soloist. Miss
Koenen's voice is a real contralto,
rich in color, broad and solid, a mag-
nificent fabric built upon a founda-
tion of perfect breath control, her
prodigious gifts of voice and boundless



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director
SUMMER TERM OPENS
ON THE 15TH OF APRIL.
Send for 160-page Year Book
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
SPECIAL CALENDAR
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.



The Mason & Risch
Piano embodies fea-
tures that have
placed it a quarter
century in advance
of present day pianos

Picture Your Piano a Generation From Now

What will you expect from it? What would you like to expect from it?
Common pianos bought even ten years ago to-day possess only the poor
ghost of the tone they once had; their music is thin, metallic, harsh; the
hammers need constant "picking" to "soften" the tone; the strings require
frequent tuning; the action constant aligning and repair. All these are
weaknesses which the innate soundness of construction, the master-touch
of exclusive patented improvement, have entirely obliterated in the

MASON & RISCH

"THE PIANO WITH A SOUL"

Our Aliquot System of perfectly bal-
anced and permanently enriched tone
endows this instrument with musical
qualities which will make it Canada's
premier piano for a generation to
come.

If you will call we will demon-
strate some of the reasons that
have made the Mason & Risch
a great Piano. Your visit entails
no obligation whatever to pur-
chase. Booklet, "Inside Informa-
tion," free on request.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co. Limited
32 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

LET our perfect service of dyeing and clean-
ing help you in your housework—saves
time, worry and money—lessens labor—
ensures better results.

—What woman is there who wouldn't
cut her housework in half if she
could find a way to do it?
—What a burden to be relieved of—
what a load off one's mind and one's
nerves.
—What a pleasure to anticipate the
shortened hours of strenuous labor.
—Take curtains, for example.
—You, madam, know the tediousness
and the minute painstaking care in-
volved in the successful "doing up"
of these articles.
—Sometimes the result is almost heart-
breaking. Again the result is most
pleasing, and you'll feel quite elated
and proud of your work.
—But always the result is uncertain.

—Not so when we clean them.
—Our special department for cleaning
lace curtains is strained to the ut-
most to turn out work we receive
each Spring—conditions that are to
be accounted for by the character of
the work done.
—Send us your curtains, madam, and
we will return them, new, ready to
hang, and having every appearance
of having seen the sure and consci-
entious work of specialists.
—You may send your draperies, blank-
ets, quilts, with the same assurance
of perfect results.
—Finally, madam, our charges will be
found very reasonable indeed when
the character and quality of the
work is considered.

"My Valet"

Fountain the Cleaner

30 Adelaide
St. West

measure of interpretative ability
having become almost a proverb in
the musical centres of Europe and
America. The orchestral numbers
will be Beethoven's "Leonore, No.
3," Liszt's "Les Preludes," and
Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser."
Subscriptions close Thursday, Apr.
14.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black gave a
recital on Monday evening at Con-
servatory Hall. As a reader, Mrs.
Black displays the finest literary
taste; her work is elevated, charm-
ing, natural and artistic. She is a
Canadian, the wife of Professor
Charlton Black, and the first woman
to hold the Shaw professorship in
Boston University.

Mr. Arthur Blight announces that
his annual spring recital will take
place on April 12.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough announces
a piano recital to be given by two

of his advanced pupils, Miss Laur-
etta M. Gray and Miss Mabel V.
Tolchard in the Nordheimer Hall,
15 King St. East, on Saturday af-
ternoon, April 9th, at 4 o'clock.

Mr. T. Harland Fudge is making
good progress with the Beaches
Choral Society. The Beaches Or-
chestra assisted at a recent concert
which gave promise of an excellent
future for both organizations.

EUROPEAN PROGRAMME—
FREE.

The 19th Withrow programme,
Toronto, is the most attractive issued.
The Passion Play is positively guar-
anteed as coupon reservations have
been received. The Munich Festi-
val, Brussels International Exposi-
tion are included, also 400 miles
coasting and sails on 18 superb
mountain lakes. The best of Europe
is seen. 244 Jarvis St., Toronto.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, APRIL 7, 1910.

A PRETTY Easter wedding took place at Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Anna Mildred Macpherson, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pennington Macpherson became the wife of Mr. Ivan Stuart Wotherspoon, son of the late Mr. Ivan Wotherspoon, K.C., and Mrs. Wotherspoon, of Montreal. The church was prettily decorated with the flowers which had been arranged in the chancel for Easter, and the ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Canon Kittson, a very large number of spectators, as well as a great many invited guests, witnessing it. The bride, who came in with her father, wore an exquisite gown of ivory satin made in princess effect with old Limerick lace—a family heirloom—gracefully draped from the shoulder, where it was fastened by a large diamond buckle. Lace of the same description trimmed the sleeves and bodice, and a chaplet of orange blossoms, sent from Pasadena, Cal., expressly for the purpose, by a friend of the groom, held in place the tulle veil. A collar of pearls, another family heirloom, was worn by the bride, and she carried a shower bouquet of roses, lilies, orange blossoms and heather, the latter of which was sent from Scotland by relatives of the Macpherson family, and also formed the ushers' buttonhole bouquets. The maid of honor, Miss Flora Kittson, and the three bridesmaids, the Misses Jessie and Edith Macpherson, the bride's sisters, and Miss Elsie Keefer, of Toronto, wore Romney costumes, all fashioned alike, Miss Kittson and Miss Edith Macpherson wearing pale blue and Miss Jessie Macpherson and Miss Keefer, pale pink. Their black picture hats with huge bows of black tulle flecked with gold were extremely becoming, and they carried immense sheaves of pale pink carnations. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch, and to the attendants he presented amethyst and pearl pendants. Mr. Lloyd Jones, of Montreal, was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Jack Macpherson, Mr. Tom Keefer and Mr. Ormond Haycock, who all received engraved silver match boxes as souvenirs of the occasion. During the absence of the bridal party in the vestry, Miss Elsie Keefer sang most sweetly, "O Sweet and Holy." After the ceremony a reception was held at Col. Macpherson's residence in Delaware avenue, where pink carnations decorated the rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Wotherspoon left later for a trip to New York and other American cities. The bride's going-away costume was of amethyst broadcloth, the coat of which opened over a chiffon blouse of the same color, with touches of gold embroidery. Her hat was of amethyst straw trimmed with clusters of violets. Mr. and Mrs. Wotherspoon on their return from the honeymoon will spend a few days in Ottawa before going to their home in Montreal. During the wedding breakfast, the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Edith Spier, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spier, of Lindsay, to Mr. J. A. Clark Macpherson, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pennington Macpherson, and the marriage will take place in Lindsay in June. Miss Spier came to the Capital especially to be present at Wednesday's wedding, and is the guest of Col. and Mrs. Macpherson. Other out-of-town guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reiffenstein, the Misses Marjorie and Evelyn Reiffenstein, Mr. Owen Tudor-Hart, Miss Tudor-Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin-Hart, Miss Hazel Baldwin-Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Russell, Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Savage and Mr. Gerald Farrell, all of Montreal; Mrs. Delamere, of Toronto; the Misses Macpherson, Mrs. Kenneth Fenwick and Miss Anita Fenwick, of Kingston, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wotherspoon, of Port Hope. In the evening the ushers entertained the bridesmaids at a box party at the Russell Theatre.

Mrs. J. F. Crowdy gave a bright little tea as a farewell to Miss Mildred Macpherson, at which Miss Elsie Keefer cut the ices and Mrs. Charles Keefer and Miss Macleod Clark presided at the tea-table, where the decorations in green and white were daintily carried out with ferns and green ribbons artistically arranged on the brightly polished mahogany.

Bridge parties still continue to follow each other in rapid succession. Mrs. Norman Guthrie was the hostess of a particularly enjoyable gathering in honor of her mother and sister, Mrs. George Smith and Miss Leslie Smith of St. John, N.B. Miss

Edith Powell, Mrs. Adolphe Caron and Mrs. H. K. Egan carried off the prizes, and later in the afternoon additional guests dropped in to tea, when Mrs. Russell Blackburn and Mrs. Wilson Southam did duty at the tea and coffee urns at a table bright with golden daffodils. Mr. and Mrs. Guy D. Robinson (the latter Mrs. Guthrie's sister), spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie.

Mrs. J. S. Ewart gave a charmingly arranged bridge party one afternoon recently in honor of Mrs. E. Remon's guest, Mrs. Casey, of Toronto, when those who carried off pretty prizes were Mrs. Frank Grierson, Mrs. Charles Reade and Mrs. Frank Strage. Other bridge hostesses of late were Mrs. Douglas Cameron, who had as her guests of honor, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Corbould, and Miss Wright, who have come from New Westminster, B.C., to pay Mrs. Cameron a visit; Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, whose evening party consisted of eight tables of players when Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Capt. E. J. Chambers and Mr. John Pugsley captured the prizes; and Mrs. Cunningham Stewart, whose guest of honor was her visitor from Hamilton, Miss Winnifred Snider, her son's fiancée.

Mrs. John Gilmour gave a tea for Mrs. Allan Palmer, of Kingston, at the Country Club, at which Miss Snider, of Hamilton, was another out-of-town guest. Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier poured tea. Mrs. Palmer is spending a week or two with her parents, Col. and Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Marjorie Louise Blair, youngest daughter of the late Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, and Mrs. Blair, of MacLaren street, to Mr. Sutherland Gilmour, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour. The marriage will take place at St. Andrew's church on Wednesday, April 20, and a reception at Mrs. Blair's residence will follow.

THE CHAPERON.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, APRIL 7, 1910.

THE Masque of Empire given by the I.O.D.E. last week drew large audiences, and the attendance was most gratifying. The formal opening on Tuesday took place before a large gathering, Lieut.-Governor Gibson and Mrs. Gibson coming up from Toronto. The former, in opening the affair, made a most imperialistic speech and received a warm welcome from his former fellow citizens. Mayor McLaren also spoke for the city of Hamilton, and Mrs. P. D. Crerar on behalf of the I.O.D.E., after which the first performance of the Masque was given and a visit made to the various booths which were in charge of the ladies of the different chapters—each which represented some part of the British Empire. Miss Ruth McLaren, daughter of the Mayor, presented a bouquet to Mrs. Gibson, and Master Hartley Zimmerman presented one to Mrs. Crerar. The proceeds of the Masque will be given to the Sanatorium.

Miss Tudor, Herkimer street, returned from New York last week.

Mrs. Charles White, of Pittsburg, has been the guest of Mrs. Heurner Mullin, who entertained at the tea-hour on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Luke, of Range, N.J., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. James Mills, Main street.

Mrs. W. Blackstock, who with her young son spent Easter in town the guests of Mrs. C. J. Jones, returned home early this week.

Mr. Norman Kittson, of Toronto, was an Easter visitor in town, the guest of Mrs. Kittson, Herkimer street.

Mrs. H. J. Waddie, who underwent a very serious operation on Thursday, is reported to be progressing as well as possible.

Mrs. John Crerar was the hostess at an informal tea on Friday, when she invited a number of friends to meet her daughter, Mrs. Neal, of Montreal.

Mrs. Alex. Gartshore was the hostess recently at a large buffet luncheon, which was a most enjoyable

affair. The guests included Mrs. Lucas Mrs. Gartshore, Miss Gartshore, Mrs. Southam, Mrs. Calder, Mrs. P. H. Bradley, Mrs. E. H. Ambrose, Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. Alex. Murray, Mrs. J. L. Counsell, Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mrs. Merriam, Mrs. R. L. Innes, Mrs. Neil (Montreal), Mrs. James Rogers, Mrs. W. A. Spratt, Mrs. Grenville Noyes, Mrs. H. H. Champ, Mrs. A. A. Adams, Mrs. J. B. Gillies, Mrs. McBrayne, Mrs. George F. Glasco, Mrs. Oliver Clark, Mrs. Alex. Turner and Mrs. Walter Ferrie (Vancouver.)

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Champ have returned from Atlantic City and New York.

Very enjoyable parties were given for the younger set by Mrs. R. S. Morris and Mrs. W. A. Wood on Monday and Wednesday evenings.

Mrs. Campbell Turner was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday.

Miss Muriel Cartwright left last week for Bermuda, where she will remain until some time in May.

Mrs. James Watson was the hostess at a delightful tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. R. R. Simpson and her children are at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Turner, of Gananoque, is visiting Mrs. K. O. MacKay, Markland street.

Miss Kennedy, of Bay street, entertained on Friday afternoon in

honor of Mrs. Petersen, who leaves this week for Calgary.

Mrs. J. E. Parker, who returned from California recently, left this week for a short visit in St. Catharines.

KATRINE.

THE TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.

The Seventh Salon, and Nineteenth Annual Exhibition, of the Toronto Camera Club, has been open to the public in the Club's rooms at No. 2 Gould St., from April 4th to 9th,

inclusive. The Jury of Selection, Messrs. Manly, Holmes and Kennedy have maintained a high standard of excellence in their choice of prints from the very large number submitted, and all interested in the photographic art may spend an enjoyable hour in viewing this collection.

A striking feature of this year's display is the number of fine landscape pictures, in some of which exquisite atmospheric effects are obtained. Conspicuous among such pictures is "When the Sun is Veiled" by J. H. Ames, winner of the bronze medal. On account of the difficulty of deciding the award of the gold medal, the highest prize of the exhibition, two medals will be given. One of these has been won by the President, Mr. Alfred Robinson, with a landscape, "A Tributary of the Niagara River"; and the other goes to Mr. Louis Mendel, of Peterboro, for his beautiful portrait of "Miss S—."

DIRECT SERVICE TO MUSKOKA LAKES POINTS.

Steamer service in the Muskoka Lakes is open and passengers leaving Toronto on the C.P.R. 9:40 a.m. train may make immediate connection at Bala with the steamer leaving that point 1:35 p.m., daily, except Sunday, for all points on the Lakes, and arrival is ensured at all Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph points during the early afternoon.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.
ATKINSON—At Appin, Ont., on April 4, 1910, to Rev. and Mrs. G. F. N. Atkinson, a daughter.
STANBURY—At St. John, N.B., on April 2, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. H. N. McKenzie Stanbury, a son.

DEATHS.
OSLER—At Craigleith, April 5, 1910,



"Just Before Going Out"

The woman who has a nice complexion doesn't subject it to all sorts of trying climatic changes without affording it some kind of protection.

Campana's Italian Balm

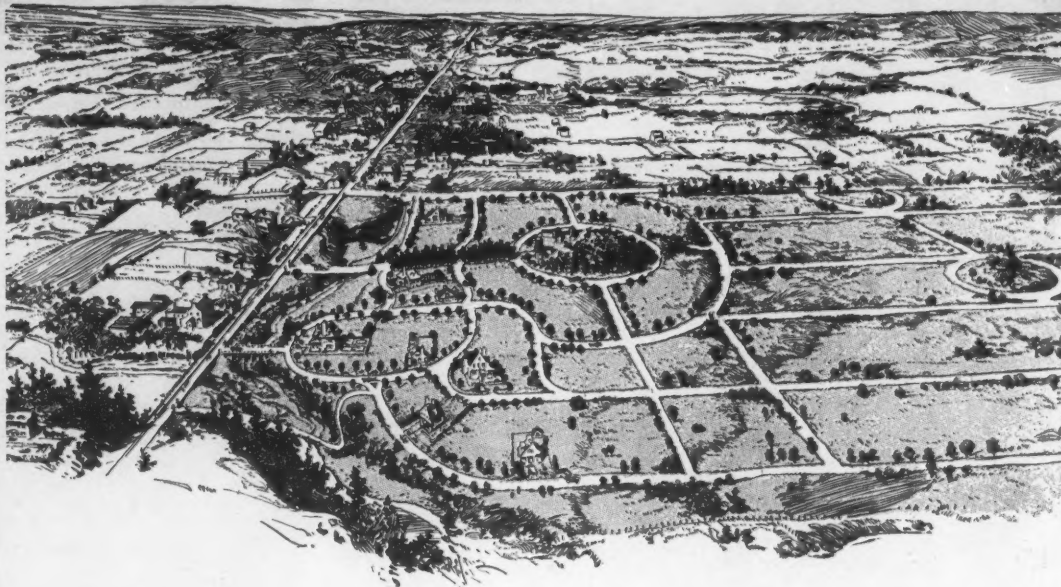
applied to the skin regularly, and especially when going out into the trying Spring weather, will effectually prevent chapping, irritation, etc., from gusty winds and dusty roads. CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM is grateful and soothing to the skin and has a dainty fragrance appreciated by women of refinement.

All druggists everywhere. 25c. a bottle.
E. G. WEST & CO., Can. Agts., 176 King St. East, Toronto.

ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER

Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 256 YONGE ST.

Annie Farquharson Cochran, wife of Edmund B. Osler, M.P.
STANBURY—At St. John, N.B., on April 2, 1910, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. McKenzie Stanbury.



"Lawrence Park" has been laid out by experts as a home site for Toronto's most critical.

THIS most beautiful suburb of beautiful Toronto, is within easy access of the centre of the city; the entrance gates being just opposite the Glen Grove stop of the Metropolitan Railway.

Lawrence Park is charmingly laid out with winding roadways, large plots, beautiful vistas, parks and drives.

In selecting a location for a home, you should consider:—

- (1) Accessibility.
- (2) Health.
- (3) Environment.

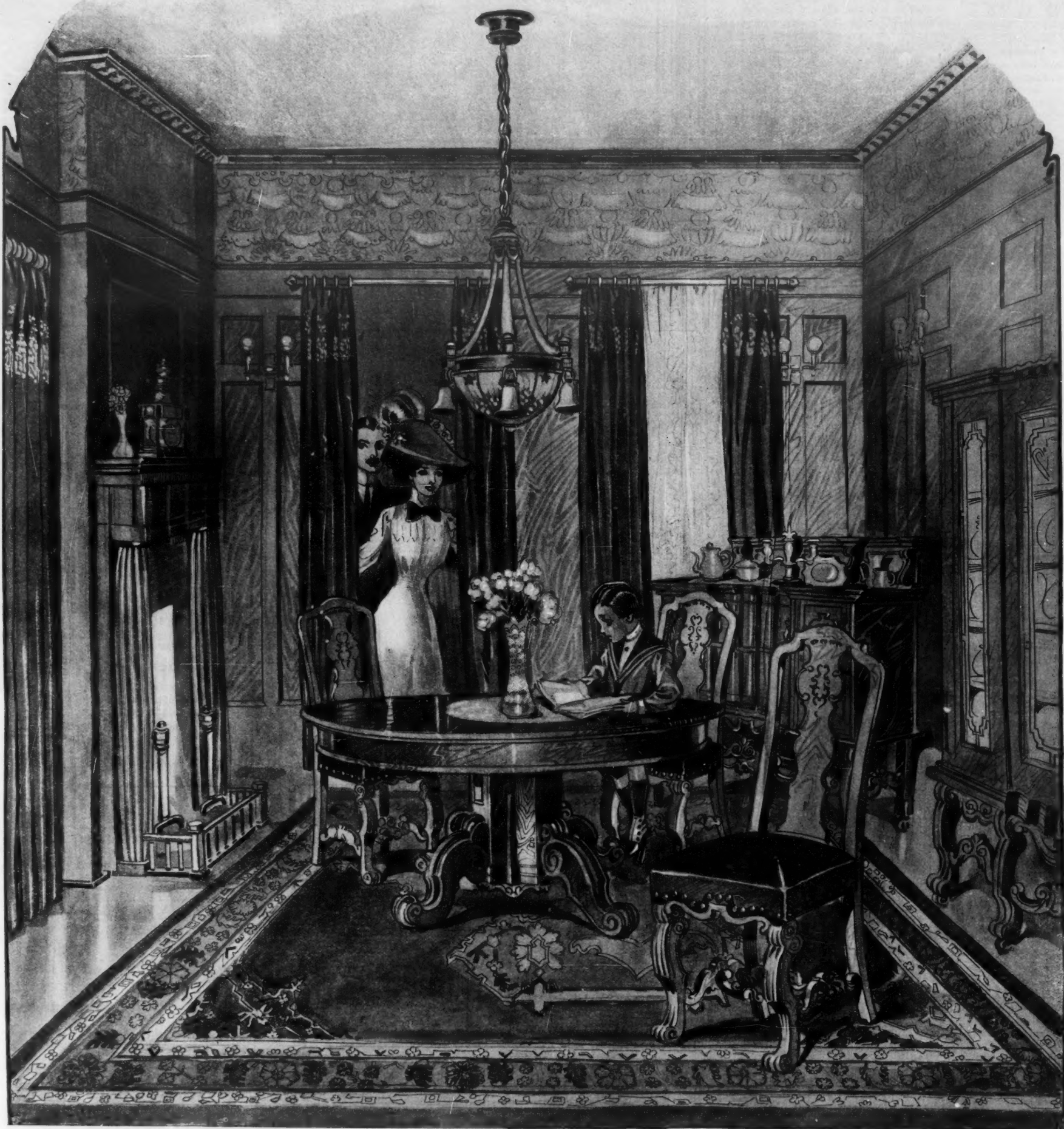
Open daily North Toronto Office: Phone
9 a.m. to 5 p.m. YONGE ST., (Opp. Glen Grove) North 4894.

The Dovercourt Land, Building & Savings Co.
Limited
24 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO



LADY GWENDOLEN GUINNESS.
Eldest daughter of Lord Onslow, Lady Gwendolen's marriage to the Hon. Rupert Guinness, eldest son of Lord Iveagh, took place in 1903. During the recent campaign Lady Gwendolen accompanied her husband from their house in St. James' Square, London, to another which they took in Haggerston in order that they might spend the last few weeks prior to the election among Mr. Guinness's constituents.

EATON'S



For Monday, April 18th, we announce the Formal Opening of our Home Furnishing Sections

When will be shown our recent importations, together with the best products of domestic manufacture, of that which combines to make the Home Beautiful.

In the proper furnishings for the artistic home our stocks furnish lavish choice, while from the experience and knowledge gained through long study and careful attention to this feature of our business, the Store is thoroughly equipped to undertake the most important propositions in any form of Home Furnishing whether it be a room, a flat or a home-palatial — supplying and arranging the correct curtains, draperies, furniture, carpets, rugs, wall papers, mantels, lighting fixtures, etc. We'll be pleased to submit designs, sketches, estimates or suggestions, and we'll take your order for any special rugs, draperies, wall papers or furniture.

WE ILLUSTRATE GOODS FROM OUR STOCK, IN A WELL ARRANGED ROOM.

THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED